



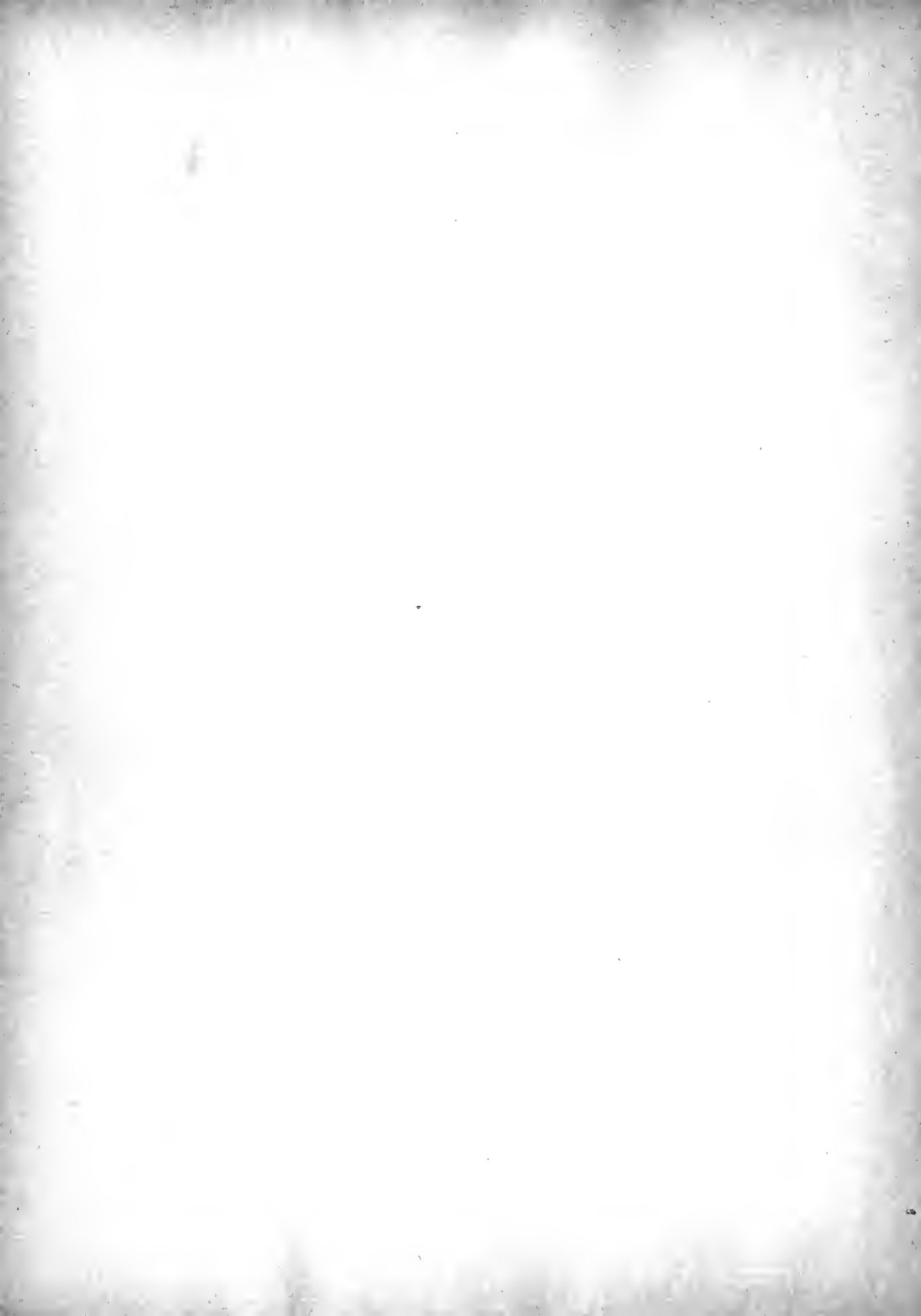






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*The . . .*

# TITLE

*Bryn Mawr*



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# Foreword

The only reason why we are publishing a magazine this spring is to prove conclusively that there is creative writing on campus. Literature does not die in wartime. The creative impulse is too strong. In fact we have found that, if anything, the war mood is conducive to expression. The psychological reaction to war does not necessarily involve hysteria and depression but encourages a more thoughtful examination of life.

We would like the new magazine to reflect this trend. This does not mean that we are interested in writing that is extremely subjective. Such writing is apt to be heavy and stylized. Nor do we want to be entirely thoughtful and serious. We are firm believers in the value of humor, of laughing at oneself as well as at the world.

With these principles in mind, and urged on by a burst of springtime energy, we decided to publish an issue when, not only our own enthusiasm, but that of the college seemed to demand it. It was not spring alone that made us act, but a real desire to make the first step towards something durable.

To keep the magazine from being a temporary thing, we feel that there should be a definite contact between people interested in Bryn Mawr who are already established artists and the students of the college. More experienced writers would not only be an inspiration to younger writers, but would help maintain a high standard of thought and style. We do not mean to limit ourselves to a set genre, but to maintain a higher quality of material. This would not prevent variety and experiment.

To give the publication continuity from issue to issue we would like to try next winter to publish a debate on a general topic, in which we hope everyone will participate by letter or by essay. We should also like to have interpretations of modern poetry and prose before it has been publicly criticized. Thirdly, we hope to have contributing writers among Bryn Mawr alumnae, like Marianne Moore, among friends of the college and members of the faculty. To give the reader a broader range of material, we would like the different departments to contribute the best papers written in their fields. By next winter, also, we hope to be in a position to publish sketches.

We have called this issue *THE TITLE*, because we want the College to choose the magazine's permanent name. We should like to have as many suggestions for the next issue as possible.

The success of this magazine does not depend on us or on our plans, but on the material we can gather and on your support. We would like to see contributions at least from the fifty writers mentioned in the *News*.

We should like to thank Miss Stapleton for giving up the peace of her lunch hours, and for descending to the archives of Taylor among the cobwebs and the moths.

We are convinced that Bryn Mawr is creative. We leave it to you to decide.

NICOLE PLEVEN

PATSY VON KIENBUSCH

# *In War Time*

Abruptly mounting her ramshackle wheel,  
Fortune has pedalled furiously away;  
The sobbing mess is on our hands today.

Those accidental terrors, famine, flood,  
Were never trained to diagnose or heal  
Nightmares that are intentional and real.

Nor lust nor gravity can preach an aim  
To minds disordered by a lucid dread  
Of seeking peace through going off one's head.

The living waters will not whistle; though  
Diviners cut their throats to prove their claim,  
The desert remains arid all the same.

If augurs take up flying to fulfill  
The doom they prophesy, it must be so;  
The herons have no modern sign for No.

If nothing can upset but total war  
The massive fancy of the heathen will  
That solitude is something you can kill;

If we are right to choose our suffering,  
To be tormented by an Either-Or,  
The right to fail that is worth dying for;

If so, the sweets of victory are rum:  
A pride of earthly cities promising  
The Inner Life as socially the thing,

Where, even to its lawyers, Law is what,  
For better or for worse, our vows become  
When no one whom we need is looking, Home

A sort of honor, not a building site,  
Wherever we are, when if we choose, we might  
Be somewhere else, yet trust that we have chosen right.

W. H. AUDEN

## Mr. Huffington

THERE WAS A general uneasiness—nothing any of us could have explained, but it was there, everywhere, stifling impulse and muffling speech. Against our silence other sounds were raised more clearly; the slap of cards and the clink of chips under the hand, the whine and whirl of the marauding wind outside, and then faintly, but even more pervading, because of its insistence, Huffington's labored breathing from the next room.

We kept on with the game though it grew late. The men's voices were low and occasionally one of them would look over his shoulder with a questioning glance to the door of the next room and then turn back to his hand. Everything was as it ought to be—the way it always had been when we used to gather, as was our habit, every so often, for an evening in Huffington's houseboat next to the shore in the harbor of Five Mile River. Perhaps it shouldn't be said that the feeling of which we were all conscious was something no one could put his finger on—it was, rather, that it was there in spite of us.

It was all the same: the cold darkness of winter outside, the warm lightness inside, poker, drinks, same old friends. It was all different in that Huffington had been ill—very ill, was still ill, 'though none were quite sure how seriously. Yet there was no reason why the occasion shouldn't be as ordinary as usual or be made as normal as possible. Nevertheless, our efforts had slumped and now the continuance of the subdued playing was all that excused the passing of time. We were each enveloped in our thoughts, though, I am sure, we were each unconsciously sensitive to any change in the breathing in the next room. My thoughts, and probably everyone else's, were about Huffington.

Ever since I could remember (which was not for long, as I had moved to the village

about ten years ago) Huffington had lived in his old houseboat at the water's edge. It was there in the summer, when the harbor was full of small craft and visiting boats, and still there in winter, when the water was uncluttered and open except for the heavy blocks of ice which easily crushed the remaining oyster stakes. Huffington was a painter as all of us who knew him best were. All that I can do today that is any good is due to him, for he was generous beyond reason, giving everything; of his food and hospitality, and, most precious of all, of his advice and genius. Huffington was a great painter. We who had seen his pictures, painted on anything he could get hold of—wall board, shingles, and with the few paints for which he spent all his money, knew that. If a man could do what he was able to do with the simplest of materials, what couldn't he do with the best? Often on leaving we would find a way to slip a tube of zinc white or cobalt, the most expensive and most necessary to a painter, into his tray. He never spoke of these things, being, I think, unwilling to mention what he thought was charity, not realizing that anything we could do for him was out of gratitude for all that he had shown and taught us.

When, a few years ago, he became really ill we knew very well that a good part of it was from lack of the right kind of care and nourishment. We took matters into our hands and sent him finally, over his protest, to a hospital. But it turned out that they could do nothing there for his then rapidly failing sight which came, probably, as a result of his condition. That Christmas we had a plate made from a sketch of his, drawn since his illness, and had prints sent around as a card to all his friends. Such was his ability and feeling for line that even in this unintended scribble, could be seen distinctly a blind man's

vision of a tug and barges moored at piles with the reflection tapering off into the water. That it moved people could be seen by the results. A way was found to send Huffington to the best of places and great was the pleasure everywhere when, much later, he returned with the possibility of recovery assured. That summer he could again be seen on the deck of his houseboat in the evening, catching on canvas the haze, translucent in the sun's last light, that settles down over dockyards, houses and marshes at such a time. All the while the small boys dove, shrieked, and splattered from his dock. Or he could be seen up with the oystermen when they went chugging out in their white boats in the quiet, early morning.

But this winter things had changed slightly. We hadn't noticed at first, though I don't think any noticed as much as I who knew him better, that he was failing greatly—as much as before. I had tried to reason with him but this time it was he who was gently firm. There was nothing that could be done and he was really all right and I was not to worry and so on and so on. What he most especially wished was that in no way should our usual existence, the patterns of our lives be disturbed by any failing of his. So through the winter things had gone on as usual as far as possible, I and one or two others alone realizing what was happening.

That was why I had been surprised when, as I was locking up my studio in the cold, grey afternoon, a small dock boy had run up to me with a message from Huffington asking me to gather everyone together to come over to his place in the evening. It was a cheerful note saying it was high time we all had a game and to bring some food and drink as he was out of it just now. I had read this over with some misgiving but then had thought that such a gathering would probably do him good. I had collected everyone, and each, after a slight pause—or was it hesitation—had accepted heartily. Huffington had met us and seemed, to my relief, quite all right, that is, as all right as he had been this

winter. He had helped us with the food, shown us where things were but had not felt quite up to playing with us. He had said he would lie down in the next room but on no account was that to disturb us—we must go right ahead and play.

So we had, and at first it had been all right. Every so often Huffington would appear at the doorway to see if we had all we wanted and if everything was going well. So it was now, and the smell of smoke and turpentine were mixed in the thickening air and the old houseboat was rocking ever so slightly in the wind. Then out of the dimness of the other room came Huffington's voice.

"Leo—". They all turned to me and I looked back at them. "Leo, would you mind coming in here?" I went quickly to the door and with one glance at his face even in the poor light I knew something was wrong, terribly wrong. He could see my expression too and said or rather almost whispered, "It's all right—don't let anybody be disturbed." I went to the door and motioned for them to keep on with their playing. I turned back to Huffington.

"Leo," he said, "would you mind staying here with me a while? You see, I think I'm going to die."

Of course I, not knowing what else to do, denied it and refused to take him seriously; but he only gave a faint smile. Since it seemed to be what he wished, I sat there with him while those in the other room kept up with their game with bidding and talking and occasionally laughing. The place grew quieter and dimmer and all the motion assumed a tempo—the jarring of the boat, the flying wind, the breathing. All sounds flowed into a rhythm and the whole deepened and slowed in diminuendo—motion, sound, light, and consciousness. Then, while down outside the saltwater slush formed into thin, round, ice pancakes that tapped along the edge of the rocks, and the wind bent the marsh grass into frozen loops, Huffington died.

JOCelyn KINGSBURY

# *Monuments and Memorials of Baltimore*

Fame is bronze; the winds and waters  
Reduce it, and the hands of men  
Have better use and fuse it.  
I shall stand  
Facing an empty pedestal  
And look at the water, the harbor,  
The Bay.

Aye, tear the tattered fillet down  
Of Orpheus at Fort McHenry  
Bronze in the living wind.  
Incongruous he was, and many derided  
The twist of his ankle, awkward  
And unheroic.

Incongruous, too, it was  
Composing verses on a British battleship;  
Awkward that ditty is to sing  
Pitched by the bombs  
Bursting in air, not for the limited  
Human throat.

No doubt that was  
Heroic, braving the enemy  
To reclaim a friend.  
Melt Orpheus. But not the praise of Key  
Truer than glistening foil.

That ankle, though, of Orpheus.  
Do they not know  
How sudden he turned  
To go back to the world  
Trusting his love would follow? A turn  
Meant to be final. The Bay  
I guess wildly, that was his love,  
He thinks to lead her as he led  
The very forests over the hills,  
To a safe place inland. And this is the moment  
The sculptor chose.

Fating his statue. Orpheus and no poet can  
Look away from what he loves,  
His eyes want the water, the harbor  
The Bay.  
And he shall be broken  
Fused and poured in molds, or however  
Modern shot is made. He shall go again  
Into the heart of the enemy.  
The lyre shall sing in the living wind  
High pitched.

Fused he is to be  
With much of metal: "Military Courage"  
And John Eager Howard on a charger  
Misdirecting traffic,  
William Wallace in Druid Hill Park  
Looking down on defeat in the plain of Sterling.  
Sidney Lanier is gone in the melting pot  
A soldier once, he says to the common soldier  
Thy need is greater than mine,  
Expirans aspiro, I am lit with the sun.

I sigh,  
I shall face the empty pedestal  
And look on the love of Orpheus, vague in her beauty  
And kiss goodbye to metal type.  
I kiss my hand to Orpheus  
And bid my heart be brave and look away.

Not that I believe the images of bronze should be forbidden  
Nor others work more skillfully  
The breathless metal in the living wind  
Nor that foremost among things dear, the Muses  
Hauled down from yonder mountain height  
Shall not ascend the hither slope  
Even Aetna and gaze within the flaming crater.

But that I know the metal fused in fire  
Will not conceal its nature. And in the hour  
Of mourning for monuments, one said  
Lips melting in speech  
Si monumentum requiris  
Introspice.

Shall we be overwhelmed with burning metal,  
How long hence and by what friends dug out?  
Let me be caught turning the resolute ankle  
Eyes open and frightened to meet the light again  
Hand reaching for the strings, my familiar  
The comforting.  
Behind me the lovely, unforgettable  
Bay. Fillet in the wind and ringing in the ears  
The echo of the bells  
Of the Maryland Casualty Company, that were metal,  
Chiming the quarter hours and striking the hours.  
Turn again!

But still is left to us the unveined marble  
Of York Road quarries, the gift of the County  
Weathered a beautiful grey.  
And still the million, million bricks  
Of Baltimore City. And still on the wall  
Of Gilman Hall the ranged rows of scholars  
In gowns and beards, forever wise and dignified.

It was love kept them seeking  
Over the shoulder uselessly  
The face of the lovely and dead,  
Kept them counting  
The hairs of beauty's eyebrow  
For she is vague and manifold as I remember;  
These eyes would know her very face again.

So are they caught in one moment of resolute contemplation  
Themselves are now made works of art.  
Fittingly the painter's face is forgotten  
His name name 'graved close to the name of the subject  
On a brass plate—This, too, shall be melted  
Two names and *pinxit*.  
As one might inscribe  
One's Latinized title, *recognovit* and the date.

HESTER CORNER



# "Passage to India"

*Excerpts from a soldier's journal to a Bryn Mawr girl.*

... **T**WO DAYS OUT from port now, and the weather remains delightful. The weather man may just be lulling us into a false sense of security with these balmy days and placid seas only to smack us down later on with a major tornado, but while it lasts I intend to make the most of it. . . .

... This ship, I find, is a seething cauldron of cats. It seems to me that there are roughly thirty or forty, but of course I may be looking at the same cat several times. Wherever you go cats shoot out from under things and trip you up, cats drop off the rigging on your head, cats hurl themselves at your middle from hatch covers and winches, and cats commandeer your bed when you want to turn in. The worst thing was during the choppy weather we had last week when cats were being sick all over the place. They would line up in the corridor and yorck in unison, and I think that was the spark plug that set most of the guys off. We can't eat a meal without being besieged by mendicant cats. We can't play cards without being overwhelmed by poker cats. Seven-come-eleven cats dominate the crap games. Vitamin D-conscious cats appropriate the best sunbathing spots. I am getting to hate cats. The next cat that gets ornery with me is going to have a long bath. I'm going crazy. . . .

... We have been running a pool on the distance to the nearest land, which is posted every day around noon time, and in spite of careful calculations with logarithms, slide rules, and a smattering of trigonometry, calculus, and guess work, I have so far failed to bring home the bacon. Yesterday I was only two miles off, but somebody else, using a ridiculous system of squaring the amount he had lost at poker the night before and dividing by three, hit it right on the nose. Discouraging, but I won't give up. Today I have taken five

sextant readings, bribed the captain, poisoned the soup (which I will refrain from eating, complaining of mild neuralgia), recited the Gettysburg address eleven times, set out a plumb line to figure out the depth of the ocean, and thrown a pinch of salt over my shoulder. I also counted the number of rivets on the forward bulkhead of my cabin and put that down as my guess. . . .

... If traveling by ship in wartime may be called action, then I have already deserved the purple heart several times, because I have bumped and gouged myself on every conceivable projection on this tub, and several that are inconceivable. I have scars all over my shins, knees, and elbows, and hardly a day passes by without my pulverizing some part of my anatomy against a winch, a ladder, or some other instrument of torture. Yesterday I also sliced a little off my chin while shaving, and I am now known as Scarface, Scabby Disease, or Old Blood and Guts. . . .

... For the last four or five nights most of us have been sleeping out on deck, some of the luckier ones in hammocks which they managed to obtain, the rest on the deck. I have a deluxe situation in the stern, from which I can watch the phosphorous in the wake and the tropical stars which somehow seem far more brilliant than those at home. I haven't got a hammock yet, but I am working on it. . . .

... My day for house-maid duty came up again a few days ago, and I unfortunately became filled with a passionate zeal for cleanliness and decided to do the job thoroughly and well, an idea which any soldier will tell you is ridiculous and uncalled for. But I got out the mop and pails of water and proceeded to give the corridor outside our cabins a scrubbing it will long remember. I spared no effort to leave it glistening, and sluiced it down with

pail after pail of water. It wasn't until I was nearly through that I discovered that the corridor, while well equipped with walls, floors, ceilings, lighting fixtures, and miscellaneous rails designed for catching clothing on, possessed not so much as the semblance of a drain. So I was presented with the cheerful prospect of removing about thirty gallons of water—spread out thin—the hard way. It took me nearly two hours to coax it all over the sill into the lavatory, which has a drain, and when I got through most of the dirt had settled out of the water back on to the deck. At lunch somebody accused me of slacking on the job and leaving the corridor dirty. We're having funeral services for him tomorrow. . . .

. . . Ever since we started on this trip there have been two subjects which have never failed to produce violent partisans pro and con. The first is the Negro question which generally develops into general mud-slinging and the following statements.

1. If the Civil War were fought again the South would beat hell out of the North.
2. If the Civil War were fought again the North would beat hell out of the South.
3. Robert E. Lee was the greatest general in history.
4. Robert E. Lee was the worst general in history.
5. General Sherman was a bum.
6. General Sherman was not a bum.
7. You're a damned ignorant Yankee.
8. You're a damned ignorant Rebel.
9. Aw, shut up!
10. I won't let any damn Rebel talk to me like that!
11. Yeah?
12. Yeah!

(By this time I am back on poop deck, talking to one of the cats). . . .

. . . Yesterday the cat population was increased by five when a large spotty cat gave birth to kittens just aft of the No. 3 hatch under an old tarpaulin. Naturally the new arrivals are receiving most of the attention of the passengers and crew, and the Old Guard Cats are feeling rather hurt. They are going around in little groups looking over their shoulders at the kittens and muttering darkly

to each other, so one of the mess men has been made Chief Sentry in charge of Cats to protect the interests and the skins of the young fry. The oldsters haven't tried anything yet, but they've been having mass meetings around a coil of rope on the well-deck and the general feeling is that a crisis is at hand. The mother cat has enlisted the support of an old Tom and a small tiger cat to convoy her brood from one place to another, but neutral observers and military experts state that protection from the air will be necessary should a large scale offensive develop. The Chief Sentry in C. of C. is confident of the ability to drive off any attacks by means of fish-head and meat-scrap bombing, and most observers believe that this will be sufficient defense. Time will, however, tell. . . .

. . . It looks at last as though we were finally reaching our final destination. . . . As far as I'm concerned, it can't be too soon, because my love for this ship and the ocean is wearing thin. In addition, the tension among the members of the unit has grown considerably since we left the unnamed port, and a few little tiffs have arisen. . . . On the whole, however, it has been a remarkably pleasant voyage, and there is little about which we can complain. The food has been adequate, if monotonous (incidentally we got ice cream again day before yesterday. Wheel!) . . . In general there has always been something to relieve the tedium, whether it is the cat problem, treating Rodney's sunburn, drawing out on a pair of sevens, or berating the chief steward (behind his back—he weighs 210) for the predominance of cabbage on the menu . . . there has been a lot to laugh at. . . . Al K. coming back from the unnamed port tight as an owl and taking the rest of his bottle up to share with the Captain, who consequently shared his dinner with Al, Hank C.'s insatiable curiosity for looking under things, and Alex B.'s tendency to leave his belongings all over the ship. . . . Little things, all of them, but they helped relieve the monotony, and keep us from each other's throats. . . .

. . . The next report will bear the date line "Somewhere in India." Till then, pip-pip and flub-dub, and give my regards to Broadway.

## Poem

The sea, the sea, the sad grey sea  
That great unending circumstance  
Of wind and water's aimless strife  
Forever at the heart of life.

No mainland that is out of sight  
From to-fro striving of this globe  
Earth's an island, on whose shore  
Man settles last, to cross no more.

Yet mariner, there's a tide unknown  
A strait and passage arduous  
And honour waits for him who can  
Steer the course from man to man.

L. STAPLETON

## *The Strange Enigma of Genevieve*

"CLANG," SAID the bell, "Clang," and "Clang," again. Genevieve winced at the interruption to her thoughts and gathering up the heavy books, she took a leisurely departure from the classroom. For Genevieve, classes were merely a rude intrusion on her own private world. Though she had managed for the most part to reduce the lecturing of her professors to an innocuous murmur, she still found the bell had a peculiar power of penetration.

Not that Genevieve was inattentive in the usual sense of the word. She was much too clever to let herself appear uninterested in whatever her teachers might say. On the contrary, she had a rather disconcerting habit of sitting with eyes fixed upon the lecturer with wide and rapt expression. As a matter of fact the German master, a shy, inarticulate young man, had often been painfully put out by the

sight of her quiet and fixed regard.

No, it was simply that Genevieve was far more fascinated by her own ideas than by the material presented for her benefit. At times, she would follow the lecture for a few minutes, then she would abruptly branch off, building superstructures upon a few words and phrases. These always seemed to her a thousand times more dazzling than the original train of thought, and she took great delight in her own speculations.

This did not go on all the time, however, for Genevieve was not one person, she was two. This split personality had struck her so forcibly that she had finally given herself two names. Jane was the half of Genevieve that she disliked heartily and Irina was the half of which she was very fond. Irina and Jane were very different characters. There was nothing of Jane in Irina and nothing of

Irina in Jane. When Genevieve was Jane it was one thing, and when she was Irina it was directly the opposite. What used to upset Genevieve was the fact that she never knew from one minute to the next which girl she was going to be. Apparently she had no control over either of them, though she had no desire to control Irina, who was in every way a superior person.

To tell the truth, Genevieve had never had to deal with this problem of split personality until rather recently. She had always been Jane in an unhappy sort of fashion until she had taken a much advertised success course and suddenly Irina had appeared. Genevieve had been completely delighted by turning into Irina, but she was quite puzzled as to her origin. She thought it might have something to do with the oranges. The course had put her on a strict diet of oranges and water. Then again, it might be sleeping without a pillow, but one could never be sure. At any rate, Irina arrived and overnight Jane was banished.

There seemed to be no end to the newcomer's accomplishments and qualities. Indeed, Genevieve used to have an uneasy feeling that someday she might find herself sitting at the piano and knowing how to play. Since Genevieve-Jane had never touched such an instrument, it might prove something of a shock to all concerned.

The first time Irina had appeared, Genevieve had really been mystified. She had gone to lunch in a deplorably Jane sort of attitude and was trying to entertain a particularly poisonous and very attractive girl called Ninette. Ninette was very petite, very elegant and extremely tough. Jane was feeling miserably soft, large and naïve, and horribly awkward. Her misery had as usual resulted in a terrible case of indigestion, and she felt her migraine beginning to come on as it always did in such moments. Ninette chatted on lightly of this and that, and suddenly turned on Jane and asked her what college men she went out with. Jane choked and said Princeton in a frantic sort of way. Ninette smiled nastily and innocently asked what club Jane

visited when she went to Princeton for the weekends. For a moment Jane was overwhelmed with horror, then the incredible happened. Irina took over.

Genevieve found herself calmly staring at Ninette and feeling extreme amusement at her distressing situation.

"I really don't know," she said quite firmly and surprised herself by following this outrageous remark with a poised and brilliant smile.

"What an utterly catty little fool," she thought to herself, feeling deliciously serene and amused at both Ninette and herself. She found herself staring intently across the table without the slightest embarrassment and carefully perusing the other girl's features. "I can see right through her," said Irina dreamily, "Poor Jane was a fool to get so upset." She rose and led the way out of the restaurant, stopping to pay the bill without the slightest distress at its size.

For the rest of the day Genevieve-Irina continued to preserve her imperviousness to all that passed. Nothing bothered her, and pleasant events became pleasanter without the dangerous quality of over-elation which used to threaten poor Jane. When she went home at night, her father's cigar didn't worry her in the least. Her indigestion was gone and she had an excellent appetite. She didn't even mind looking like her aunt which always used to annoy her considerably as she secretly thought her aunt rather insipid looking.

But when it came to be late, she found she didn't want to go to bed. She knew that once she went to sleep the spell would be broken. Genevieve-Irina, that delightful phenomenon, would disappear and Genevieve would be Jane again. There was nothing to be done, however, and she went to bed, going to sleep at once instead of spending her usual hour in compensatory dreams.

Next morning Genevieve opened her eyes and began to think immediately. Irina was still there, for Jane never began to think until at least ten a. m.

"Really," said Genevieve, "this is wonderful. I must be growing up. Maybe Jane was just a case of retarded adolescence." With that

she got up and did her exercises while amusing herself with her fantastic and witty thoughts. "If I stay this way for three days," said Genevieve, "I'll know I've grown up and can forget Jane. Meanwhile I'll enjoy Irina."

And Genevieve proceeded to have a marvelous time. At first she was a little cautious about exploring Irina's character, for she didn't know quite what she might find, but as everything she found delighted her, she became less apprehensive. Irina was always surprising her with new facets of her personality, and for this reason alone was a continual source of amusement. There was one thing that worried Genevieve, Irina was really a little inhuman. In many ways this inhumanity had distinct advantages, but since Genevieve, as Jane, had always been worried about her immortal soul, she really felt a bit guilty. Jane used to be crushed by other people whereas Irina, to Genevieve's amazement, enjoyed them in a detached sort of way, and even took a malicious pleasure in divining their unfavorable opinions of her.

Oh, yes, Irina was indeed the antithesis of Jane. And when, at the end of three days, Genevieve discovered she was still Irina, she simply forgot Jane altogether.

"Remarkable and inexplicable metamorphosis of me," said Genevieve and let it go at that.

But, alas, Jane, though weak, was tenacious. One fine day Genevieve-Irina felt a terrible urge to indulge in her old habit of daydreaming. The desire engulfed her and she yielded. Genevieve-Irina disappeared. Genevieve-Jane returned. Poor Genevieve, she was utterly miserable. She discovered to her horror that when she was Jane she felt as if she and herself were one person, whereas when she was Irina, Irina was so detached that she even seemed to get detached from Genevieve. "She was only a beautiful dream," thought Genevieve-Jane and bowed her head to fate.

The next day Genevieve-Jane remembered that she had been neglecting her exercises for the past week. She did them with dismal

Janishness and took up the sad burden of living as Jane.

Then she went out dancing with a Polish marine or whatever the Poles have instead of Marines. For Jane was a conscientious girl and believed in promoting international relations. She was as usual feeling very soft, large and naive, and was melting over the marine with awkward eagerness. All of a sudden she felt Irina take the reins.

"Oh dear," said Jane, "How marvelous! Now anything can happen," and quite sharply she ceased to melt and became tantalizingly under control.

The marine stopped, looked, and listened. Genevieve-Irina learned the Polish word for love. Genevieve-Irina got kissed.

"Um-m-m," said Genevieve-Irina, "Do it again." The Polish marine did it again.

And from that day Genevieve's troubles had really begun. When she was Jane certain things happened, and when she was Irina completely different things happened. It was fine to change from Jane to Irina, but it was hideous to change from Irina to Jane, particularly when Genevieve was with other people. Finally she became quite frantic, at least when she was Jane she was frantic, Irina thought it all very amusing. Genevieve, torn between the two, began to realize that this state of affairs could not go on.

One day when she was feeling especially desperate she was forced to a horrible conclusion. With firm resolve she went to her father's study. On the wall hung her father's hunting guns. Genevieve got up on a chair and lifted one down. Slowly she cleaned and loaded it. Sadly she looked around the room.

"It's just that I can't bear the strain of trying to stay Irina," said Genevieve in plaintive explanation to no one in particular.

She placed the gun against her temple, winced at the cold steel and fired. They found her later, still with a harassed expression. For the question, of course, still remained. Whom had she shot, Jane or Irina?

LUCY HALL

## *Two Speeches from Agamemnon*

### KLYTAIMESTRA:

The Achaians have got Troy, upon this very day.  
I think the city echoes with a clash of cries.  
Pour vinegar and oil into the selfsame bowl  
you can not say they mix in friendship, but fight on.  
Thus variant sound the voices of the conquerors  
and conquered, from the opposition of their fates.  
Trojans are stooping now to gather in their arms  
their dead, husbands and brothers; children lean to clasp  
the aged who begot them, crying upon the death  
of those most dear, from lips that never will be free.  
The Achaians have their midnight work after the fighting  
that sets them down to feed on all the city has,  
ravenous, headlong, by no rank and file assigned  
but as each man has drawn his shaken lot by chance.  
And in the Trojan houses that their spears have taken  
they settle now, free of the open sky, the frosts  
and dampness of the evening; without sentinels set  
they sleep the sleep of happiness the whole night through.  
And if they reverence the gods who hold the city  
and all the holy temples of the captured land,  
they, the despoilers, may not be despoiled in turn.  
Let not their passion overwhelm them; let no lust  
seize on these men, to violate what they must not.  
The run to safety and home is yet to make; they must turn  
the pole and reel the backstretch of the doubled course.  
Yet, though the host come home without offense to high  
gods, even so the agony of these slaughtered men  
may never sleep —Oh, let there be no fresh wrong done!

(Lines 320-347)

## THE HERALD FROM THE ARMY:

Well: the end has been good. And in the length of time  
part of our fortune you could say held favorable,  
but part we cursed again. And who, except the gods,  
can live time through forever without any pain?  
Were I to tell you of the hard work done, the nights  
exposed, the huddled quarters, the foul beds—what part  
of day's disposal did we not cry out aloud?  
Ashore, the horror stayed with us and grew. We lay  
against the ramparts of our enemies, and from  
the sky, and from the ground, the meadow dew came out  
to give our clothes and us, nor ever dry. And if  
I were to tell of winter time, when all birds died,  
the snows of Ida past endurance she sent down,  
or summer heat, when all the lazy noon the sea  
full level and asleep under a windless sky —  
but why live such grief over again? That time is gone  
for us, and gone for those who died. Never again  
need they rise up, nor care again for anything.  
Why must a live man count the numbers of the slain,  
why grieve at fortune's wrath that fades to break once more?  
I call a long farewell to all our unhappiness.  
For us, survivors of the Argive armament,  
the pleasure wins, pain casts no weight in the opposite scale.  
And here, in this sun's shining, we can boast aloud,  
whose fame has gone with wings across the land and sea:  
"Upon a time the Argive host took Troy, and on  
the houses of the gods that live in Hellas nailed  
the spoils, to be the glory of days long ago."  
And they who hear such things shall call this city blest  
and the leaders of the host; and high the grace of God  
shall be exalted, that did this. You have the story.

(Lines 551-582)

*From the unpublished translation by  
Richmond Lattimore, Ph.D.*

# Mysticism in Modern Literature

(EXCERPTS)

ANY ATTEMPT to define with precision the meaning of mysticism must from the beginning be doomed to partial failure, since by definition the mystic experience is ineffable. It is impossible to describe it directly. Most mystics, when they attempt to embody in words this state of the soul, have recourse to symbols and metaphors, which can only imperfectly convey their meaning. Certain facts, if such they may be called, are common to all of the experiences of the great mystics, and permit some sort of an analysis; the rejection of the world of matter, of sense perception and reason is universal among these men; they are concerned only with the "things of the spirit," the spirit which is the essence of man, and by which he comes, not only to know immediately that which is the source of all life, but in its highest stages to know himself as part of that ultimate reality. We shall not attempt here to formulate a definition, but later we shall analyze mystic experience and attempt to find its component parts.

The mystic's attitude is purely subjective, if by that term we mean a turning inward of the mind upon itself, rather than an empirical acceptance of the world of sense and scientific fact. Such subjectivism, while present among a small number of people at any time, indeed to all people at some times, becomes more widespread in those periods when the external world is inordinately cruel, and one must choose either a cynical materialism or pragmatism or retreat into a world of one's own making. The mystic refuses, at least claims to refuse, the choice of these alternatives: he goes back, admittedly rejecting his external life, to know those truths which do not change and which when known enable him to look at the transient and evanescent world of sense *sub specie aeternitatis*. The times, then, for widespread mysticism, are

those times when external values crumble, and the prevailing emotion is despair and disillusion. Such a period is that from the turn of the twentieth century through the first War to the "Thirties," or, one might well maintain, to the present.

If we are, however, to determine the extent of mysticism in modern literature and thinking, we must ask what distinguishes this ineffable state from religious awe, poetic inspiration, or sheer hysteria. Surprisingly enough, the answer seems quite easy: there is a certain similarity in the experience itself and in the way in which it is reached.

According to Evelyn Underhill, the mystic experience begins in one of three ways, "in religion, in pain, in beauty and the ecstasy of artistic satisfaction." Yet the actual experience is quite apart from any of these. Most mysticism is in one way or another connected with religion. It may be one of the traditional religious groups, such as the Trappist order or the Society of Friends, or it may be a completely individual belief resting upon the creed or belief of no church. "No deeply religious man is without a touch of mysticism, and no mystic can be other than religious, in the psychological if not theological sense of the word." Miss Underhill's second origin, pain, is more open to question; it is clear that not all people who suffer, physically or psychically, turn to mysticism; nor is the converse necessarily true. It is, nevertheless, quite in harmony with the theory given above, that men, when perplexed or overpowered by the external world, turn inside themselves and find consolation in something which remains untouched and unmoved by the world of phenomena.

The connection of beauty and the mystic experience is one which demands special attention. The highest point of the aesthetic



experience is very closely akin to, if not the same as, certain states of religious ecstasy: the perceiver is taken out of himself, and caught up, as it were, in something higher and more real than the object itself. Indeed, the power of the artist to perceive a transcendent beauty invisible to the ordinary observer is axiomatic. In this respect all artists are to a degree mystics.

The identity between the mystic and the aesthetic experience seems even clearer when one takes into account the symbols and images which the mystic employs to communicate his knowledge. Mystical language is nearly always very rhythmical; its resemblance to poetry is, then, so marked as to make discrimination impossible in many cases.

The true mystic is, however, someone whose perception of reality passes beyond the stage of sense perception and even beyond the stage of visions. The artist and poet see a greater truth; the mystic knows, possesses and is possessed by it.

Having distinguished mysticism from religious belief and sensitivity, we must now show that the identification of mysticism and magic is invalid.

The motives and intentions of the two are quite different. The mystic strives to divest himself of his own individuality and particularity, and by pure love to unite himself with the object of his love, thereby transcending the sense-world; he desires complete self-abnegation, not for the enhancement of his own life, but that he might better do the will of the transcendent and immanent Power. The man of magic, on the other hand, is completely individualistic: he desires supersensible knowledge, not that he might lose his life, but that he might better control the material world he has transcended. His is primarily an activity of the intellect, seeking to acquire all-important knowledge. The mystic's is for the most part an active and passive renunciation of the self, not for the ultimate gain of that self but out of love.

When one has discovered what mysticism is *not*, the difficulty remains as to what it is. William James finds four major distinguish-

ing qualities: the ineffability of the experience, its noetic quality, its transiency, and the passivity of the individual. Bertrand Russell adds more: the belief in the unreality of the material world, of evil and of time. The first of these qualities makes the discussion the hardest; symbols are usually employed, but one finds that these symbols are remarkably similar in all mystic literature—the journey or pilgrimage of the soul towards God, the “dark night of the soul” followed by the inner illumination of God, the mystic love explained by analogy with earthly love.

The experience itself, divested of symbolism, follows a certain almost rigid pattern. It begins with doubt—a vague feeling of the unreality of material existence and of “something vaguely felt within the real.” Then begins the “Mystic Way.” The mind first contemplates what that reality must be like. Then gradually, active intellection is put aside and the soul becomes passive, first finding itself in the “dark night,” still torn by the longing to be united with the object of its contemplation and love and, on the other side, by love of the physical world and the self. The soul must wait, undergoing a purgation; then it is swept forward with visions of “unearthly grandeur.” It is not yet free for the sublime moment until this stage of vision and ecstasy is passed. Having transcended even this, it feels itself united with God or love and experiences rest and peace in the *unio mystica*. Time is non-existent and all paradoxes are solved.

Modern psychology, with its emphasis on the subconscious and the unconscious, on the denial of an absolute good and evil, and on the non-existence of time, contributes to the great extent of mysticism at the present day.

The literary record of this change to subjectivity of approach and, in cases, to actual mysticism is vast. The reasons are the same as those that brought forth such philosophies as those of Bergson, Whitehead, and Jaspers—the collapse of the romantic view of science as savior of mankind and industrial society as the means to a better development of the spirit as well as the body. In writing, as in

music and painting, new techniques had to be created to treat of these subjective and personal views of nature and life, thereby achieving some sort of stability. Consequently, one finds the experimentation in style of Joyce, the use of esoteric symbols such as Yeats employs.

Eugene Jolas sees the new trend in poetry as the result of a revolution. "It is an attempt to find spiritual roots again. . . . The apocalyptic fear under which mankind has been living for the past decade caused the poets to seek a solution in a celestial vision, in an attempt to defeat the law of gravitation, in a will to the mystic—romantic experience."

The contention has been made that Yeats is the greatest mystic of our day, with comparisons to Blake and references to Plotinus. Certainly there is a great deal of evidence in Yeats' prose and poetry to bear this out. He was one of the first to reject the scientific approach to life with its concomitant skepticism. That he believed in a world beyond the world revealed by the senses is indisputable. His knowledge of this other world is not by cognitive analysis but *a priori*, through visions and revelations. There is no place where spirit and sense meet, "but only change upon the instant."

Yeats is not religious in the narrow sense of the word; religious belief was rejected early in his life. But he has replaced a formal creed with a belief of his own, based upon countless encounters with the supernatural, in seances, table-tipping, and spirit writing. It is from a voice from the other world that his quasi-philosophic system came, the philosophy of the gyre and recurring cycles in time, of the *Anima Mundi*, and of opposites. Yeats wanted an explanation both rational and supra-rational to replace the lack of belief in the world of science.

It can not be denied that there is much in Yeats' poetry reminiscent of many mystics—the unified antitheses of life and death, of the natural man and the intellectual, of light and dark, the moon and the sun, and many others. He extols the life of the spirit above

the life of the body in "Sailing to Byzantium," for example:

"An aged man is but a paltry thing,  
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless  
Soul clasp its hands and sing, and louder  
sing

For every tatter in its mortal dress."

Many poems show ironically that men of the world, "carnal men," to use St. Paul's phrase, are disdainful and, in reality, lifeless in the presence of the workings of the spirit; such a poem is *The Magi*. In "A Meditation in Time of War," he says:

"I knew that One is animate,  
Mankind inanimate phantasy."

Yeats is mystical, yes; but is he a real mystic, as we have defined him earlier? He himself denied that he was: he realized the difficult yet definite distinction between mysticism and magic. He cares for the occult and the spiritualistic, not out of the love and self-abnegation of the great mystics. For Yeats, "the process is rather the exercise of lordship over Nature . . . the sway of the magician over those who do not know: in short, all magic is black magic. . . . Yeats had a stronger feeling for the rights of individuality, for distinctions, for the antimonies than is proper to mysticism where dreams lose their dramatic evidence and absolute worth."

The mysticism of D. H. Lawrence takes quite a different turn. With emphasis on the body and physical nature, he appears a mystic in reverse. Lawrence's thought and life were a violent crusade against science and intellectualism: "Climb down, O lordly mind" is a fitting motto from him. "We think," he says, "to work everything out mathematically and mechanically, forgetting that peace far transcends mathematics and mechanics."

The important world, the true world for Lawrence is the world of darkness. Light is a creation of the mind, which seeks to illuminate all that it confronts. Darkness is the primeval world, known by instinct and through the body. It envelopes all, even the tiny pinpoints of illumination of the mind. (In it the individual is destroyed, only to be recreated so that he might live as a whole

man.) "All that is God takes substance," he cries in "The Wild Common."

Lawrence has a "mystic way," which though expressed in radically different terms is nonetheless very similar in substance. One begins with the rejection of "evidence." Huxley tells the story of his attempt to convince Lawrence of the truth of evolution, marshalling all the biologic evidence. The answer is characteristic, "But I don't care about evidence. Evidence doesn't mean anything to me. I don't feel it *here*," as he put both hands on his solar plexus.

The next step is the sacrifice of the will to the power of darkness: "I must submit my will and my understanding . . . all I must submit, not to any other will, not to any other understanding, not to anything that is, but to the exquisitest suggestion from the unknown that comes upon me."

The soul is then carried along on a sea of darkness (one of Lawrence's favorite images) until it reaches a haven of peace in the center of that darkness. This passage he has described in one of his most beautiful poems, "The Ship of Death":

"I sing of autumn and the falling fruit  
and the long journey toward oblivion.

Have you built your ship of death, oh,  
have you?

Build then your ship of death, for you  
will need it!

And if tonight my soul may find her  
peace in sleep, and sink in good oblivion,  
and in the morning wake like a new-  
opened flower

Then I have been dipped again in God,  
and new-created.

Drift on, drift on, my soul, toward the  
most pure most dark oblivion.

And at the penultimate porches, the  
dark-red mantle of the body's memories  
slips and is absorbed into the shell-like,  
womb-like convoluted shadow as the  
soul at last slips perfect into the goal,  
the core of sheer oblivion and of utter

peace, the womb of silence in the liv-  
ing night.

Oh lovely last, last lapse of death, into  
pure oblivion at the end of the longest  
journey peace, complete peace!

But can it be that also it is procreation?"

"Peace," says Lawrence in an essay, "is the state of fulfilling the deepest desire of the soul . . . when we have become very still, when there is an inner silence as complete as death, then . . . we hear the rare, super-fine whispering of the new direction; the intelligence comes."

Certainly this indicates a mysticism as real as that of Bérulle or Ruysbroeck. There are, on the other hand, many non-mystical aspects, for which Huxley calls him quite aptly "a mystical materialist." His emphasis on the body is completely contradictory to all tradition. Among the more "orthodox" of these men, the body is precisely that which must be annihilated. This is Lawrence's *credo*, "My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true." In his story of Jesus, *The Man Who Died*, the resurrection had to be one of the body as well as the spirit; it is not enough for the soul alone to be born again.

The primary importance he gives to sex is another disqualification. For him, the *unio mystica* is achieved in the sexual act, and no distinction is made between bodily and spiritual love. Lawrence tries to give up his individuality, but only so that he might have it back again, perfected, and he fails one feels in losing the self. Lawrence is constantly torn by the body and the soul, and the moments of resolution of the tension are very few. He is actually nearer to Bergson, with his belief in instinct and the *elan vital*, than he is to St. Francis or St. Teresa.

The case of T. S. Eliot is more in the tradition a religious and philosophic mystic, who is very widely read in mystic literature and whose philosophic training carries him

beyond the senses. Eliot uses the traditional symbols, and due to his poetic genius is able to achieve a far more impressive effect than most of the mystics of the past.

"The Waste Land" is not merely a criticism of modern society but is an account of the barrenness of all life regardless of time or place. Men are imprisoned by themselves, though each desires to escape.

"We think of the key, each in his prison.

Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison."

Existence in the material world is characterized as motion in a circle, without beginning or end and without meaning. This use of circular motion, be it ring, wheel, whirlpool, or winding stair, is the motif in Eliot for the aimlessness of the temporal world.

The theme of the poem is "death-in-life and life-in-death." All life is sterile and death-like as long as the individual is caught in the "profit and the loss." He must renounce himself or die to himself before he can gain life. This release into true life comes by water, as contrasted with the fire of passion; only water redeems the drowned Phoenician in the section "Death by Water," but as he rises and falls, he is caught in the whirlpool and recalls the past. Cleanth Brooks analyzes this section: "At least, with a kind of hindsight, one may suggest that "Death by Water" gives an instance of the conquest of death and time, the 'perpetual recurrence of determined seasons,' the 'world of spring and autumn, birth and dying' through death itself."

Physical love cannot bring release, as Lawrence would like to have us believe. Though the one appears more romantic than the other, the love of Elisabeth and Leicester is no better than the sordid affair of the typist and the clerk. The painful intensity of the moment with the Hyacinth Girl is followed by the empty and hopeless line from Tristan, "Oed, und leer das Meer."

The real answer is given in the Indian words of the rumbling thunder, "give, sympathize, control." The self must be discarded, after the agony in the garden. One must know "The awful daring of a moment's sur-

render." The bonds of individuality will be burst by sympathy, and then the soul will be in command and control one's life as the steersman guides his ship. Then, and only then, can the word "Shantih" be spoken, "the peace which passeth all understanding."

"Ash Wednesday" is remarkable for, among other things, its close parallel to the "Dark Night of the Soul" of the Spanish mystic, St. John of the Cross. Both tell of the mystic experience, the pilgrimage of the soul towards the object of its devotion, with unity as the desired end.

The first section is filled with a weariness of his former life and of the lives of those around him. Eliot has rejected the material world and its empty successes, but he is no happier: there is no compensatory lightening of the spirit. Instead the soul is small and dry and the will is feeble. The situation is the same as that of the "Waste Land."

The second section is that stage where the penitent desires to give himself completely to God. The state is one of complete humility.

"And I who am here dissembled  
Proffer my deeds to oblivion, and my love  
To the prosperity of the desert and the  
fruit of the gourd. . . .

As I am forgotten  
And would be forgotten, so I would forget  
Thus devoted, concentrated in purpose."

This section is followed by a passage showing the soul distracted by memories of the world and of its past. The journey into the night is stopped as the agony and pleasures of life are recalled. Eliot employs his customary image of "turning," here applied to the climbing of the stairs. He has really entered upon "the dark night" in this third part. The world distracts, but he passes the figure on the stairs:

"Distraction, music of the flute, stops and  
steps of the mind over the third stair,  
Fading, fading; strength beyond hope  
and despair  
Climbing the third stair."

The stage of mystic visions has been reached, as Eliot tells of the "jewelled unicorns" and the garden. This is the vision which will make life meaningful and "redeem the time." The goal is nearer now and can be perceived. Still thoughts of the life behind have not been destroyed completely; he is conscious of the whirling world, but his thoughts are less personal, more abstract. The agony becomes greater, and the soul is torn by the two desires, close though it be to God.

"And the light shone in darkness and  
Against the Word the unstilled world  
still whirled  
About the centre of the silent Word. . .  
Where shall be the word be found,  
where will the word  
Resound? Not here; there is not enough  
silence."

The last stage of the poem is from the darkest night, where again the world calls him back most persuasively, and "the weak spirit quickens to rebel." There is no repose, for "This is the time of tension between dying and birth." Though the tone is altered, he is very close to his beginning, even after so long a journey. "Although I do not hope to turn again." His last words come from this unbearable torment, repeating again

"Suffer us not to mock ourselves with  
falsehood  
Teach us to care and not to care  
Teach us to sit still . . .  
Our peace is in this will . . .  
Suffer me not to be separated  
And let my cry come unto Thee."

Eliot's latest works, the *Burnt Norton* poems, continue the mystic theme. Here, however, he is more philosophical than religious, using Herakleitos and Bergson more than the Catholic mystics. The four separate poems are prefaced by two quotations from Herakleitos, showing that "the way upward and the way downward are the same," and "Although the Word is common to all, most

men live as if each had a private wisdom of his own."

One of these poems, "East Coker" begins and has as its refrain the phrase, "In my beginning is my end," an echo of Herakleitos' "Beginning and end are common." The primitive dance of the peasants accentuates the world of time and rhythm, the cycle of the seasons coming round interminably, without purpose or rest. Eliot is part of that past, for it is contained in the present as in the future.

"The Dry Salvages" carries on the thought of "East Coker," but it is in a more hopeful tone. The imagery here is derived from the *Bhagavadgita*. The river is, I think, the stream of time, which bears away and destroys all life, though capturing for an instant the illumination of the spirit: "Time the destroyer is time the preserver."

There is no end to time and progress: the same pattern persists, but "we had the experience but missed the meaning." The Hindu, Krishna, teaches the perception of Reality through a second birth through self-discipline. Eliot is suggesting that, since the future, being unreal, will contain nothing which the real present does not contain, this present must be experienced more deeply and intensely. There are dangers on this second journey, and he prays to the Virgin for protection for those who will undertake it.

The last section concludes the poem hopefully: we must live in the world and can know reality only at rare moments, usually only hinted and guessed, but sometimes the knowledge is complete and the "impossible union of spheres of existence is actual." The best man can do is to live justly and well, always remembering the nearness of death. And so one can see that for Eliot the only answer to the problem of life and knowledge is the mystic's answer, expressed for the most part in the mystic's terms. From the horror of *The Waste Land*, he suffers in agony beyond hope or despair in *Ash Wednesday*, and finally reaches the unity he seeks in *Burnt Norton*. Here at last, after disillusionment and torment he can say, without misgiving or qualification, "All manner of thing shall be well."

The case of mysticism in modern literature is as paradoxical as the mystic state itself. Many, in fact, most of the foremost philosophers of the twentieth century have desired unmitigated empiricism for some kind of intuitive knowledge. Literature is full of modern writers who are absorbed in something beyond or below rational cogitation. But the philosophers are not out and out mystics, and the writers, if they are mystics, all are driven to a different expression. Yeats was seen to have thrown over mysticism for magic; Lawrence, for sex; Eliot expresses his mysticism in a series of paradoxes.

The similarities are more striking than these diversities, however. All are caused, at least in part, by a growing revulsion of "mechanomorphism" and its deadening effect on the individual. All demand a new view of instinct and intuition. And most striking of all, the three express in very different ways the identical experience.

Since the mystic experience is entirely subjective and so completely indescribable, it is subject to a large amount of criticism from those who want experience that can be objectified, studied, and analyzed. The question will always remain, "Of what value is such an experience as that of the mystic, when no one else can profit by it?" The answer is that there is an indirect benefit to be gained, since the mystic experience overflows into the relationships of man to man. Huxley saw this clearly when he wrote, "The mystics are channels through which a little knowledge of reality filters down into the human universe of ignorance and illusion. A totally unmystical world would be a world totally blind and insane . . . 'Where there is no vision the people perish'."

JEAN A. POTTER

## Poem

What if the world were as you said?  
Your bitter words ring in my ear.  
"Better it is that we are dead  
And Gone.

We have no purpose here.  
We are a selfish worthless crew  
Our faith and trust are buried deep  
The old ideals are untrue  
Outworn, cast-off—a rotting heap.  
The world is hard, no love is there  
For hatred and ambition rule  
We are the children of despair  
Products of a cynic school.  
We learned our lesson well.

Away

With hope and altruistic dream  
Beauty and truth have had their day  
And left to us this worthless scheme.  
So let the whole corrupt world die  
Where no man is another's brother  
And when remain but two to lie  
One will betray and kill the other."

And if the world were as you said  
Better by far that it were dead.  
It has suffered long many years  
Let us be done with pain and tears.

But the world is not dying yet  
And life is full, not drained and dry  
You in your cynic school, forget  
It is but you who want to die.  
Leave us our dreams, they will come true  
Our faith and trust are firm at last  
We lost them for a while with you  
And stood despairing and outcast.  
Ideals were the building stone  
In which our world's foundations lay  
Discarding them we stood alone  
In a dry sterile land of clay.  
But hope came back to us again  
Blindly we groped in search of light  
And see—our search was not in vain  
For we have left that tortured night.

HARJI MALIK

*Helped to Create this Magazine*

NICOLE PLEVEN

ROSINA BATESON

NANCY KRAFFERT

TONY BOEL

PATSY VON KIENBUSCH







*The . . . .*

# TITLE

*Bryn Mawr*

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NOVEMBER, 1944

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# EDITORIAL



WHEN THE FIRST issue of THE TITLE came out last year, it seemed to fill the need, expressed by many on campus, for a new literary magazine. THE TITLE is as yet in an early stage of development. It would be nice if it could just grow, like Topsy, but for the kind of magazine that we should like THE TITLE to be, we must have support, constructive criticism, and help in formulating plans for the future.

Towards this end, certain changes have been made this fall. A board has been organized, and three new members have been added, Jocelyn Kingsbury, '45, Susan Oulahan, '46, and Alison Barbour, '47. THE TITLE began as a Freshman enterprise, but we have felt all along that it was unwise to keep the magazine in the hands of one group. We should like it to be a college rather than a class magazine. For the second issue we hope to add Freshmen to the board, and also to have representatives in each hall to handle subscriptions.

Perhaps we did not make it clear last spring that we want contributions from all departments and classes, including the graduate students. Freshmen have been the main contributors this fall. Their enthusiasm should be catching, and we hope that there will be an increase of contributions from the rest of the college before the next issue.

# His Shield

The *pin-swin* or spine-swine  
(the edgehog miscalled hedgehog) with  
all his edges out,  
echnida and echinoderm in distressed-  
pincushion thorn-fur coats,  
the spiny pig or porcupine,  
the rhino with horned snout,—  
everything is battle-dressed.

Pig-fur won't do. I'll wrap  
myself in salamander-skin  
like Presbyter John.  
A lizard in the midst of flames, a firebrand  
that is life, asbestos-  
eyed asbestos-eared with tattood nap  
and permanent pig on  
the instep; he can withstand

fire and won't drown. In his  
unconquerable country of  
unpompous gusto,  
gold was so common none considered it; greed  
and flattery were  
unknown. Though rubies large as tennis-  
balls conjoined in streams so  
that the mountain seemed to bleed,

the inextinguishable  
salamander styled himself but  
presbyter. His shield  
was his humility. In Carpasian  
linen coat, flanked by his  
household lion-cubs and sable  
retinue, he revealed  
a formula safer than

an armorer's: the power of relinquishing  
what one would keep; that is freedom.  
Become dinosaur-  
skulled, quilled or salamander-wooled, more ironshod  
and javelin-dressed than  
a hedgehog battalion of steel; but be  
dull. Don't be envied or  
armed with a measuring-rod.

MARIANNE MOORE



## *"The Glory and the Dream"*

THEY WERE TALKING about her on the porch, Susan knew, but she did not really care. It was warm at the bottom of the terrace steps and the late afternoon sun was bringing an unaccustomed color into her pale cheeks. Susan sat cross-legged with her back very straight. Once, in that other world before her mother had gone away, a Hindu gentleman had come to tea and had sat on the rug just that way while he told strange and wonderful stories of tiger hunts and elephant stampedes. He had told Susan that it was very important to sit up straight when you wanted to think. She wanted to think now. Up on the porch Aunt Alice and Aunt Grace would be deciding whether she was to stay in her old school or go to a new one in New York. Susan was rather in favor of the change. She had read all the books in Aunt Alice's house and there would be new ones at Aunt Grace's. There was no one at school she would miss particularly—Kim and Alice and Sara Crewe were much more exciting friends.

But that was only part of what she wanted to think about. It was her new glasses. At first she had liked the idea of having them; they would make her look serious and grown-

up, she thought. But now that they were an actual steel weight on her nose, everything was changed. The hazy outlines of things had become harsh and severe; the sunlight glittered instead of glowing as it used to do. She looked at the daisies in one of the garden beds; their petals were cold and the centers a burnished brass. Susan had been told that she must never take the glasses off except at night, but perhaps now—her aunts were still talking on the porch, their backs to the railing. She took them off carefully, as she had been taught, the metal chilly in her hot hands. Yes, the daisies were the way they used to be, their centers so blurred that a golden aura surrounded each flower. They have halos on, thought Susan. Everything used to have halos. There was a harsh scraping of chair legs on the porch floor.

"Susan," called a familiar voice, "Come up a minute, dear, we have something to tell you."

So they've decided, Susan thought. She put the glasses on again and went up the steps, passing from the sunlight into the cool, dipped shadows.

ROSEMOND KENT

# Richmond Market

Dusky Negro faces make dark  
The duskier corners of the shed.  
With flashing teeth or vacant grin  
They greet the silver payment  
For their fragile wares of  
Rose, creamy white, bronze, red, or gold.  
Chrysanthemums in all imperial splendor  
Brighten the somber hues of evening,  
And their scent of smoldering autumn fires  
Is pungent in the damp.

Old rags and riches blend around them  
With a common bond of desire;  
Some of money, others for the more ascetic  
Luxury of regal beauty, that, quite hidden,  
Lies within each bundle of old papers  
Which the dark arms hold so carelessly.

Low, soft, high, sweet, or rough,  
A thousand voices mingle,  
Enchanting in their intonations.  
If one lone voice can breathe a spell  
And hold someone in thrall,  
How much more possible it seems  
That this one mingled voice  
Has cast a spell on me  
That drags me back, each cold, wet autumn day  
To that same dark market-place  
Where I found such beauty; and yet sorrow  
For the poor wet feet that must tramp homeward soon.

MARY L. COX

# Medicine in London in the Eighteenth Century

(Extracted from the introduction to a biographical study of  
William and John Hunter)

MEDICINE HAD HAD its first great awakening in Britain at the call of a prophet of the seventeenth century, when William Harvey had performed as pure an inductive experiment as has ever been devised in physiology and had opened the way for the transformation of medicine from art to science. Phenomenally enough, Harvey was a prophet unheeded in his own land; his immediate successors dabbled on as though he had never spoken. True, in the eighteenth century those modern remedies, castor oil and digitalis, were being transferred from the lore of the ancients and the old wives respectively to the pharmacopeia. But inoculation for small-pox was common practice, and venesection a habit still unbroken. Tar-water, advertised by Bishop Berkeley, Jame's powder, concocted by a quack, and Dover's powder, devised by none other than the pirate whose ship rescued Alexander Selkirk from all he surveyed, were rival panaceas; apothecaries prescribed them as generally as physicians, and for fees as high.

It was not only the apothecaries who vied with the physicians as practitioners of the healing arts. Quacks of all sorts abounded. There is perhaps no better commentary on the social status of disciples of the pseudo-sciences in the eighteenth century than can be derived from an examination of the connections of James Graham, the Mesmerist whose Temple of Health attracted multitudes in the early 1780's. Graham established himself in the former War Office in Schomberg House in Pall Mall; he rented the west wing to Gainsborough for £300 a year. His brother married Catherine Macaulay, a brilliant though radical historian who was the

widow of a respectable Scottish physician. Among the goddesses who materialized at his "lectures" were Emma Hart, later Nelson's Lady Hamilton, and Mrs. Curtis, whose sister, Mrs. Siddons, by virtue of her perfection of the dramatic arts, was *persona gratis* in the highest homes of the land. It took the courage of an Irish giant—John Hunter's giant O'Brien in fact—to snub Graham. O'Brien refused Graham's invitation to be first to initiate the Royal Patagonian Bed, guaranteed to produce sons for any who lay there—a refusal which in view of the giant's pituitary syndrome doubtless did the reputation of the bed more good than harm.

Graham's success was short-lived. To be sure, some of the impostors, although less spectacular, were unfortunately also less meteoric in their careers. Yet that such a group could seriously rival the physicians is not so great a blot on the history of eighteenth century medicine as is the fact that the surgeons themselves were not yet accepted as members of the medical profession.

It was only in 1745, the year of the Scottish Rebellion, and the year that William Hunter came up to London, that the surgeons were able to emancipate themselves from the barbers to form their own company. In the years before John Hunter transformed their outlook from one of artisans to that of experimental medical scientists, the surgeons enjoyed a rank in England certainly below that of the apothecaries and the quacks. If they considered themselves superior to the barbers, many of them were regarded by the general populace as about at the level of the farriers. When William Pulteney, the first Earl of Bath, wrote to the distinguished blue-

stocking, Mrs. Montagu, in 1764, about his experiences locating an apothecary or surgeon to bleed a traveling companion who was taken ill during a journey, he said in all seriousness that he was told "that there was no one that could do it, but a Man that lived three miles off, who was a good Physician bled every Man, and Calf, in the neighborhood, and was a pretty good Surgeon, for he had been originally a Sowgelder."

Peter Pindar was satirizing a general condition rather than the particular experiment of extirpation of the ovary when he referred to John Hunter as "great in the noble art of gelding sows." Yet gelding sows was an art requiring as fine a skill as many of the techniques in which the surgeons of the times excelled. They phlebotomized; Caesar Hawkins, Sergeant Surgeon to George II and George III, is said to have earned £2,000 annually by bleeding alone. They trepanned, they set bones, ligated arteries and amputated limbs. They lithotomized, and herniotomized, couched cataracts, excised superficial tumours. They healed ulcers and varicosities, and tended wounds as well as they could before they were convinced of the virtues of healing by first intention and before the shattering of their illusions that suppuration was a desideratum. The wonder is not that they attempted so little, or so much, as that they ever saved a patient in so septic an age.

The obstetric art lagged even behind the surgical, and during the eighteenth century was primarily still in the hands of the midwives. William Smellie, a Lanarkshire man like the Hunters, who was the first to formulate rules for the safe use of the forceps, started obstetrical teaching in London in the first half of the century, only to meet with the most violent opprobrium from the midwives, who called him "a great horse god-mother of a he-midwife." The epithet "male midwife" remained the standard description of the obstetrician throughout the century, and even after William Hunter had been nine years Physician Extraordinary to Queen Charlotte, no obstetrician was eligible for Fellowship in the College of Physicians. Dr. Wil-

liam Watson wrote to William Hunter's friend the Quaker physician Dr. Fothergill, on 16 September 1771, concerning some transactions of the College: "I must not forget, that when the statute to prevent the admission of men-midwives to be Fellows was forming, Sir John Pringle moved, that the man-midwife to the person of the Queen should be excepted; but whether or not Dr. Hunter's sins were too many to be pardoned at present certain it is the motion was rejected by a great majority." No matter what the number and magnitude of Hunter's sins, the failure of the motion to carry reveals not only his personal standing among his associates but also the status of obstetrical science in general.

If the conditions of medical and surgical and obstetrical practice were primitive in the eighteenth century, the state of medical education was deplorable. Vesalius had two centuries earlier proved the absolute indispensibility of human dissection to knowledge of human anatomy. Yet Albinus' famous school at the University of Leyden, where students from all the Continent and Great Britain convened to learn anatomy, and which Alexander Monroe *primus* attended, used only one cadaver a year for the whole school. Alexander Monroe *primus*, founder of the anatomists' dynasty at Edinburgh and William Hunter's first teacher of anatomy, used to demonstrate the whole course of anatomy on a single cadaver. Even of his grandson, Alexander Monroe *tertius*, John Bell was to write "that in Dr. Monroe's class, unless there be a succession of bloody murders, not three subjects are dissected in the Year."

But worse than that, if anatomy was a neglected discipline, pathology was an unknown one. No organized body of knowledge concerning morbid anatomy or physiology existed, with the result that instruction in the intelligent interpretation of disease was still far from sight.

Systematic instruction in the treatment of disease was little more advanced. The best of the teaching was accomplished by private instructors such as William Smellie, William Hunter's teacher of obstetrics, and William

Cullen, another Lanarkshire man, who taught William Hunter internal medicine. Cullen is said to have been the first teacher in Great Britain to deliver clinical lectures in the vernacular rather than in Latin, but surely some teaching, at least of the cognate arts, had been previously carried out in English. We have, for instance, a description by Edward Browne, son of Sir Thomas Browne, of the anatomical lectures delivered at Barber-Surgeons' Hall in 1663-64, in which the lecturer "gave a general introduction to the Course in Latin, and then lectured on the skin. . . . These six lectures were a Course of Anatomy, which was concluded by a speech in Latin." Browne's specification of the fact that introduction and conclusion were delivered in Latin implies that the intervening lectures were in English. But until the days of Cullen, medicine was taught in Latin in the great universities.

Formal teaching in the hospitals was barely beginning. St. Thomas's had been founded in 1215, but in 1714, half a millenium later, Cheselden, surgeon at St. Thomas's, suffered public reprimand for procuring and dissecting the "Dead Bodies of Malefactors," and it was not until the 1770's that lectures were delivered in the hospital theatre at St. Thomas's. St. Bartholomew's, founded in 1123, was already an ancient institution in the eighteenth century, but it was only in 1734 that permission was granted there to surgeons "to read lectures on Anatomy in the dissecting room of the hospital," and Percival Pott,

whose student John Hunter became, was only the second to lecture there. It was as late as 1765 that William Hunter's friend William Pitcairn began to lecture on medicine at Saint Bart's and not even at that time was instruction in surgery organized at the hospital.

Such was the miserable state of the hospitals in respect to sanitation and general management—"In the hospitals in London," wrote Samuel Sharp, surgeon to Guy's Hospital in the eighteenth century, "bugs are frequently a greater evil to the patient than the malady for which he seeks an hospital"—that the slowness with which systematic clinical teaching was absorbed into their activities may not have been a totally *unmixed evil*. Personal instruction, in the wards and at the bedside, has advantages that scarcely require emphasis at the present time. The development of the medical school as we know it, however, with its provision for adequate training in all fields, had necessarily to await the incorporation of all teaching, formal and informal, preclinical and clinical, into the jurisdiction of a single institution that can be administered as a cohesive whole. When the Hunters came to London, medical education was not only disorganized: it was hardly existent. What the nature and results of their efforts to accelerate its progress and that of medicine itself will be our first topic for review.

JANE OPPENHEIMER



# Sonnets

## I

Poor man, so bound on the Promethean rock  
And eaten by his own tormenting will;  
When shall the mend forbear to deal the shock;  
When will the anguish at the heart be still?  
With all of nature ready at his hand,  
Deep sustenance for learning and desire,  
And Beauty limitless in every land,  
He burns himself to build his little fire.  
What man is not, I shall no more suppose him,  
Nor lift him altars, who is less than wise;  
The earth he tramples will at last enclose him  
And heaven itself rest lightly on his eyes.  
Poor, gallant man! I can not cease to cherish  
This staggered breed too pitiful to perish.

## II

Look out into the moonlight, where the night  
Hammers warm silver on a forge of frost;  
Look to the moon, and gladden at the sight  
Of one enchantment that is never lost.  
Year after year, oblivious of pain,  
She wanes and waxes to a shining whole,  
A lifeless splendor that will come again  
To feed the sorrow of the living soul.  
Year after year this molten silver flows  
In ecstasy across the dying sphere,  
Serene in wisdom that no creature knows  
While we are fettered to our folly here.  
For Beauty, then, the only perfect plan,  
Look to the moon, but never look to man.

SYLVIA STALLINGS

# The Last Harvest

ANDREW AND I stood listening to the roar of the combine in the far distance. We were glad that it was coming at last. For almost two weeks we had waited for it. But the weather was not promising. The sky was a grey colour, tinged with yellow; heavy and ominous. In the tree-tops a breeze whirled softly, and the air was loaded with moisture. It meant a storm, all right. I was angry as I thought how good the wheat had been. For two weeks we had been doing nothing but picking beans in the deadly heat. But today we would bale the straw, even though it was a hotter day than all the rest. With hopeful anticipation we watched the combine crawl slowly toward us.

"That isn't much of a fellow driving, is it?" Andrew said to me skeptically. My near-sighted eyes could hardly make out the figure at the wheel. "God," he added, "It's only a little boy." As the combine approached, I felt the same shock Andrew did.

"Why, yes," I answered. "It's only a little tow-headed fellow. He can't be more than eleven. What's he doing driving a thing like that?" Andrew swore softly.

"I wouldn't let Bill do that. If he were my son!" But the combine had now stopped, and the boy was looking behind him. A pale green car was speeding down the hill. As I saw it come near, I realized it was an old car, merely repainted in a light color. The boy turned around again.

"That's my grandpop coming," he said. Andrew stared at him.

"What are you doing, driving that thing, kid?" he asked. The boy tossed his head back, and pushed his hair from his forehead.

"My dad's gone to war. My grandpop and I work together now," he said quietly, as if he had given the same explanation many times before. His grandfather came up to us.

"I'm Alden Murphy," he said. "I'm sorry we're late, but these days, you know, without

full help . . ." His voice trailed off, and he waited for Andrew to speak. Andrew was a kindly man. He had no wish to hurt a man's feelings.

"It's all right," he answered. "I know how it is. How much can you get done before the storm breaks?" Mr. Murphy looked at the sky.

"Don't know," he said. "We'll work all morning and see. We work along right fast when the morning's good." He beckoned to his grandson. "Come along, Roy, we'll fix her up."

I stared at this man, Alden Murphy, and at his grandson, Roy. Alden was a big man, well over six feet tall. He wore glasses, but his face was strong, and deeply lined. He had a thick, well-kept mustache on his upper lip. A perfect farmer, I thought to myself. But as for little Roy, I could not say much. A thin, yellow-haired boy, he was not much taller than the wheat itself. His face was child-like, and he looked at us with large brown eyes.

My heart went out to Andrew. It had been a bad year, with the drought, and now perhaps, he would lose his straw, because of this boy's youth. I knew he could not afford much extra, and many bales of straw were used in wintertime.

The combine was steaming and roaring. I started the truck and Andrew stood on the running board. The combine moved forward and began picking up the straw. We followed after, and as the bales began to fall Andrew stacked them in the truck like huge stairs. We went along fairly well until almost twelve o'clock. Only once did an accident occur: when the huge steel needles of the baler broke. They cost something, those needles. Mr. Murphy put in new ones silently. Andrew glanced down at me.

"Not too good," he said. "Misses a lot of corners. We'll have to rake it later. If it were my son, he'd be helping his mother, or play-

ing in the yard, not doing a grown man's work!" He looked away, and almost at the same time I did, he saw his wife and children coming down the hill. Their arms were filled with bundles.

"Lunchtime, Mr. Murphy," he called, and went forward to meet his wife. "Hello, Mil," he said. "What have you got for us to eat?" His wife, a tall careless looking young woman, smiled at him.

"Some sandwiches and beer," she answered. "Buttermilk for the children." For a moment she looked questioningly at Roy, and then smiled at him in her friendly way. He returned her smile, and stood quietly beside his grandfather.

"Come on, this is dinner for all of us," said Mildred. She began to open the packages, and we gathered around. She gave us all our sandwiches. The buttermilk was cold, and to me was better than nectar. Mr. Murphy liked buttermilk, too, instead of beer. We smiled at each other with understanding.

"You work well, Sis," he said to me. "You must come in handy to your Dad." I laughed, and Andrew grinned.

"She isn't my daughter," he said. "She only works for me, but she does come in mighty handy." I felt very proud and looked away. Roy and Bill, Andrew's son, were talking.

"Do you really run that thing?" Bill asked. Roy was flushed with pride.

"Yep, I run it," he answered. Bessie, Andrew's little girl was impressed.

"Do you play hide and go seek?" she asked. "Let's hide from John. Come on, Bill. John, count to ten." The little boy put his head in his arms and counted slowly. In a moment the children were off. John lifted his head and scrambled after them. Mildred watched him run.

"He's big for five," she said. "Like his father." Andrew smiled at her, and his eyes seemed contented at last.

But the afternoon was harder work. The day was darker, and rain was imminent. I hated that rushing breeze, and the streaked yellow sky. We were working on a slope,

now, and Roy was using all his strength to turn the heavy combine. His face was grimy with dirt, and he was breathing heavily through his mouth. Andrew noticed it also.

"I wish I could drive that thing," he muttered. "I wish I could. That kid. That young kid!"

We were at the bottom of the slope, picking up the bales. The combine was just turning up the hill. And then the storm broke. There was no real rain, but the thunder roared, and was directly above us, and lightning flashed in jagged streaks. It made me feel alone and afraid.

"We'll have to go in now, Andrew," I said. And then I turned to look at the combine. I wish now I hadn't. I watched it turn the wrong way, slowly, inevitably. It was all far away, hardly a part of this world. I watched the tawney-haired boy in the driver's seat fall away from the seat and under the huge black wheel of the baler. It was like a lantern slide, or even more like a dream. There was no noise except the thunder, and the ever-increasing rain. I watched Andrew run up the hill. I saw the old man, tall, bent, and tired, pick up his grandson and hold him in his arms, as if he were holding a very small child. I watched the combine steam and then stall. There was nothing I could do but sit and look on. Was he hurt? Was he dying? The questions fled through my mind, but my body would not move.

The rain poured hard all around me. I could hear it on the trees, in the brush, and on the metal of the truck. I could feel it soak me to the skin, but I did not move. I was looking at a man kneeling beside a little boy who lay very still. I was seeing him alive, playing with the other children, and then lying on a slope, with an old man kneeling simply by his side. It was a service for two: an old man with not much more time to live, and a young boy with no life at all. I was an outsider looking in. I was in a church I had not known was a church, and I did not know the sacraments. I could only sit and watch the scene.

ELLEN ROBBIN



# Evening, and a House

The house stands on the hill  
Square, dumb, black,  
Flat against the sky, still.  
No arched back  
Of Hallowe'en cat beside,  
Only a Pump-handle, slack  
Motionless, still.

Neither hope nor despair  
But the dank air;  
An image blank  
With a lank stare.

A forgotten cut-out pasted  
To the flat, light  
Sky one night,  
Useless, wasted.

(Could no sweet breeze.  
No sweet-running, rippling breeze,  
Stir the grasses, stir the stark, still trees?  
Would no shower of stars,  
No silver brushing shower of stars  
Melt the silent blankness into a cool  
Deep moving singing pool?)

SANDALL STODDARD

# "Everyman's a Madman"

Received the Sheelah Kilroy Memorial Scholarship in the required course in English Composition, 1944.

IN THE OPPRESSIVE silence of the trenches, two men listened breathlessly to the advancing shells. Soon the distant murmur of guns would become a vital reality. Soon each would be moved to fight valiantly and separately for the integrity of two nations, because each was a member of the Spanish International Brigade. But that moment was eons away, out of all time, dangling in space. An overwhelming feeling of impermanence tightened their hearts. Only the present existed, frighteningly foreign. A force beyond their comprehension had placed them side by side on the battlefield. Siry, the Frenchman, and Kogan, a Bulgarian, heard the far-away blast of guns. They longed to say a word to each other—"Hello there! Hear that? What's your name?"—but neither spoke the other's tongue. A bird began to sing. It was morning. Suddenly a path was opened and barriers cast aside. Siry whistled to Kogan. Kogan whistled back. The hush was broken by a series of bird-like songs, shrill and sweet, full of questions and responses. Siry and Kogan were talking to each other, communicating simply and sufficiently by the only language they knew. They clung together in a new friendship, absolute and reciprocal, which defied the shelling. As the shells approached, "half-unconsciously many of the men were touching each other—a leg or a shoulder—as if the physical nearness of their companions was their sole defense against death."

Siry and Kogan illustrate the main theme of Andre Malraux's two greatest novels, *Man's Fate* and *Man's Hope*. The first is about the 1925 uprising in China, and the second describes the 1936-38 Spanish Civil War. The

revolutionary background of both these novels presents an unusual opportunity for describing man's eternal conflict between personal isolation and existence in a world fraternity. Man has always felt his own remoteness from his fellowmen. His profoundest joys and sorrows are essentially private emotions. Like the lonely reaper, he wanders among the crowd, his uniqueness hidden away for him alone to know and cherish. Emerson once wrote that "the great man is he who, in the midst of a crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude." But that "perfect sweetness" is not retained without a struggle. Colonel Ximenes says in *Man's Hope* that "the real struggle begins when you have to contend against a part of yourself . . . it's only from such inner conflicts that the real man emerges." Individuality is something to be treasured, and it can never be taken away. But there is a pearl of greater price, for solitude may change to loneliness, and loneliness become desolation. That pearl is seldom bought, and often desired in vain, because a man must lose his second treasure to procure it, must surrender himself to gain fraternity. The adjustment between that intense, possessive solitude and a world community is painful. In success lies peace and companionship, in failure nothing but misery. How and why man fails or succeeds in making this adjustment forms the main theme of Malraux's novels.

However, in trying to discover this theme in *Man's Fate* and *Man's Hope*, Malraux's two greatest novels, one is faced with a critical problem. It is unsafe to take separate speeches of Malraux's characters as representative of his principal ideas, because each

character expresses thoughts and emotions which spring solely from his own individual personality. The hero of a novel sometimes carries its main theme through his discoveries of what is new and important in life. Then the hero can be identified more or less accurately with the author. This is hardly possible in Malraux's novels because his characters, each fundamentally different, play consecutively the role of hero. The main and subordinate theme of *Man's Fate* and *Man's Hope* can only be discovered by forming a synthesis of all the characters.

In these two novels, Malraux finds that fraternity involves a single necessary element, communication. Close cooperation in group action serves as the spring-board of revolution, and in this collectivity, Malraux feels that man's consciousness of his own need for companionship is heightened. He must find a means of communicating his presence to his comrades, so that he, in turn, can feel their proximity. This need for a physical fraternity is almost more acute than the need of a common purpose. In war men share death as well as life, and "it is easy to die when one does not die alone." Fear of solitude and a yearning for friendship motivate man in the face of danger. A common cause is insufficient.

War makes of solitude a hard shell which encloses all understanding. It must be pierced or it becomes unbearable. A dread of the unknown moves men to reach out and clasp hands. Persons lose their identity, but those hands hold meaning. Hanging onto what is tangible in a bottomless confusion, men are buoyed up by a smile of recognition, a touch of fingers in the darkness, a melancholy whistle in a lonely night. They search for each other through the tumult to face together what they can not support alone. In the dank prison, awaiting death, Katov felt himself joined to Kyo "by that absolute friendship, without reticence, which death alone gives." When suffering ceases to be abstract, and becomes a restless, unchangeable reality, its only remedy is that it can be shared. Then it ties an inseparable knot between two human lives

which helps to alleviate the pain. It is these moments of fraternal suffering which bring human life into contact with the infinite, for in them man yields to something beyond the confines of his experience.

One of the most beautiful and exalting scenes which Malraux describes for us, takes place in a Chinese prison of condemned men. Suffocated by an emotion which surpasses terror in its intensity, the men await torture. Katov, lying between his two trembling companions, waited, too, but independently, secure in the knowledge that a cyanide tablet in his belt-buckle would rescue him. A strange hand lay heavily on his chest. In the tension of the fingers, he could feel nameless, gripping horror. No longer was he alone. That hand had an owner, someone as scared to die as he was resolute. Breaking the cyanide in half, Katov gave it to his two companions. As he passed it, the cyanide dropped and was lost. Small and elusive, it lay somewhere in the darkness, the irretrievable gift of a lifetime. As the men groped along the floor, "their hands brushed his. And suddenly one of them took his, pressed it, held it . . . Katov also pressed his hand, on the verge of tears, held by that pitiful fraternity, without a face, almost without a voice . . . which was being offered him in the darkness for the greatest gift he had ever made, and which perhaps was made in vain." But it was not a futile gift. Out of the darkness a strange hand had brought Katov a gift which, more than a small tablet of cyanide, could make his dying "an exalted act, the supreme expression of a life which this death so much resembled." Katov had broken his shell, and grasped the pearl.

Solitude may change to loneliness, and loneliness become desolation. Few of Malraux's characters have escaped its terror, especially when confronted by death. Hernandez, a courageous Spanish captain, an old hand at war and killing, could not face death alone, "nothing could be worse than that." Moreno, long a prisoner, knew the force of that abysmal solitude which gives importance to footsteps receding in the hall, and makes from

them the symbols of life and of friendship. "Listen, old man," he cried to Hernandez, "a hero can't make good without an audience; you get to know that once you're really alone. They say that blindness makes its own world; so does loneliness . . . once you're in it, you discover that all the ideas you had about yourself belong to the other world, the world you've left." Imprisonment had left its mark on Moreno's soul, had twisted him up inside until the one fraternity left for him was the one which he believed was "only to be found—beyond the grave."

This same longing for fraternity, so opposed to man's initial solitude, is treated by Malraux in a slightly different way through his interpretation of parental relations. Alvear, an old aristocratic intellectual, sat in his lonely library, his lifetime enveloped in remnants of the past, his companions, the ancient masters. When Scali, an official, came to bring Alvear back to his son, Jaime, the old man quietly refused. He would not leave his treasures to the Fascists, he said, but his refusal was based on a deeper reason. He loved his son very much, but Jaime had been blinded, and the sightless, groping boy no longer resembled his son. Alvear could not recognize a blind Jaime. Blindness was another world where his father was powerless to enter. Communication between them would be impossible. Alvear could not bear to look at Jaime's face. "Nothing's more horrible than the mutilation of a *body* one loves." That mutilation barred all understanding, and Alvear remained alone, overcome with longing and a feeling of his own inadequacy.

There is a striking parallel between Alvear and Jaime in *Man's Hope*, and Gisors and his son, Kyo, in *Man's Fate*. Gisors was also a scholar, an intellectual who gave freely of his advice to youths who came to him—all but Kyo. He could not penetrate the solitude of his revolutionary son. Their love was acknowledged and respected by both. But though the same blood flowed through their veins, an unbreachable rift prevented one from ever fully knowing the other. Kyo represented Gisors' life, his hope and dream, but

only through his son's actions could Gisors live vicariously. Kyo's thoughts belonged to him alone. After the death of his son, Gisors, looking through one of Kyo's books, came upon the rough marginal scrawl, "This is *my* father's speech." All his life, "Kyo had never even told him that he approved of him. Gisors folded the pamphlet gently, and looked at his dead hope." That desired spiritual fraternity is unobtainable because individual solitude forms an impasse through which any communication is hopeless. We long to reach out to our friends over and above the knowledge and acceptance of our love, but mid-way the wires are snapped, and our call is silenced.

To Malraux, the relations between man and woman are essentially of the same quality, again encumbered by that unfathomable isolation. Kyo was deeply in love with May, but he felt the gap in their mutual understanding. Sometimes he thought he knew all about her, her expressions, gestures, thoughts. Then she withdrew into that intimate region of her mind, the doors closed, and he could not follow. At those times Kyo felt a "fierce craving for contact with her . . . for a contact, no matter what kind—even one that might lead to fright, screams, blows." They were so far apart that May might have belonged to a foreign world. In the last hours before his capture, Kyo returned to May, to bring her with him into what would probably mean death. Only then did he understand that "the willingness to lead the being one loves to death itself is perhaps the complete expression of love, that which can not be surpassed." Again Malraux suggests a fraternity in death—a death which does not part, but fuses.

In an eternal search for the absolute, never helpless, but continually defeated, man struggles on, trying again and again to fit his personal isolation and his presence among others into a harmonious whole. He fails miserably, makes a fresh start, is again frustrated; such is the character of man's fate, his inability to adjust himself. Up against a brick wall of insoluble problems, he falls back on violence, self-sacrifice, or hypocrisy. Or he

evades the issue and tries to escape the struggle, only to find that escape means a fear of life and death, and that there is no real escape. From the height of his personal isolation, Gisors contemplated his destiny. Objectively analytical, he dwelt on it, wrapped himself up in it like a mummy, and tried to shelter himself from fear of death. The little smuggler, Baron Clappique, lied and exaggerated in a desperate effort to prove through his fantastic tales that nothing exists, and that life and death are nebulous dreams. "His mythomania is a means of denying life . . . everything has happened as though he wanted to prove to himself . . . that although he lived for two hours like a rich man, wealth does not exist. Because then poverty does not exist either." Baron Clappique was never wholly convinced, because his lies and fantasy were of too flimsy a fabric to shut him off from the world.

Ch'en, the young Chinese terrorist, is one of Malraux's most fascinating characters. His political duty was to assassinate a man so that the revolutionaries could get necessary information about armaments. That one murder left an indelible trace in Ch'en's mind. He could give his friends "the information they wanted, but . . . could never convey to them what he felt"—the stiff resistance of a body under his knife, the inhuman animation of death. He turned from one murder to another, until killing became a fascination, a sort of stimulant which helped him to bear the unintentional ignorance of his friends. "Like all intense sensations, those of murder and of danger, as they withdrew, left him empty; he longed to recover them." But not through any real eagerness to kill, or a natural brutality. It was simply that when the electric shock of killing had subsided, Ch'en needed desperately to tell someone about it, to justify his emotions, and be understood. None of his comrades could meet him on those grounds, and he, himself, felt that he would be incapable of communicating his feelings to another man. Murder robbed his life of meaning, and there was only one compensation. He turned his mind from every-

thing he longed for, and plunged into what he hated most, giving his hate a kind of glory. Death possessed him, so he lived with it; a strange comrade who offered no companionship. Gisors said of him: "He aspires to no glory, to no happiness. Capable of winning, but not of living in his victory, what can he appeal to if not to death? No doubt he wants to give it the meaning that others give to life."

In Malraux's skillful development of the theme of man's destiny, I feel there is one great deficiency. Because he deals exclusively with the imperative need for fraternity in war and death, which, through mutual suffering reaches its zenith, he fails to mention a possible fraternity in peacetime. There is even an intimation in Malraux's novels that a stronger fraternity exists among victims than among the victorious. Death is always the force which motivates fraternity, not life. The ingredients of fellowship are suffering, common danger, and the grave. "And the ward seemed to grow vibrant with that fellowship that links the victims of a great disaster;" fraternity in a hospital, in prison, at the front, but no indication that a war fraternity may be just the suburb of a peace fraternity. Some time the revolution will come to a close: will the fraternity it inspired end at the same time? Just as he says Ch'en was capable of winning but not of living in his victory, Malraux suggests that the winners of a revolution can not be joined together in a peace. Perhaps this is because Malraux is a war novelist, and therefore has not yet arrived at an understanding of human nature in peacetime. It may be that the question is still too doubtful in his own mind for him to express it in a novel.

Subordinate to Malraux's main theme of the perilous destiny of mankind, though not less important, is his theme of man's hope. "All seeds begin by rotting, but some of them germinate. A world without hope . . . is suffocating. Or else a purely physical world." Closely related to the current of man's fate in Malraux's novels, is the hope that man *can* overcome his own isolation. "A man could

be stronger than this solitude." It is a hope which never fully culminates in any of Malraux's characters, except perhaps in Katov, whose life and death had meaning, but there is a strong feeling that it might. Hope is created in the supreme effort that man makes to adjust himself. Old Gisors expressed this when he said, "Everyman's a madman . . . but what is human destiny if not a life of effort to unite this madman and the universe?" That effort is inspired by positive emotions. "All suffer, and each one suffers because he thinks," but at least he *does* think. In his conflict with himself, lies man's greatest dignity, in his suffering, his fundamental nobility.

Isolated, individual hopes also permeate *Man's Hope*. Magnin, the flyer, wished that the peasants might someday be educated so that they would understand more completely why they were working. He wanted "each individual to have a life that isn't classified in terms of what he can exact from others." Sembrano and Jaime, young leftist technicians, hoped that in the future the expert could work for the collectivity, not for the private owner. Most of the revolutionary leaders placed their hope in the people, their political and economic rights. The meaning of revolution lay in that hope. Garcia was fighting because he wanted "to see a change for the better in the lot of our Spanish peasantry." The people were all that mattered to Vallada, and Barca, hearing firing from an armoured train, knew that each shot meant "the promise of a new world; never again would the vineyards be wrested from the men who planted them."

Throughout *Man's Hope*, there is also the continued expectancy, expressed by various characters, that the future will produce a renaissance of art, a child of revolution and mental conflict. Lopez believed that a revolutionary art would complete the transaction between creator and beholder, so long its object. This would be possible because

both the creator and the beholder would understand the subject matter, "vivid symbols of the spirit of man engaged in mortal conflict." To Lopez, "the driving force of revolution was hope." The future world, he believed, would bring an art expressive of that hope. Alvear thought the new art would "give access to what is purest in ourselves." This idea that revolutionary art will open doors to regions which man could never reach by himself, is really just the covering of a deeper hope, that, joined with his neighbors, man will finally attain a peace of mind in fraternity.

I said that Malraux mentioned no possibility of a fraternity in peacetime. However, by this omission, he does not outlaw all hope. He believes firmly that man's ability to struggle indicates his innate strength, and, because that strength is immortal (as well as the struggle), man will not give up the battle once the revolution is over. The desire for fraternity is too strong a motive. We are more aware of the theme of man's inability to adjust himself in the world than of the theme of his possible ability to succeed, because it is simply more persistent. If anything, the subordinate theme is strengthened by its secondary position. If man fails, and he will continue to fail, it is not because he has not tried, and therein lies life's profoundest tragedy—and its profoundest hope. Fatality in human life is the result of man's failure as a free agent, for hath not the potter power over the clay to make from it what he will? Hope is never supplanted by fate, but is its very substance. This is the root and stem of Malraux's novels. He offers no other solution to the problem of self-adjustment than man himself. He has probed to the core of one of life's most eternal conflicts and presented its anguish, but whether man is to be defeated or victorious Malraux can not say. The decision rests in human nature.

PATSY VON KIENBUSCH

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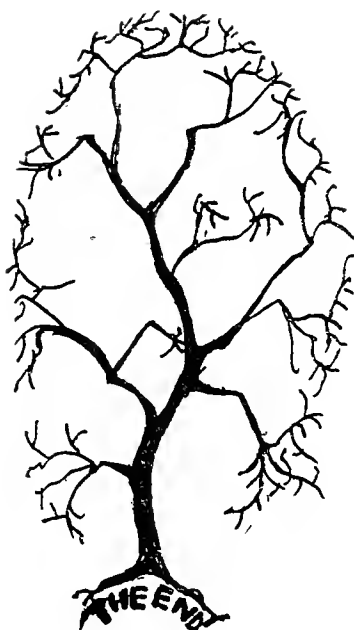
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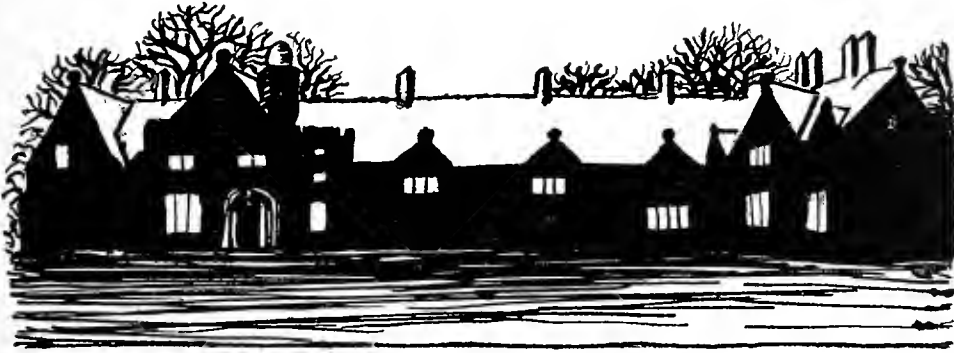
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The Editors have had a difficult choice to make in awarding the first prize in the short story contest that took place for this issue of THE TITLE. We feel that Sylvia Stallings' *Happy Warrior* contains such excellent writing that it runs a very close second to Nancy Ann Knettle's *Havoc in Xico*. However, we have awarded first prize to the latter because in form it is more strictly a story. We want to give Shirley Wood Honorable Mention for her story, *Mr. Dudley and the Sea Spirit*, in which she shows much promise.



# EDITORIAL



## *College in Wartime*

THERE IS A BASIC conflict for most of us who teach or study in the colleges today which, for the sake of our peace of mind, we all want to see resolved. We are by natural inclination pacifists and believe from our hearts that a nation should not go to war unless her existence, or at any rate, her right to control her own destiny, is at stake. Therefore, when we accept the necessity of war we do so with the assumption that victory is all-important. To get the war over as rapidly as possible, to win with the minimum expenditure of life, to secure a peace which will not lead to another war in twenty or thirty years—those are for the moment the considerations which weigh most heavily with us, not only when we debate questions of national policy, but even in making our private decisions. Not only is this frame of mind an inevitable result of our hatred of war; it is also a necessary part of the equipment of a democracy in a totalitarian world. Without it we should be powerless to mobilize against dictatorship.

Yet even while we give priority to activities which we believe will contribute to the winning of the war, we remember enough of our pre-war arguments to know that we are risking the things which made peace seem desirable. How can we safeguard the values of peace if we substitute manual training for scientific and historical knowledge, practical invention for theoretical research, journalism for literature, propaganda for education? Almost unconsciously we try to retrace the experience of the last war and peace, seeking the solution for the dilemma.

In 1917 we were more naive and more sure of ourselves. Undergraduates thought they were contributing to victory when they drilled on campus, organized a college war council modelled on those in Washington, registered for courses in nutrition. The faculty joined committees, made speeches, attended conventions. Actually, there being no man power shortage as judged by 1945 standards, it is doubtful whether any of us contributed noticeably to the war effort; but the war was over before we found it out. Throughout we never doubted our ability to return to the *status quo*; we were sure that the world after victory would be the same as the world of 1914. The disillusionments of the twenties and thirties were due in part at least to the lack of soul searching between 1914 and 1918.

There may be some advantage then in the struggle we are making at the present time to balance our urge to war against our desire to maintain intellectual standards until the return of peace. Continuity of thought and of experience are essential to intellectual growth, but they cannot be maintained without a full awareness of cataclysms and revolutions going on around us. Under present world conditions an ivory tower is probably the worst defense possible against intellectual frustration. Yet it is worth remembering that students in American colleges today, because they enjoy some measure of security, have perhaps as great an opportunity as anyone alive to become the intellectual leaders of the next period of history. May they make the most of it and resist the insidious temptation to adopt instead the role of a second Lost Generation.

HELEN TAFT MANNING, PH.D.





# HAVOC IN XICO

*(The following story is based on an actual incident which was told to me when I visited Jalapa, the capitol of the State of Vera Cruz, by the young American mentioned in the story. The incident, although it happened many years ago, seems to me to display, in part, certain characteristics of one of the most unique and completely unpredictable peoples in the world.)*

THE TALL, GAUNT man leaned over his desk and glared threateningly at the small Mexican who stood before him, sombrero in his hand, his dark eyes raised pleadingly to his employer. A well of nervous energy was evident in the manner of the older man.

"Alvaro, do you think I have lost my mind? In the twenty years I have lived in this town I have never yet been asked to believe such a tale! A man who has been swallowed up by the earth! My God!" Jim Denley turned away impatiently and stood facing the window, his back to the meek little workman. The latter stood now with a hanging head, his eyes dejectedly scanning the floor at his feet. Then, slowly lifting his eyes, he seemed to take new courage and stepped toward the man at the window.

"Senor Denley, perhaps . . . perhaps if you would go to Xico and see for yourself. Then you would know I do not lie. Never in my life—by the blessed Santa Maria—do I lie! I have traveled to Xico on my burro and have seen him myself! But all the people in Jalapa cannot go by burro to see him—my mother, she is too old to ride burros now—and they, too, want to see the miracle."

"And for this," Jim swung around and slammed his fist on the desk, "I should take a chance on that delapidated rail connection between here and Xico and put on a

special train for the tourists! With the scarcity of cars and the condition of the tracks you people expect me to take a ridiculous risk so that you can see a miracle of God! Alvaro," he continued patiently, "Doesn't your good sense tell you that this would be a foolish waste when such miracles cannot possibly occur? Why, the town would be in an uproar. They would have to declare a state holiday! Has this ever occurred to you?"

"Si, Senor," Alvaro returned innocently, "That is just what we would like."

"Good God!" Jim looked up in considerable relief as the door opened and his tall, willowy son entered the room. The boy was laughing as he approached his father and sank into a chair by the desk. "Dad," he chuckled, "If the boys back at Yale could hear about this thing they wouldn't believe it. Lord, I wouldn't change my birthplace in this town for a whole block on Park Avenue!"

"I suppose you've heard about this idea they have of a man being swallowed into the ground!"

"Heard about it? I've seen it!" He began to roar again, and, after some difficulty, managed to control himself. "You see, Dad, the whole thing concerns a guy named Manuel Mosgweda."

Jim interrupted him. "Look here, Bill, I

want to hear the fantastic details, but I want to get rid of Alvaro here, too. I haven't devoted my life to founding a railroad for this lost community so that they can travel out to three-adobe settlements like Xico, miracle or no miracle. Now what in the name of Heaven am I going to do about this?"

Bill became serious at once and turned to the hopeful representative with a firm but kind manner. "Look, Alvaro, no train, see? My father can't afford it, you and the other men have to finish the east road by next Tuesday, and if everybody in Jalapa went to see the miracle, well—it would make a certain Juan Selajo too rich a man."

Alvaro, greatly disappointed, turned and started slowly toward the door. When he reached it he put his sombrero on his head and, opening the door, murmured plaintively, "My mother, she has never seen a miracle."

As the door closed behind him, Jim looked disapprovingly at his son. "Apparently this fellow Selajo you mentioned has cooked up this thing to make a profit on the local inhabitants. Now why didn't you let Alvaro in on it?"

"Because, Dad, Selajo has six children, and if some of the people he's fooled already find out about it his life won't be worth the cinco centavos he got out of every one of them. Besides," he added laughingly, "You wouldn't ask me to ruin a story that should go down into posterity as the greatest legend in the history of modern Mexico!"

\* \* \*

Juan Selajo stood before the narrow door of his brown adobe hut and stretched lazily, scratching in a leisurely manner at his stomach, which was covered only by a dirty yellow shirt—a very worn shirt which quite matched the ragged trousers beneath it. This was a good morning, indeed! The sun was not too hot, and he was soon to enjoy the spectacle of his neighbor Manuel's return from Chachalaca's bar in Teocelo. Manuel did not go to Chachalaca's very often, but when he did he stayed two days at least. And

when he returned—Ah, it was worth a peso to see it! Maria, his wife, would bar the door and Manuel would shout oaths at her until his drunkenness overcame him and he would have to lie down under his goat pen and sleep. Si, that Manuel was a gay one! Of course, his neighbors all claimed that his blasphemy would never permit him to be released from Purgatory. God would punish him one day, they would tell him, but Manuel, he didn't let it bother him. "Heaven is for those who speak simple Spanish," he would say and then turn his back on them.

Juan's brown face lit up suddenly as he saw his neighbor hover into sight. Manuel stumbled slightly as he made his way carefully up the road. As he passed Juan's house he looked up, nodded silently at him, and went on. Juan called back softly to his wife in the house. "Lupita, Manuel has come home!" Her only reply was, "Go on, you lazy devil, you, I have more to do than watch my neighbors!" Juan shook his dark head hopelessly at her lack of interest and looked eagerly after Manuel, who had by this time reached his house.

"Maria, you witch, let me in!" he shouted and pounded at the door. "Maria, do you hear me?" Receiving no answer, he stood silently for a moment, and then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he started for the back of the house. Juan, very much amazed and not a little disappointed at this failure of his expectations, followed him at a safe distance and in a half-hearted manner. Well, he would have no better luck at the back than at the front door, so he might as well give that up. But when Manuel had turned the corner Juan suddenly heard a shout. It was Manuel, but it was no shout of rage. It was one of fear. Juan hurried after him and, rounding the corner of the house, he beheld the most amazing sight of his entire life.

Manuel had been swallowed up by the earth!

It was true. God was at last making him atone for his wickedness. He had been sucked into the ground up to his armpits, and the

look of terror on his face sent a tremor up Juan's spine. He could do nothing but stand and watch him dumbly as his arms beat at the soft earth around him and his expression turned slowly from one of terror to one of anger. His helpless state now brought to his lips oaths the like of which Juan had never heard. "Dios mio," Juan thought to himself, "Does he wish to be entirely gulped up by the devil?"

By this time Manuel's wife, Maria, had come out to see what had happened, and she, too, was struck dumb at the sight of her husband being drawn into the throes of the inferno. "Caramba, you fools! Will you help me out of here?" he shouted at them. Apprehensively they drew near him and cautiously reached forward to take hold of his hands. But as their feet met the soft ground which had been loosened by his fall they drew back hastily. For they knew that if they tried to lift him out they, too, would be swallowed up. So it goes with those who attempt to aid a sinner. Better to let him endure his punishment!

After a moment Juan was running back to his house and shouting excitedly at his wife. "Lupita, come out! You will see what I have witnessed because of my laziness! Manuel has been swallowed into the ground for his blasphemy!" And soon the fat little Lupita was hurrying to the spot where poor Maria stood, still staring in a bewildered manner at her enraged, frustrated husband.

Jose and his brother, Ysidro, were leading their burros with their loads of wood down the road toward Teocelo when Juan reached them. "Jose, Ysidro!" he shouted, "Go quickly and see the miracle that has happened! Manuel has uttered oaths again, and God has caused him to be swallowed into the ground before his house! It is the most frightening thing to ever happen in Xico. But before you may see him you must give cinco centavos at my door. I must collect a little money for the poor widow he is leaving. Go quickly and see the miracle!" And immediately these two were clattering down

the cobbled road with their burros stumbling heavily behind them.

Juan stood at his post before his door for the rest of the day, hospitably receiving the friends and strangers who had come from a mile around to see the spectacle. He would receive their coins and then usher them back to where the condemned Manuel had now become resigned to his fate. He gazed back indifferently at the folk who flocked around him, stared for a while, and then left to summon their friends. He had tired of shouting and bewailing his plight and almost seemed to have lost interest in living, as he half-heartedly nibbled at the nourishment that was brought to him by his wife at various times during the day. He had despaired of being delivered from his fate, and seemed now to be awaiting the final blow.

Evening drew on and, because of the warmth of the nights during this particular season of the year, there was no reason to fear for Manuel's acute discomfort—albeit a peaceful sleep could not be assured him. His wife and neighbors hardly expected to see him when they arose the next day, but there were his head and shoulders still sticking above the ground, and when he began shouting for his breakfast there could be no doubt that he was still alive.

Business began again for Juan at sunrise and continued through the rest of the day. The success of the project reached a glorious climax for him when, among his visitors, he perceived no other than the son of Jim Denley, the American railroad man in Jalapa. Juan delighted in showing young Bill Denley poor Manuel's sunken condition, and he was much gratified by the young man's obvious enjoyment of the situation. However, after he had told in his most dramatic fashion the story which he had repeated dozens of times, Bill Denley drew him aside in a confidential manner.

"And now, Juan, tell me you don't believe this thing. For I can see that you're too smart a man for that."

At this Juan leaned close to him and whispered something into his ear. Bill shouted with laughter and, after promising to keep his secret, returned to Jalapa, where the story was creating a good deal of excitement.

However, by the end of the second day, Juan, though prospering considerably with his collection of centavos, was feeling a little uneasy. He had encountered a few unbelievers. And, late that night, if there had been any spectators near the spot, they would have been appalled to see the impossible happen once more, as the earth disgorged its victim. He rose from the depths with violent jerks, clutching tightly to the end of a long

rope. At sunrise, new arriviers were disappointed to hear that the sinner had repented and that God had released him to lead a normal life once more—to sleep on his back, to eat at his table, and to pray on his knees!

But Juan, his neighbor, now dressed in a new yellow shirt, bright green trousers, and brown huarachas, still continued to watch for his returns from Chachalacas. And he rather regretted that Manuel, day or night, drunk or sober, never again would permit himself to approach the vicinity of the ancient privy that had once acted as the instrument of God!

NANCY ANN KNETTLE, '47 -

*Annapolis, Maryland, October 28, 1944*

Since there is no escape  
From either death or dissatisfaction  
Let us take delight in the white sail shape  
Foam winged water and the dress rehearsal  
For involuntary action.  
Since so much denied us  
Has equipoise of sorts with something granted  
Within the moment of no retraction,  
Forget, O heart, what you so wanted  
Lest the wound of its realization prove mortal.  
Best, bluest, last, and only heaven  
Send down some melody  
Which shall suffice for Paradise  
To three thousand dark blue jackets with a gold splice  
Of braiding by the insatiate sea:  
Let there be music, music, bright O bright,  
On the few mornings that remain  
Ere death has come upon us in the night  
When we most thought to wake again.

SYLVIA STALLINGS, '48

# Won't You Come in My Ivory Tower?

COLLEGE DRIVES SOME to distraction, others to drink. It drove this momentarily unbalanced senior to put a personal ad in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. This particular agony column is one which may be said to have achieved some degree of immortality; Mr. O'Malley once mentioned it to Barnaby as a possible research facility. If you are a gentleman interested in world-wide evangelism and seeking a feminine soul-mate, or a cultured widow (fortyish) who would welcome masculine correspondence, or an earnest book-collector who desires to pick up a twenty-volume set of W. Harrison Ainsworth's *Historical Romances*, the *SRL* provides the opportunity for a speedy solution to your problem.

In all fairness to Bryn Mawr, I cannot truthfully say that the College was entirely responsible for what must have been my mental condition early last November. Of course the rapid approach of mid-semesters may have induced some form of psychological distress, but then again, there is my past to be considered. Up until the time when the war put a stop to my literary activities, I was happily engaged, through the channels of a delightful institution called the *International Friendship League*, in writing letters to a score of youthful diplomats in far corners of the globe. As I remember these letters, a good many of them were solemn discussions of our respective heights and weights, and what subjects we took in school. There was one boy in Ceylon, though, who broke off in a detailed description of his aims in life to exclaim, "Darling! Are you aware of the fact that Ceylon is known as the Pearl of the Indian Ocean?" He wanted me to send him a diamond because that was the only precious stone not found on the island; somehow I

grew a little lethargic about writing him after that.

The Department of Philosophy is also deserving of an apology. Since it was not until the autumn of my senior year that I discerned the light of truth, they can hardly be held responsible for the fact that a schedule consisting of three courses and a comprehensive conference in my major were a rather large dose of conceptual thinking. So it came about that the following plea appeared in the *Saturday Review* for November 27:

CAN YOU DISLodge a philosophy major from her ivory tower? It's getting chilly up here in the abstract. Box 525-K.

Although my request for assistance was prompted by a desire to escape from escapism, the mention of the ivory tower gave a damsel-in-distress cast to my appeal which awakened a latent chivalry in over two dozen Prince Charmings. My would-be rescuers fall roughly into three groups:

- I. Wolves
  - A. Wolves in Intellectual Clothing
  - B. Just Plain Wolves
- II. Practical People
- III. Lonely People

Of course there are considerable overlaps between these categories; it is quite possible to be lonely and lupine at the same time. For instance, here is a young hopeful who begins his letter with "Hello—I would like to keep you from getting chilly . . . an ivory tower isn't cold when there are two in it!" A melancholy dreamer who labors "among office personnel who never read Milton" addresses me as "Dear Reflective, Distant One." "I wonder," he goes on to say, "whether

you will be patient with my race across the typewritten page. You are so young, sweet child. As the years will better acquaint you with the obdurate world of men you will aver that haste, din and distraction are the meager offerings of the business world. (My age is thirty-five)." A doctor in Flushing would like to help me solve my problem "in the warmth of pleasant sunshine," while a Broadway producer wants to know if I have any ideas for a play. A university professor in Wisconsin forwards me two pages of his latest novel with a request for criticism and my photograph, and a young soil chemist in Ohio types me out a key to *Finnegan's Wake*.

From a Californian who considers Robinson Jeffers "the supreme artist of our times" come the following statistics: "I was born and raised in a rugged pioneer town in central California. . . . I have been in contact with the 1931 Hunger Armies and also had a good view of the 1934 Civil War in San Francisco. I have worked at thirty-two different kinds of jobs and earned all the way from ten cents to five dollars an hour. This year I will be thirty years old and will make no further attempt to cope with the economic system. I hope to spend my remaining days loafing and writing my memoirs."

Practical advice was of varied sorts. Quite a few of my correspondents were of the opinion that I had better stick to my tower, as that was undoubtedly the pleasantest form of existence imaginable. Others claimed that the best antidote for my predicament would be to let them storm the tower and carry me off. There was one sturdy soul in Boston who gave some really thoughtful counsel. After a severe harangue on the evils of higher education in general, he ended up with "My advice to you is to take a course in domestic science (cooking). There are no stoves in the abstract and a kitchen could hardly be

considered chilly." The Arts and Sciences took quite a few hard knocks altogether. "I know a jerk, I says to him. What are you studying all these years? He says, the history of ideas. And I says, how does it go, what's it like? And he says, why it's the history of ideas all about the history of ideas. When do you figure to get through it, I says. And he shrugs his shoulders. To date it is seven years he is running after his Ph.D. and nobody knows what he is studying."

True chivalry evidently motivated a letter which ran "Dear Miss? What under the sun does your message mean as written in the *Saturday Review*? I'm just a corporal in the Air Corps, but maybe I can help you. Write soon and let me know what you want me to do as I'm sure you need help." A few Sir Galahads attempted to analyze their reasons for answering. "Of course, the challenge strikes right at the center of the male ego," said one. "A young damsel more engrossed in metaphysics than men? Preposterous! We'll soon fix that." Others confessed that they did not know what in the world had prompted them to write to a philosophy major. And then there was Harry of Hoboken who turned out to have a twenty-three-year-old son in New Guinea, and the inmate of a Washington jail who wrote on for quite some time before informing me that his status there was that of resident interne. . .

Whether my literary adventure has helped me to descend from my intellectual perch is a difficult question; I am still a sufficiently timid spirit so that the cordiality of my replies tends to vary inversely with the square of the distance between me and my correspondents. The writing public has filled my mail-box and made me laugh. What more can one ask?

ROSAMOND KENT, '45

# Sestina for Winter Coming

*Contributed by the brother of a Bryn Mawr student, now serving in the Field Service in Italy.*

It rained all night, and we knew that it was winter,  
For this was a sign more sure than the telltale turning  
Of leaves or the sinister snap of naked branches;  
The sky fell the following day, and we were certain  
It had come, the dread, the doddering, mud-bogged season  
Of the silver sun; we were certain to our sorrow.

Down from the hills the chill wind fied its sorrow  
Into the bone. We tried, but could not shut out winter  
In our leaking house, nor please the grieving season  
With wet wood coaxed to fire, where we sat turning  
Palms out in supplication against that certain  
Slow damp, oozing like sap in the very nerve branches.

Out of the seasonal fact, then, every thought branches,  
Every response, all shivering and all sorrow.  
There was a time when we were not as certain,  
Before we had lived so intimately with winter  
And felt the sunburnt, summer senses turning  
To death as leaves turn in a grey-lit season.

But we have come 'round to that antique, out-of-season  
Belief in rain, ripe corn, and withered branches  
And have found the wind a prophet that, suddenly turning  
Into the North, to our sympathetic sorrow  
Gives a voice, the hollow howl of winter:  
"God is all and all is naught, for certain."

How could we ever be more coldly certain  
Than now in this bedraggled, sour season  
The world is full of the weary wrath of winter,  
And the god that hangs upon the brittle branches  
Is dead? How ever will our ways of sorrow  
Come to its inevitable turning?

Last year we never thought we should be turning  
Away from our fond grief; we were so certain,  
Until the new sun swept away our sorrow  
And buried the memory of that sullen season  
Among the apple buds that choked the branches,  
And we forgot the wilderness of winter.

#### ENVOI

We shall be turning, turning in every season,  
But of this certain, Lord of brooks and branches:  
We are of Thee in joy and in sorrow, summer and winter.

THOMAS BARBOUR

## *Mr. Dudley and the Sea Spirit*

MR. DUDLEY SEEMED to most people to be an average, plump, middle-aged man. He had a pink complexion which might have turned ruddy in salt air and sunshine, but remained a pale pink in the musty atmosphere that filled the Dudley Feed Store. He had mildly surprised eyebrows that lifted with every new sentence he spoke, and supported the three gentle wrinkles across his forehead. The people of Jamesburg, Indiana (population three hundred), had come to get their cattle fed from Mr. Dudley for years, and thought him as much a part of Jamesburg as the Central Presbyterian Church or the Ladies' Aid Society or the moulting bronze eagle on the courthouse.

Even his small idiosyncrasies were accepted as usual and normal. Mrs. Oatis, the gaunt and gossipy head of the Garments for Needy Children Sewing Club, was the only one in Jamesburg to whom his one hobby seemed

strange. "Why in all get-out does he clutter up his house with ships?" she always asked, knitting this long worn-out thread of thought into every conversation. "Why should a grown man who's never even been to sea, and isn't likely to get near any water except what comes from the faucet in the kitchen sink, sit around whittlin' away at sailboats?"

It was true that Tom Dudley had never seen anything but Lake Maxincuckee and the Reservoir in Pleasantville. He had taken a two-hour ride in a motor-boat at the age of twelve, and gone canoeing in Pleasantville Park, but that was the extent of his seafaring. And yet, Mr. Dudley had a dream.

It exasperated his staid, brown-haired wife, Edith Jean, who had to clean up the curly wood shavings left on the dining room table from a newly-completed frigate. And black thread was always absent from her sewing basket when Mr. Dudley was making the



mast; once he had used seven large spools for a Yankee clipper. To her husband's rambling conversations on his ancestry she never listened. Among Mr. Dudley's ancestors were three pirates, one English admiral, a blockade runner who fought for the south in the Civil War, and a Massachusetts sea captain. Edith Jean's family had been Indiana farmers for seven generations. She thought that ships and pirates belonged to Massachusetts and Paramount Pictures, while farming belonged to Indiana and God.

So Mr. Dudley sat in his faded maroon easy-chair and dreamed of a changing, blue-green ocean. Of white sails billowing in a cool breeze. Of Yankee clippers leaving a long trail of spray and foam and ripples. And Mrs. Dudley bought groceries at the A and P, and made herself dark print dresses from McCall's Pattern Books.

Perhaps it would have been that way for years if placid, meek Mr. Dudley hadn't bought a certain magazine on the way home from work one Wednesday evening, and happened to read one small advertisement on the last page:

"The Sea Spirit—Good Luck Charm!! Sea Spirit is a strange herb, said to be used by seamen as a good luck charm, and an abode for friendly spirits of the ocean. It is placed in a bottle of water to which is added a small quantity of alcohol or borax. It is ghost-like, bluish, transparent and quite mystical in appearance. For this amazing good luck charm send twenty-five cents to Box 627, The Herbalist Shop, Hempgrove, Mass."

Mr. Dudley smiled and took a quarter from his coat pocket.

The next month a small box arrived at the white frame house in Jamesburg, Indiana. Mrs. Dudley stared at the address, put it on the dining room table, and went around the table three times that same morning to straighten the silverware (which was in perfect order).

"What is it, Tom?" she asked, as her husband came in the door that noon. For a moment Mr. Dudley was bewildered, then a

slow, embarrassed smile turned his thin lips up at the corners, and deepened as he unwrapped the box, taking out a small glass bottle and holding it up to the light. Mrs. Dudley looked for a long time at the bluish weed floating about in the bottle. Finally, she turned to her husband. "Tom, what in heaven's name is that thing?" He stared steadily at a crack in the floor, murmuring, "It's a kind of herb, Edith."

"What's it for?" Mr. Dudley now fastened his intense gaze to a faded patch in the brown rug.

"It's a . . . a sort of—well—it's . . ." He groped for something practical.

"Tonic, Tom?"

"No."

"It's a herb and it's not a laxative?"

"No."

"Do you cook with it?"

"No, Edith."

"Well, what in heaven's name . . . ?"

"Edith, you don't *do* anything with it. It's just for good luck. It's called the Sea Spirit and sailors keep it for a good luck charm." Mrs. Dudley sighed audibly and walked into the kitchen. Above the loud whirring of the egg-beater, he heard her call, "Well, where shall we keep it, Tom?"

Thus, the Sea Spirit came to the Dudleys' house and reposed for awhile on the mantlepiece between two schooners, exciting the curiosity of everyone who came there. Mrs. Oatis gloated, and remarked at the weekly meeting of the G.F.N.C.S.C., "Tom Dudley has some kind of queer blue weed in a bottle on his mantlepiece. They say he sent all the way to Massachusetts for it. Can you imagine? I asked him what it was good for, and he only looked at me kind of strange and said, 'It just floats.' I think Edith Jean has henpecked that husband of hers until he's crazy-mad."

"My husband sends to Sears and Roebucks for wooden fixtures, but he's never sent for no blue herb yet," replied one of the stout ladies in the Mitten Knitting Section.

The Sea Spirit was soon removed from the mantelpiece by Mrs. Dudley, who was aware of the comment it was causing, and she confronted her husband with the statement that the Sea Spirit would soon be in the ash heap (and good riddance).

Late that night Mr. Dudley went down to the kitchen for a glass of milk and noticed it there, on the kitchen table. The moonlight made silver squares across the linoleum floor, and cast a faint luminescent glow on the glass bottle. As Mr. Dudley bent to take a last look at his Sea Spirit, the lilac bushes scraped against the window, and he thought of the soft sound of the tide sliding against the sand. A gleam of blue—like a sunlit glimmer on some faraway sea—flashed from the bottle and Mr. Dudley saw a white-masted schooner sailing out beyond the horizon. A pirate ship against a blue sky, Tom Dudley decided.

\* \* \*

The Dudley Feed Store sits in the thin April sunlight like a square wooden question mark. It is boarded up, but no "Moved to

New Location" sign is in the window. Often, as the townsfolk stroll down the street, they pause and stare curiously into the darkened interior of the store. They wonder, as all Jamesburg wonders, what happened to the mild-mannered, amiable proprietor. Mark Henley went to the store on Monday morning and found it closed. The Dudleys' house was empty of furniture. It seemed strange to go by the Dudleys' and not glance in a lighted window at Tom in his easy chair, and Edith Jean with her sewing. Tom Dudley just disappeared.

Mr. Harris, the ticket agent, says that Mr. Dudley had bought two tickets on the west-bound train Saturday night. Some, who remember the wood-shavings on the dining room table think he has gone to sea. But it is difficult for most people to picture Tom Dudley as a dashing buccaneer. Those who recall a small bluish weed in a glass bottle—they know the answer.

SHIRLEY WOOD, '48

## *Fantasy on a Junkman*

Flibberty Jones, Flibberty Jones,  
Bought old rags, junk, and bones,  
Refuse and remnants of a by-gone day  
Tossed in a cart to be taken away.

Wooden wheels made an empty clatter,  
Breaking a spell where one bright tatter  
Of a dying day and a dying season  
Was caught in the glow of evening's treason.

He'd come at dusk on the first spring day,  
Skinny horse leading the winding way,  
Skinny shoulders and sharp-cut hat,  
Sharp-edged box where Flibberty sat.

Come for the dust of the first house-cleaning;  
Ash cans full between houses leaning  
To touch their clotheslines above the street  
That Flibberty left so very neat.

Whatever was old, whatever was worn,  
You tossed to Flibberty like yellow corn:  
Faded dresses and battered feathers,  
Ideas beaten by mental weathers.

It made no difference what it was—  
Whether 'twas real or not—because  
Flibberty took it all away;  
Gone before the next clean day.

And when you were free to start the spring,  
What did he do with each worn-out thing?  
Where did he take out-dated books,  
And fancy clothes that had lost their looks?

Flibberty drove from the clean spring street,  
With junk behind him and around his feet;  
Flibberty drove till his lonesome rattle  
Was strung behind with no echo to battle.

Flibberty drove to a lonesome field,  
Where shadows were long and swallows wheeled  
Above the place where Flibberty sat,  
All buried in junk, but his sharp peaked hat.

And there in the dusk his fingers flew,  
Sorting the refuse through and through;  
What was bad he wished away,  
And what was good he mended to stay.

For out of the pile that Spring had swept,  
With disregard for what should be kept,  
Were things whose age had been deceiving  
To people eager for Spring's receiving.

So Flibberty, Flibberty, Flibberty Jones,  
Who bought old rags, junk and bones,  
Came back each year like the first fat robin:  
Long thin clatter behind thin-faced Dobbin.

Hollow clatter, and the walls resounding  
To the wheels of the cart with Flibberty's foundlings;  
Skinny shoulders and sharp-cut hat,  
Sharp-edged box where Flibberty sat.

You can see him now, if you care to look,  
Following the path that Spring just took,  
Following there on rough-cut stones,  
The buyer of junk, and rags, and bones.

All that's thought too old to stay,  
Flibberty takes for another day  
When Novelty's gone, and you're glad to take  
What's saved by him for a mad world's sake.

JOAN BREST, '48



# The Happy Warrior

THE TRAIN SLID out of the Pennsylvania station southwards, rolled over the sodden Jersey marshes, paused briefly at Newark, and then settled down for the seaboard run to Washington. Business men, office workers, and vacationists leaned back and prepared to spend the time that stretched before them according to their temperament. Those passengers faced with a long trip, down to Atlanta or New Orleans, looked around for a companion with whom to share it, and it was while thus examining my neighbors, that I first noticed him.

Just as the train began to move, there had been a commotion on the platform, and a Marine had swayed into the car in the midst of a loud conversation with the conductor. He sat in the first seat by the door, riding with his back to the engine, and proceeded to finish what he was saying without lowering his voice or noticing that his listeners had gone. There was a mild flurry of interest among the people near him, a few snickers, and then their attention waned. This was just another trip, more uncomfortable than usual because of the thick heat of early June and the lack of air-conditioning on the old car.

But the Marine had other ideas. He had in his right hand a half-empty bottle of yellow peach wine, and he was set to talk with anyone who would talk back, or anyone who wouldn't. At first he confined himself to the three or four people next to him, but as the passengers further along in the seats caught on and leaned to listen, he stood up and carried on a monologue. He was a man of middle age, with grey hair, a warm, lined Irish face, and a continuous flow of words. First, he had been in the Marine Corps twenty-five years and was still a Private First Class; no, sir, he wouldn't take another stripe if you

asked him to; it meant too much responsibility. This was his first furlough in eighteen months, and he was going to make it one that would last for another eighteen; he was going to Washington and though nobody knew him there now, they would by the time he left it. Having exhausted his immediate circle of listeners, he worked on down the aisle.

"Here's a lady with a red hat. I like that hat. I like the dress she has on; I like her, too. But she won't smile at me, folks, not even a little smile. Won't you give me just a little one, lady? With a hat on like that you ought to." And then to the grinning passengers, "It's no use; you just can't do anything with women; if they won't smile at you that's all there is to it. But I should think with a red hat on, with a nice red hat like that one, and I like red hats, that she'd smile at me just a little."

I was in the next seat, trying hard not to laugh out loud. He came on, still going.

"This is a nice girl, folks; I can tell that she's a nice girl; look at her sitting there reading a book. Does she belong to you, Mister?" to the slightly uncomfortable young man in the brown suit, perhaps a bookkeeper or clerk, beside me, who became even more uncomfortable, mumbled something, turned red, and obviously wished himself a hundred miles away, to the amusement of his neighbors.

From now on the Marine gave a one-man show. He had his audience in his hand, begging for more, and he topped each performance with a better one. He quoted in Latin with an atrocious accent but an appropriate selection, spattered his oration with bits of poetry by several of the Victorians, and recited long passages from Kipling, with gestures. Providence seemed to be with him, for not

once did a Military Policeman come through and discover the renegade, who would certainly have been marched out and sobered up. But several people did pass through the car, getting on and off at the successive stations, and as each approached the travelers around looked at one another in anticipation, for the new arrivals were immediately accosted. With utter disregard for their rank, he stopped all service men that came by, and searched them thoroughly for liquor, delivering a lecture on the unmilitary effects of intoxication, and the evils of alcohol in general. At Philadelphia a frantic Naval lieutenant rushed out, about to miss his stop, and was button-holed until he could satisfactorily explain his hurry. Getting on, a colonel with a bearing like a dowager's, was asked, in the midst of a horrified and apprehensive silence, what he meant by not bringing his wife along, and two pretty girls were bowed out of the door amid profuse compliments, to their utter bewilderment.

But when the Marine came to the next seat, the tone of his monologue changed. A very young sailor was sitting there, one of the apprentice seamen who look like little boys dressed up in a sailor's uniform. He said that he had just been drafted, and expected to be sent overseas soon, and then for the first time I encountered the professional fighting man's attitude toward war. This was only six months after Pearl Harbor, and the terrible photographs and reporters' accounts had not yet begun to come back to the people at home, whose ideas of war was based on the romantic stories of the First World War. The Germans were fat-necked Prussians who would soon learn their mistake, and the Japs were small yellow men with toothy grins who made good cartoon material. But the Marine spoke to the boy, and there were uncomfortable stirrings among the people who could hear him, for they were unfamiliar with the truth of war, and they could not understand it; hence they felt ill at ease.

"You listen to me, son; I can tell you how to fight the bastards. I fought all over the

world, and there's nothing nice about it. There aren't any islands out there with pretty girls and palm trees on them, there's just a hell of a lot of rain and heat and fever. Most of the time you're too sick with dysentery to care what happens to you, and if not, you're fighting with the dirtiest fighters in the world. You've got to stick your bayonet in the other guy's belly before he can stick his in yours; that's the only language they can understand; a bayonet in their guts. You've got to want to kill them more than they want to kill you, and that's a hell of a lot."

The boy didn't answer, and the Marine started back toward his seat, quieted by what he had been saying. But before he got there, he stopped, and at the expression on his face, his audience again began to laugh. A soldier had gone to sleep with his head on his wife's lap; a man no longer young, who, though obviously tired, had grinned with the rest at the Marine's sallies until he found it impossible to keep awake, and now slept wearily, his crumpled uniform showing that he had been traveling for quite a while. His wife was dark and plain, but as she sat with the exhausted man's head on her arm, there was a brightness about her face. The Marine leaned over her, pushing his hat even farther back on his head, and looked at the sleeper with an expression which said that there was nothing he would like more than to change places with him. He spoke half to the woman and half to his listeners.

"Look at this. It's enough to make a man want to get married. Won't some lady here be kind enough to let me go to sleep on her arm? It's been a long time since I last slept on a woman's shoulder." And to the wife he said, "He's been there long enough; how about letting me take his place for an hour? I'll even be satisfied with a half-hour; fifteen minutes, then!" But she shook her head. "Lucky guy," said the Marine, and regretfully turned back to his seat, where he comforted himself with his bottle. For a while his voice could be heard at intervals; then the bottle slid down, and he, too, slept with the heaviness of extreme fatigue.

For an hour everything was quiet. The splashily camouflaged Boeing aircraft plant swept by; the Aberdeen proving grounds where the traveler looks out at acre after acre of pines, realizing after it has been passed that in the last thicket was a long gun, draped with branches and net. Baltimore, where the new cement of the northern station has not yet replaced the mellower brick, was behind, and the Washington passengers had begun to collect their bags, when the Marine awoke. He woke all at once, all over, like a child, and took up the conversation where it had left off, asking all his old friends how they were

standing the trip, and encouraging them with the news that it was almost over. The landmarks of the capitol reared up suddenly; the train went into a tunnel, and crawled slowly into the intense heat of the tidewater city. I prepared for the always hurried, frantic scramble to the train for the south, and as I went out of the car, heard the familiar voice continuing behind me, reassuringly repeating that no lady who wore a red hat would ever have to carry a suitcase as long as he was around.

SYLVIA STALLINGS, '48

## Loneliness

*Printed in the "Intercollegiate  
Poetry Anthology," 1944.*

We wait in empty rooms,  
Where brown light is sunk,  
And silence kicked in the corners rots,  
Dead chunks.

Desert hopes in a hundred rooms;  
Hearts seeking, hands cleave  
To fingers of Loneliness—twisted roots  
Of fallow leaves.

Bonded brothers in separate rooms,  
Bonded by death-birth-brand,  
Are barred in silent cell rows,  
By phantom hands.

JOAN GOULD, '48

# On Macbeth and Faustus

*Received the "M. Carey Thomas Essay Prize,"  
awarded annually to a member of the Senior  
Class for distinction in writing, 1944.*

(We regret that due to lack of space we are unable to publish Miss Brown's essay in its entirety. The essay is divided into four sections. We have selected the first and last for publication because they form more complete entities in themselves and are also more general in nature. The two middle sections deal with a detailed, step by step, analysis of the two plays).

## I.

Great works of art transcend specific periods and settings, remaining always apart from time or place or custom as entities which may be judged solely for themselves. Yet we who attempt to appreciate and to understand such works must not overemphasize this timelessness nor forget that, however universal the truths expressed, the expression itself has its roots in a particular age, and that the thought of the artist was necessarily both nourished and, to some extent, controlled by contemporary beliefs and conventions. We are justified in expecting an artistic achievement to be self-explanatory in that its interpretation should not rest mainly upon a knowledge of its historical background. This is especially true in the field of literature where the artist's material consists to a considerable degree of ideas, and in many cases our ignorance of the relation of a piece of writing to its own time will result only in a very negligible loss to our enjoyment and understanding of it. The loss is not negligible, however, with respect to the drama. We call drama a form of literature because plays are *written* and we can *read* them—must read them unfortunately, if they are old plays, in order to know them at all. But we are far wrong if we think of the drama simply as a form of literature. The playwright's medium is words, certainly, but they are the words of human speech, not those of the printed page. He

thinks of his play as it will appeal to an audience who hears it and sees it, not with the imagination, but with the ear that hears music and conversation and with the eye that looks at pictures and at the natural world. He depends upon the eye and ear to transmit to the mind the ideas he expresses, not upon the rereading of his play in book-form. He relies too on a certain amount of mental agility on the part of his audience, on its ability to "catch on" to allusions and to explicate for itself what might only be implied in his play. He has as his material contemporary thought and interest and, since he cannot waste time in explaining possible obscurities of meaning, he uses what is most familiar to his audience.

The student of Elizabethan drama is handicapped at the outset. He begins by knowing that the plays he is studying are great, some unsurpassed. He reads them for the most part; or if he is fortunate enough to see one, he reads it first to insure his understanding it, and probably afterwards in the light of the production. He is constantly bothered, although sometimes enlightened, by annotations indicating the variations in different editions of the play or explaining passages which are seemingly obscure. These are some of the necessary evils adhering to scholarship, inevitable as they are discouraging. But one of the ends of this study is the achievement of a spontaneous enjoyment and understanding of these plays as they must have



been enjoyed and understood by the Elizabethans whom they were intended to entertain.

The necessity of examining these plays in relation to contemporary attitudes and beliefs is greatest, I think, when we consider tragedy. We may well say of tragedies such as *Macbeth* and *Faustus* that no further explanation of them is necessary; that the profundity of the thought and the magnificence of the poetry contained in them will be recognized forever, regardless of possible misunderstanding of detail. But here something more than mere explanation of allusion is demanded. We must ask ourselves what these tragedies meant to an Elizabethan audience, and to answer this question we must first discover what state of mind on the part of the audience was assumed by the writers of these plays. Our age is separated from the Elizabethan by much more than time. We are familiar with many of their beliefs as inherited ideas; but there is a tremendous difference between the acceptance of fact and recognition of that acceptable as being possible. For an instance of the problem in a simple and perhaps obvious form, let us ask what *Faustus*, the theme of which is the damnation of a soul, can mean to a modern audience or reader? While we are seeing or reading the play I do not think we question for a moment what happens before our eyes. But if we suspend disbelief with regard to the fourth wall and other dramatic conventions, do we not also, in this age, have to suspend it with regard to the possibility of a man's actually selling his soul to the devil? The necessity of suspension of disbelief in this respect may not detract from the intensity with which we feel the tragedy while it is before us; but the fact that we can say afterwards, as we can say after a blood-curdling motion picture, "such things don't really happen," can diminish substantially the effect of the play as a work of art which can and should appeal intellectually as well as aesthetically. "Intellectual" and "aesthetic" are properly terms too strong to be used concerning an audience, but the distinction between them is

expressed in its most basic form is that between liking something and knowing that it is true as a fact. The Elizabethans "liked" *Faustus*, that is, it was a popular play. As they watched it being performed they experienced emotions similar to those felt by a modern audience; but they also knew that this play was a vivid representation of fact, that it was possible to bargain with the devil as *Faustus* did, and that the reward for such acts was spiritual damnation.

Today our contact with supernatural powers lacks the physical reality which it had for the Elizabethans. However firm the hold it may have upon our imaginations, the presence of the supernatural in, for example, a play, puts that play at least one remove from reality. There are many advantages obtainable by this method and the power of a play to move us can be greatly increased by leading us for a time into another realm; but in reading or seeing a play, the author of which assumed that his audience believed in necromancy and was familiar with the doings of witches, we are in danger, at best, of ignoring many of its implications and, at worst, of missing the point altogether. We cannot make ourselves believe what we have always known to be untrue, nor can we actually put ourselves in the place of those whose thoughts are not ours. In considering *Macbeth* and *Faustus* the most we can do is to try to discover what these plays meant to the audience for whom they were written and what the authors of them intended that they should mean. The disparity between the Elizabethan conception of the devil and ours is only one instance of greater and more fundamental differences which separate the late sixteenth century from the twentieth.

In attempting to understand the state of mind prevailing toward the end of the sixteenth century we may well begin by hearing what men living at that time have to say.

Man . . . was an abstract or model, or brief story of the universal, in whom God concluded the creation, and the work of the world, and whom he made

last and most excellent of his creatures, being internally endued with a divine understanding, by which he might contemplate and serve his Creator, after whose image he was formed, and endued with the powers and faculties of reason and other abilities, that thereby also he might govern and rule the world, and all other God's creatures therein. <sup>1</sup>.

\* \* \*

We are not dust and ashes, but worse; our minds from the highest to the lowest are not right, then undoubtedly not capable of that blessedness which we naturally seek, but subject unto that which we most abhor, anguish, tribulation, death, woe, endless misery. <sup>2</sup>.

\* \* \*

The perfection or bringing to pass of that which is good, is not in ourselves. <sup>3</sup>.

\* \* \*

Goe, bid the world, with all his trash,  
farewell,  
And tell the earth, it shall be all but  
dust;  
These wicked wares that worldlings buy  
and sell,  
The Moath will eate, or else the canker  
rust:  
All flesh is grasse, and to the graue it  
must.  
This sinke of sinne, is but the way to  
hell,  
Leaue it I say, and bid the world fare-  
well. <sup>4</sup>.

\* \* \*

Beauty is but a flower  
Which wrinkles will devour;  
Brightness falls from the air,  
Queens have died young and fair,  
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.  
I am sick, I must die.  
Lord, have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave,  
Worms feed on Hector brave,  
Swords may not fight with fate,  
Earth still holds ope her gate.

Come! come! the bells do cry.  
I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us! <sup>5</sup>.

In the first of these passages there is expressed the idea of what man was intended to be, and in the others, various aspects of the realization that he had fallen far short of the mark. The contrast between the ideal and reality in this respect has been recognized in all ages, but never perhaps with more concern than in the Elizabethan. If we compare the centuries preceding and including the sixteenth with those following it, we will see that the material on which men's minds could work was undergoing basic alterations which began to have their effect during the seventeenth century. Up to that time the view accepted as religious and scientific truth was that the earth was the centre of a coherent universe controlled by the eternal law of God, and that man was the most important being in that universe. All creation was made for him and worked for his benefit, while his purpose was to know and to love God. To do this, man had to study the Bible and contemplate the manifestation of God's law in the order he found around him. All created things, from the lowest form of sensuous life to the realm of pure intellect which the angels enjoyed, were linked together and each had its particular function to fulfill on man's behalf. He, himself, was the link in the chain which connected the world of sense with that of intellect and he was free to choose whether he would strive to attain the sphere of the angels or allow himself to sink to the level of the lower animals.

Yet, besides this optimistic view of an ordered creation and of man's potentialities, there existed the realization that this order could very easily fall to pieces and that if one part of it collapsed chaos might result in the other parts also. The fall of Adam, and in him, of all mankind, was the terrible evidence for the truth of this opinion and corruption had spread from him to the universe as a whole. Because of his sin he had forfeited to a large extent the faculties which

would have enabled him to achieve the end for which he had been created by God. Only the wreck of his former powers of reason and will and understanding remained, a prey to temptation and unable to discern clearly. But even in this wretched condition man and his world were all-important, the centre around which all other things revolved. God had become incarnate for his sake and by repentance and His Grace man might still hope for and attain salvation, in spite of his inherent guilt. The odds against which man struggled, however, both those within himself and those put in his path by the devil, made his position precarious and his chances of being saved very small. No longer able to rely on himself, he was obliged to look to God for mercy, and assistance in defending himself against the persistent onslaughts of Satan.

The thought of what man and his world might have been served to emphasize the degree to which in reality they were debased. Dissatisfaction and disgust with the world became more pronounced in the later years of the Renaissance and the pessimism of the last years of the sixteenth century was reinforced by misgivings with regard to the very system of the cosmos. Copernicus' discoveries produced their greatest effect in the seventeenth century, although his theories were published in 1543; but the force of Montaigne's attack in his *Apology for Raymond Sebond* upon the idea of man's pre-eminence, and of Machiavelli's denial of the fact of a universal justice, shook to its foundations the supposed structure of the created universe. Although assailed by doubts provoked by these attacks, the inherited conception yet prevailed in the age concerning us, representing "a pattern to which thought and imagination could refer."<sup>6</sup>

A natural outgrowth of this despondency was a preoccupation with death, not so striking as it was to become in the seventeenth century, yet evident in an awareness of the shortness of life compared with the limitless time which bounds it, and of the futility of amassing worldly goods which must so shortly be renounced. Acute sensitivity to beauty and

desire for lasting fame were coupled with this consciousness that death brings all earthly delight to an end. The impression resulting from this co-existence is not one of ironic morbidity; it is rather one of a general melancholy ranging from gentle wistfulness to profound dejection. The thought of its transitoriness does not necessarily spoil the joy taken in this life; it does modify it, however, sometimes so that what is experienced is intensified and concentrated, but more frequently causing the world to appear as if through a thin haze, so that objects lose their sharpness of outline and their brilliance of colour and seem to merge with infinity.

Several explanations, apart from its conformity to the common doubt and fear, can be given for this preoccupation with death which seems so uncongenial to us, although none is completely satisfactory. Probably the most obvious is the comparatively short time a person might expect to live and, connected with this, the frequency of plague epidemics in which it might truly be said that death walked the streets of London. As the century came to an end it was evident that Elizabeth's reign was also nearing its close and there was much anxiety as to who would succeed her, as well as fear of invasion and the possibility of civil war.<sup>7</sup> All these factors contributed to the outlook of the time, each providing concrete evidence of the insecurity of man's position and turning his mind to thoughts of what alone seemed certain. "All flesh is quality"<sup>8</sup> said the preacher; "all flesh is grasse" echoed the poet. The one statement complemented and explained the other and each was a comment on life as the Elizabethans saw it.

In this setting and atmosphere the tragedies of *Macbeth* and *Faustus* were written and we will be more likely to understand and appreciate them fully if we think of them in this connection. There are barriers which separate us from the Elizabethans, but if we examine them closely we will see that they result from changes in the substance of our thought and the circumstances of our life, rather than in our way of thinking and act-

ing. The facts that the earth is not the center around which the sun and stars revolve and that man is a highly developed animal are not to us causes for despair, and we are not oppressed, as many Elizabethans were, by the conviction that the world is approaching the end of its allotted span. Yet, like them, we are being forced to take stock of what we know and of what we are justified in believing, like them we are struggling to bring order out of almost hopeless confusion. We lack their ability to see the part in relation to the whole, time and eternity, earth and the universe, man and all created beings. It was this which made their interest in themselves so intense and which allowed their pessimism to partake of the heroic.

#### IV.

I have discussed the more obvious similarities between *Macbeth* and *Faustus* for the purpose of establishing some basis upon which they may be compared. Granted that they are alike in theme, it must still be admitted that they are strikingly different in treatment and, as a result, different as to the impression they leave with the audience or reader. Two instances of this difference in impression may be given here, that of atmosphere, and that of the protagonists as characters.

If we consider the matter of atmosphere—and the best way to deal with that troublesome word is to think “what colour?” and go on from there—if we consider atmosphere we will notice that in *Macbeth* we are most aware of the blackness of a cloudy night, unrelieved by moon or stars and having a tactile quality so that it seems thick and impenetrable and full of hideous unseen things, and that the only other predominating colour is the redness of blood; while in *Faustus* we seem always to be gasping at expanses of space and time, even within the confines of Faustus’s study, or shuddering at the orange-red flames and fireworks of hell. In both plays there is the constant feeling of fear, fear of the unknown in *Macbeth*, and of what we know too well in *Faustus*.

In presenting their tragic heroes, Marlowe and Shakespeare have used methods very dissimilar. One critic speaks of the former’s rare power of abstracting the nature of man, of revealing only the universal and the general, yet so revealing it that it comes home to the heart of every individual man. <sup>9</sup>

There is little or nothing in Faustus’s speeches to distinguish him from other men except very broadly. His great learning makes him outstanding, and his associates speak of him as of any man who is described simply as “famous” for one reason or another. His connections with other people are not intimate and we are allowed to see him through their eyes. He involves no one else in his sin, so that we are not called upon to hate him, but to pity him all the more. Compared with Macbeth he lacks individuality. If we know from his speeches that his imagination is powerful, we know of Macbeth that before murder had dulled his sensitivity, his hair would stand on end when he read “a dismal treatise;” <sup>10</sup> we are told that Faustus’s “fame spread forth in every land,” <sup>11</sup> but we hear the “golden opinions” <sup>12</sup> of Macbeth from those who had them. His reaction to other people, and theirs to him, is indicated throughout and he can be compared with Banquo or with Lady Macbeth, while we learn from what they say of him. His crimes involve suffering far beyond himself and though we cannot condone them or justify them, we are made to understand why he commits them.

From the foregoing comparison of separate parts of these plays it is possible, I think, to make the following generalization: in *Faustus* a tragedy of infinite import is particularized within the tragedy of a single human individual; in *Macbeth* the tragedy of an individual becomes symbolical of a far greater catastrophe. The key to the problem is to be found in any one of the elements common to both plays as considered in relation to its treatment. The character of Faustus, for example, is not individualized. He is on the

contrary, Everyman, and we are moved as we watch him because the thoughts and feelings he expresses are common to all mankind. Macbeth, however, is completely individual. We recognize him as a fellow human being whom we know intimately, and our sympathy is aroused, not because we can identify ourselves with him as we can with Faustus, but because we know him as a close friend. Thus in *Faustus* our point of departure is the universal; in *Macbeth* it is the particular, and the formula is applicable to all elements in the plays.

The idea of power in *Faustus*, combined with that of damnation, is responsible for the sense of space and timelessness which is so much a part of the play. In *Macbeth* there are no lines comparable to those beginning "O, what a world of profit and delight,"<sup>13</sup> nor does Macbeth himself attempt to visualize the scope of his or any power. He usurps Duncan's throne and as a king his domination is easily definable within the terms of ordinary experience. The locale is Scotland, not even Scotland as a whole, but simply places within it, the only reference to the country in general being in IV, 3, when her misery under Macbeth is discussed. We think of Macbeth's death, and by his death his damnation is implied, but our imaginations are not shot out into the eternity of hell; we remain still in Scotland, a very limited part of the universe.

But the conception of space and time and the characterization of Faustus are factors subordinate to the presence of Mephistophilis. It is to him that we must refer if we are to see the play in its true perspective. As we watch the progress of a man towards damnation, we have always before us the figure of one whose own tragedy cannot be fully understood by us as human beings. Mephistophilis, with the angels who followed Lucifer, aspired to be "like the most High" and was cast out of heaven. We know of this before we are sure of the final outcome of the play. We are from the first confronted by this symbol of something terrible beyond the ability of our feeble minds to imagine; and as the

play proceeds, Faustus reproduces, insofar as it is possible for a human being to reproduce, the tragedy of Lucifer and his angels, so that at the last we are able to comprehend to a far greater degree than before the immensity of the original. We move, then, from the infinite and eternal, which we recognize at once in Mephistophilis, to its counterpart on our own level.

In *Macbeth*, on the other hand, we begin with an individual and in his tragedy we are carried beyond him to the universal. Even for the Elizabethans the ability to conjure up the devil and to bargain with him was not possessed by every one; but murder is within the scope of anyone with sufficient motive and a strong stomach. Kingship is a part of our own world, just as Faustus's power is on a plane above it; and we can understand Macbeth's desire to rule others as we can only imagine Faustus's desire to rule all. The presence of the supernatural in *Macbeth* creates a sense of the uncertain, of the undefinable. It is the supernatural on the level of our own experience in that we cannot explain it completely nor determine precisely our response to it. As in *Macbeth*, its effect remains always with us, although the agent which caused it may have disappeared. In *Faustus* the experience is again superhuman. The definiteness of Mephistophilis and of similar beings, and their constant interference, is outside actuality as we know it and is part of the infinite which we cannot comprehend. Like Macbeth also, we tend to think of death as the end of life because we cannot know exactly the existence which follows it. However conscious Macbeth may be that he has lost his soul, he does not imagine damnation with the concreteness which characterizes Faustus's thoughts on the subject. He fights for his life, not with the idea that he must escape perdition, but so that he can keep his hold upon the world which will slip out of his grasp at death.

Because Macbeth himself is real, his tragedy also becomes real, and because it is completely understandable from our own human

point of view, its implications go beyond its immediate sphere of influence. The chaos which Macbeth's crimes bring upon Scotland has already been compared to that which Adam's sin brought upon all mankind. We cannot say that it was Shakespeare's intention to reproduce on a smaller scale this tremendous tragedy, but in Macbeth certainly the fallibility of the human race is represented. Macbeth is an individual in a world of individuals; he is tempted as all men are and, like so many, he falls and forfeits his soul. This, if we wish, is the fatalism expressed in the play: for our susceptibility to temptation lies outside our control and we cannot judge our reaction to it until that reaction has taken place. It is this that we have inherited from Adam and for which we are not entirely responsible. We have, however, the means of knowing how to resist the devil and insofar as we refuse to recognize this innate ability we are guilty of sin. Macbeth is not in the hands of a force against which he is powerless to struggle. He has that in him which responds naturally to the temptation before him, and also that which opposes it. We watch the struggle within him, and see his resistance broken down and his soul destroyed. His tragedy could be ours or any man's, regardless of time or place.

I was struck while reading the play through recently by the lines,

By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes,

because up to that time I had not thought of Macbeth as wicked, but simply as terribly mistaken. We suspend moral judgment because we are allowed to see the tragedy from all angles, not from one only. The spiritual ruin of Macbeth is the major concern of the play, and his acts as they affect him are of prime importance. Outside of Macbeth himself are the victims of his brutality, representing, although through no merit of their own,

the cause of justice and right. We do not know and cannot speculate as to what, say, Macduff's reaction would have been to the Weird Sisters, nor can he take into account their part in Macbeth's degeneration. Neither he nor Malcolm nor their followers has been subjected to Macbeth's temptation. They see only the results of his yielding, and are obliged to struggle against what is, for them, simply tyranny and lawlessness. They triumph in the end and we are dissatisfied, because, compared with Macbeth, they are so ordinary. They are so because we never see the workings of their minds. They are never alone, but always talking to people with whom they are not very intimate. We judge Macbeth by what others say of him, in the light of what we see of him ourselves; and because we know him so well as an individual, the others seem commonplace. Shakespeare has purposely left these characters uninteresting so that our attention may be left free to concentrate on Macbeth and, to a lesser extent, on Lady Macbeth. They are completely defeated and we are left momentarily with the victors who have been, up to the end, entirely subordinate. Our natural reaction, after our intense sympathy with Macbeth, is one of pessimism. But we must avoid confusing the good in Malcolm and the others with our sense of their mediocrity, or of thinking that their mediocrity is responsible for their goodness. They represent something far grater than themselves—"the pow'rs above Put on their instruments"<sup>15</sup> in their cause, which is not only theirs, just as Macbeth's tragedy is not his alone.

Marlowe did not know *Macbeth*, and it is impossible to say whether Shakespeare so much as thought of *Faustus* while he was writing his own tragedy. Nor is it to be expected that an Elizabethan audience, or any audience, seeing the plays in fairly close succession, would draw the conclusions given above. That this is true does not invalidate the analysis as such: any discussion of a work, or works, of art entails not only an investigation of the ideas presented and the impres-

sions made by them, but also a consideration of what these ideas and impressions imply beyond what is immediately evident. To do so is not to depart from the work itself, nor to read into it more than is in reality there;

it is, on the other hand, the only way by which we may reach an understanding of the work in all its profundity, and a full appreciation of the artist's genius.

PATRICIA PAUL BROWN, '44

#### FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup> Theodore Spencer, *Shakespeare and the Nature of Man*, New York, 1942, p. 50. Quoted from Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Hooker, *Works*, arranged by John Keble, Oxford, 1888, III, p. 600.

<sup>3</sup> Lancelot Andrewes, *Ninety-six Sermons*, Oxford, (1843), V, p. 303.

<sup>4</sup> Nicholas Breton, "A solemne farewell to the world," *Melancholy Humours*, ed. with an essay on "Elizabethan Melancholy" by G. B. Harrison, London, 1929, p. 23.

<sup>5</sup> Thomas Nashe, "In Plague Time," *Oxford Book of Sixteenth Century Verse*, p. 430.

<sup>6</sup> *Shakespeare and the Nature of Man*, p. 49.

<sup>7</sup> Harrison, "Elizabethan Melancholy," pp. 50-51.

<sup>8</sup> Kenneth O. Myrick, "The Theme of Damnation in Shakespearean Tragedy," *Studies in Philology*, XXXVIII (1941), p. 224.

<sup>9</sup> U. M. Ellis-Fermor, *Christopher Marlowe*, London (1927), p. 85.

<sup>10</sup> V, 5, 11-13.

<sup>11</sup> IV, Prologue, 12.

<sup>12</sup> I, 7, 33.

<sup>13</sup> See page 22 above.

<sup>14</sup> IV, 1, 44-5.

<sup>15</sup> IV, 3, 238.

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***The . . .***

# T I T L E

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***May, Nineteen forty-five***

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## *"And the Sound is the Sound of the Sea"*

AT THREE O'CLOCK the PBYs went over. They were painted dazzling white, and with wing tips nearly touching, in groups of three, they came across the bay and over the beach. The sky and sea were fierce blue and green, and the planes swept by like bleached, bone-white hounds, ranging over the islands and lagoons. In the cabanas, striped awnings flapped in the breeze that blew in landwards all day till sunset, and mid-afternoon silence settled over everything. Girls in sun glasses and bright-flowered bathing suits read under the awnings; a few waiters were clearing away the remains of lobster salad and sliced pineapple under the umbrellas on the terrace; the small children had all been taken home for naps, and in the sun room women were lying half-asleep, glistening from head to foot with oil.

Susan moved her arm so that it made a more comfortable pillow, and buried her nose again in the crook of her elbow. There were no other sunbathers by the pool; it was so blazingly hot there, and the corner of the wall made a white-hot pocket of cement where she could be quite alone. From the other side of the wall would come the laughs and shouts of tennis players later on, but now it was silent. She could not even hear the wind or the sea from where she lay, and warmth sifted through her, stronger than the spreading glow of a cocktail, sweet, gentle, and penetrating. She seemed to be sinking down into it, losing all consciousness, her mind weaving formless patterns, relaxing, letting go of everything except this sensation of being stroked by the sun. She heard the planes go over and far at the back of her brain something stirred; there was some significance to that passage, something she must remember and note, although her mind

pleaded to be left alone, to lie in the depths where only the track of sensation stirred it; where the effort of thought was not demanded of it. But she must think: the planes; that meant it must be three o'clock. Her brain recorded the fact and stimulated an automatic series of reflexes: three o'clock, which meant that the afternoon was half over: only two hours more to wait. She could sun a while longer, and then go up to the cabana for a drink; or, better still, change into an unwrinkled bathing suit and re-do her hair and face. But the other girls would be there, and she immediately thought, No, wait until the last minute to change. Today she could not face the necessity of sitting in the palm shadows, talking about the new orders that had come yesterday; the absolute impossibility of finding anyone who would clean house or look after a baby; the gossip about someone's wife, someone else's husband; and always behind it all, like the grey smudge on the horizon which were warships, the fear that one's own husband might have to go.

She was tired of it, in spite of the beauty of beach and sea, the bouganville growing over low white plaster walls, and the steel-blue edge of the Gulf Stream, far out beyond the breakers. It was a place of eternally marking time, waiting for something that was going to happen, but never actually existed in the present moment; waiting all day until fifty-three, until the men came in from the subchasers, and then knowing that there were such a few hours until they would be going out again. The bugles, drilling the Air Corps troops on the golf courses, usually woke her at six every morning; it was cool then, with the water as smooth as a sheet of grey silk; she often could not go back to sleep, but would lie there, watching the sun rise. Some

mornings she slept through the bugles, and was wakened by the sound of Bill's electric razor, to the smell of bacon and coffee drifting up from the kitchen below. Nothing is as savory and clean and good to smell as breakfast early in the morning, she would think, tying her silk wrapper around her waist, and stretching as she came downstairs. Bill would eat a huge breakfast; fried eggs with edges of brown lace, English muffins, long strips of bacon, and several glasses of milk. It had always amused her how he disliked coffee and drank milk instead, coming in after parties at four in the morning and going straight to the icebox for it. She would eat very little herself, getting more pleasure out of watching him, and begrudging every minute that the clock over his head snipped off. At seven-forty-five he left, and her mind would register automatically, Nine hours until I see him again.

If there had been any way of knowing how long they would be there, she would have gotten a job; anything to kill time during the day. But the officers were sent out on twenty-four hours' notice from the base, and she could make no plans. So she waited, as all the wives waited, gathering at the Club in the afternoon and sitting in the cabanas, laughing, talking, and drinking tall glasses of ginger ale with a twist of lemon peel in it. At five o'clock the air quivered for an instant, so it seemed to her, with an unspoken message: They are back now, They are coming out of the Navy Yard and they are on their way here. Each day the tightness in her chest built up, and she forced herself to sit, to go on chattering, to get up and smooth her hair as though there were nothing about to happen, even to read a book, looking up at the end of every line toward the end of the terrace.

She turned over and shut her eyes tightly, so that a whirling redness seemed to press against them. Is it the sea, is it the shifting sands and flowers that bloom so quickly and at all the wrong seasons, and the palm trees that seem to be set on top of the earth like cardboard props that make me restless? she

thought. At home how we looked forward to each season, and how gradually it came: winter submitting, day by day, to spring; red mud in all the roads, rye and wheat shining green in the fields, and the smell of damp earth. Here everything happens too easily and too quickly; there is no struggle to make things grow in the earth, and no one cares about growing things anyway. We depend too much on one another, she decided, and we must always be in the thick of things, planning, organizing, and spending. We have lost the power of enjoying life by watching other people, and we cry out to be amused. What will become of us? she wondered.

Down into the darkness she sank again. Someone on the beach called to a child, and the sound spun round her like the cry of a solitary bird. Above her head, along the terrace by the wall, she heard Barbara talking; the beautiful dark girl whose husband had been lost at sea two months before. There was laughter, and the noise of running; what did Barbara think of when Bill and Johnnie and the others came in at five-thirty? She used to sit on the wall and wave, too, but that was over now. Susan let go: she dropped like Alice in the rabbit hole, slowly, passing scenes and people as she fell, taking them up as Alice had the jar of marmalade, and setting them back on the shelves again.

She must have slept, falling into a half-doze with her arm thrown across her eyes, for she was suddenly conscious of a sharp noise, as of something falling, close to her head. Startled, she sat up and stretched out her hand toward a dark object beside her; it was a gray officer's overseas cap, with a single bright bar on one side and the Navy eagle on the other. But where had it fallen from? She looked up, and saw above her, leaning down over the wall and grinning, Bill. The afternoon, the sun, the sky, wind, sea and color seemed to fuse into a lens that had brought his face before her; there was nothing beyond it, no fear, no purpose in the world except that face, bending over her and smiling.

SYLVIA STALLINGS, '48

## *A Mood for Poetry*

A mood for poetry  
While the click-clack steel comes down the rails,  
The engines roar and the wheels race against time,  
And planes that rise foreshorten continents,  
But the world, the cities, people  
Wait upon minds no bigger than before.

Can words enhance their fate—  
The long, the short, the small and stout  
Men who carry the guns and wheel the engines out  
On islands, plains, and hills or towns  
We may, it's true, have travelled through  
Or read about, yet have not seen  
Through bombsight or through periscope  
In danger or in battle smoke?

Of the troubled world, the battle and all it said,  
The hesitant nations joining,  
The shyness before the simple question  
Whether free or not? (The dispute deeper than guns)  
No chorus yet to speak in resolute union  
And the poet's mood falls still.

Vast avenues of purpose lie behind  
Explored, and leave romantic medals in the dark,  
And publishers grow rich, while the faint-hearted read  
Complacent by the fire, some great ancestor's deed.  
But rise, Americans, and cease to dream

Of the reckless march on the lone, remote frontier,  
Here on your doorstep where the lumbering questions knock  
Define the harder destiny—if you can  
Carve from the resonant wood of character  
The lean and sinewy mind.

Now, on the edge of the unforeseen,  
Pungent, as the taste of an herb in autumn, the willing sense  
Awaits, shaping a welcome and a prophecy,  
A word of recognition and yet new;  
Until what is making and is yet the same  
Steadies into a firm, concerted thought,  
And plain in social courage gives this age  
Its meaning and its name.

Nostalgia is no mood for poetry  
Although our bards of late have thought it so.  
However difficult the way  
In these great askings of intelligence, and we  
At best but not enough, full purpose not yet grown,  
The signs of wonder to the least are shown,  
Like the furrowed harvest gold of a moving sky,  
And the state of being, working its intent,  
Informs the present hour, or is not known.

LAURENCE STAPLETON



# What About Jan?

THEY HAD SET UP the largest tree they could find as a Christmas tree on the Plaza.

It was a good, wholesome tree.

They had strewn it with artificial moons, undersized, electrically lighted, painted in white or yellow or pink, and all of them full.

As one stood near by, looking for the star on top of the tree, one could not miss the clouds hitting the skyscrapers.

"Hello," someone said almost in my ear.

I started and recognized Jan.

I began wondering why I had left out his name on my Christmas list.

"Let's have a quick tea somewhere," Jan suggested.

"Why not?" I said.

We decided on the Childs that is at Fifth and fifty-seventh.

The cold bit me so it made my brains numb.

The crowd seemed numb too.

Although Jan is probably twenty years older than I, he would dodge his people much better than I could. Sometimes he would pick himself someone with a good load of parcels, he would make for him, nearly bump into him, avoid him swiftly and then laugh.

I've always liked Jan's laughter.

We kept going. We kept losing each other and finding each other and not giving as much as a glance to the windows.

All I knew was the gale making my nose and ears all red. I have a big nose and Jan would be sure to joke about it sooner or later.

I held my Christmas cards and my purse under my arm.

I was trying to make out a plan for the errands I still had to run.

I failed.

I was cold some more.

"Happy?" Jan said, pushing me along

with him through the swinging doors of Childs.

I relaxed at last.

To my mind, Jan is a handsome man although his hair has already turned white. It was pleasant to be at his side with the people gradually getting aware of his Hollywood style. He has laughing brown eyes, with wrinkles around them. He says that fortune tellers always insist that his line of fate is pretty messed up. As a matter of fact, Jan is the kind of Dutchman who has the globe-trotting bug in his blood.

Jan has the knack of making you feel comfortable, of getting you what you want without any effort. In no time we were seated.

"How are the kids?" I asked.

Jan has two daughters. I know them from the pictures he showed me at the time his wife died. One girl is ten and the other eleven. Neither one looks like her father.

"I'll give them their presents at five o'clock this afternoon," Jan said.

Since I don't particularly care what time Jan's kids get their presents, I sipped some tea just to keep quiet.

"Around three I'll show them some war pictures about the Dutch children," Jan said. "I want them to realize what other kids may be feeling like. Do you think that is right?"

Some people make you wonder what they are like when you are not along. Jan had never made me feel that way. This was the first time.

I looked up at him.

Jan's face was wearing its smile.

"Want a drink?" he said.

I did.

It has been a long time now since I told myself in so many big words that suffering

is not always right, that I hate suffering for suffering's sake, that suffering when it does any good comes to one in spite of oneself. Suffering is at best a one-way perilous road with bliss at the end as a justification.

I felt lost.

We were brought the Martinis.

As I reached for mine, I knocked my purse and the Christmas cards off the table.

"I like your blouse, it is lovely," Jan said, emerging from under the table and looking at me.

I sat there really wanting to do some thinking about the Dutch children and Jan's children.

Jan, however, chatted away.

For a while I hated him. I hated Jan for making of me the sort of person who gets interested in the impression that she and her white tailored blouse can make on a man when all the time she should be worrying about Dutch children. I hated Jan for making of me the sort of person who let him get away with his slick nonsense. I hated Jan for succeeding in making me cheap.

It is Jan, remember, who some time ago said to me very simply: "I would like to experience a true sensation."

We ordered another couple of drinks from the bar.

There was something wrong with the harrassed faces, with the tables littered up with food, refuse and parcels around us. Christmas is not a one hundred per cent lovely affair. You start out thinking about people. You start out hunting for some joy to hand them. The first manger you come across in the season does you good. It brings forth a smile in spite of the tinsel. By the second manger, you still smile. By the third, all you see is the tinsel and you smile no longer. You fumble for a scarf for your girl friend. You fumble for a tie for your boy friend. By the time you've fumbled some more, all you fumble for is yourself. You begin to hope that other people fumbling for you will fish out what you fished out for yourself while still pretending that you were thinking of them. By that time, you've stopped thinking

about Dutch children and other children no matter what one Jan or another might have to say about them.

"Have you seen the Grand Lama's lotus tree?" Jan asked.

I had not.

"It is in full bloom at Bergdorf's," Jan said, "a wonderful sight!"

Jan gets lots of fun out of trees. He planted one in Kentucky that will be full grown only a hundred years hence. It was after I'd heard about the Kentucky tree that I agreed to go walking with him.

"Have you seen the Grand Lama's dog?" Jan asked.

I had not seen the dog either.

"A wonderful sight," Jan said. "Front legs shorter than hind legs. Trained that way. For generations of course. Made to climb the Grand Lama's mountain six thousand six hundred and sixty-six times a year. Brought down in the valley each single time in a silver casket, carried in pomp by the Grand Lama's court. Very neat."

I laughed although very nearly in tears.

"Where can it be seen," I asked, trying to look the part of one who always knows how to keep up the kidding.

"At Bergdorf and Dali's," Jan said.

Then came a silence.

"Dear Alice," Jan said with a queer voice, and I wondered whether Jan was about to laugh.

Laughter is a big thing with Jan. It isn't so long ago that I discovered it either. It happened last fall somewhere in the hills of New Jersey. We'd been walking for hours at a nice brisk pace. I could smell the sunshine all over my skin. We came to a fence. I needed some help. For a while Jan and I stood there, embracing one another, a man and a woman not loving each other, with only Jan's laugh to drive away what comes to the lonely.

Jan's laugh is soft and clear cut.

"Dear Alice," Jan said, "do you know what people are saying"

"About what?" I said.

"About me," Jan said.

It was my turn to laugh.

"Why bother?" I said.

"Hadn't you better know people say that I am a spy?" Jan said.

And again Jan smiled.

"Are you?" I said.

Jan is or is not a spy.

Anybody is or is not a spy.

I looked at the waitress, the people near us, the bartender, the people away from us.

We are all sons and daughters of people who are or are not spies.

It probably never dawned on me that some innocent logical statement could actually do things to me. You just try to say: "My father is or is not a spy" and see what happens.

What about Jan? I thought. I know Jan fairly well, not too well, though.

I looked at Jan straight in the face.

I saw his wrinkles.

Are faces meant to be faces for people who will or will not be spies?

"Dear Alice," Jan said, "do I have to tell you that I am no spy?"

I looked at my watch under the table.

"You certainly do not," I said.

I tried to recollect the facts about Jan.

I hated myself for doing so, too.

Jan turned up over here from occupied Holland two years after the invasion with a man called Roosens.

Roosens is an old sanscrit professor from the Hague. I never met him. The little I ever knew about him, I got from Jan. It seems that, come what might under the Nazis, the pair of them tended to their pet hyacinth bulbs together. They'd made up their minds that at least something would be kept tidy in the general mess, Jan explained. I was also told that they'd spent their last night in Holland with each other. They just sat up with the same beautiful record of Lully's going till dawn.

Jan always puts something inhuman and yet great in his version of Roosens.

"I came out of Holland with the Germans' permission, did I not?" Jan said.

"I wouldn't think you'd be the only one

in that fix," I said. I found some relief in being sarcastic.

"Well? . . ." said Jan.

"Well," I said, "seen Roosens lately? How does *he* feel about things?"

"Roosens?" Jan said, pulling a red handkerchief out of his pocket and wiping his nose. "Roosens? I must tell you about him. Roosens turned up at my place last night. As usual poor and sweet, of course. And with a Christmas present at that."

Jan laughed.

"You guess," he said, "you guess what old Roosens produced as a gift."

I turned towards the clock.

Jan did too.

"Can't you tell me?" I said. "I am afraid we will have to part sometime."

"That's right," Jan said, "five-thirty and still shopping ahead. Suppose I give you a clue. Roosens brought me a key, a key all gift-wrapped with tinsel, neatly adorned with a gilded bow."

"A pass key?" I said in spite of myself.

I noticed it was rather warm in the room.

"Sorry, dear Alice," Jan said, "you're wrong. A key to Roosens' own farmhouse near the Hague, his one and only duplicate key for me to use anytime I get back home."

Jan lowered his eyes.

"I wonder whether he'll ever get to use his at all," Jan said, "Roosens is aging."

Jan heaved a sigh.

I thought what a grand thing it is for a man to be made to share his friend's house. I hoped that the Nazis would not smash the hyacinth bulbs. There was something contagious about Roosens' faith in Jan and in the future.

I kept very still.

After a while Jan raised his face.

"What do you think could possibly happen to Roosens?" Jan said, looking me straight in the eye.

I wasn't thinking of Roosens, of course.

I turned aside.

Not so long ago, as I was reading the paper, I came across the picture of a cage in a zoo. It looked like a good cage with strong heavy

bars. It must have been meant for lions. But there were human beings inside and the caption talked of some traitors awaiting trial in the lowlands. I had nightmares about it several times.

"What are you thinking?" Jan asked.

I refused to answer.

"I know," Jan said.

I wondered whether he was frowning.

I did not look.

I could think of nothing to say.

"If you know why, why do you ask?" I stammered.

I was all set on not yielding to Jan.

I felt that certain things should not be said between people. True enough, the closer the people, the fewer these things. But after all, I am only fond of Jan up to a point.

"You are seeing a firing squad," Jan said.

"Jan," I replied, not losing my head, "I'll have you know that I don't understand half of the things you've been talking about in the last half hour or so."

I could hear myself raising my voice.

"Suppose we adjourn," I said rather stiffly.

Jan ignored my suggestion.

"Why didn't you ask?" he said, "you had a right to, you still have."

"That's where we disagree," I said, "let's go."

Jan called the waitress, asked for his check.

"Don't forget you know plenty more at this point than most other people ever will," Jan said. "Also here's your chance to ask a good question, and Roosens is such a dear old fellow!"

There are things which should not be pressed into words lest harm occur. For in-

finite trusting is silence. I felt sure that words could never patch up what had gone wrong between Jan and me.

Jan smiled as he put on his coat.

It was a nice furlined coat with gloves to match.

"I am going to Saks," I said as we headed for the cashier's desk.

For some time we stood in line.

Somehow I tried to remember how it had come about that Jan and I ever hobnobbed together. It started one day I'd drifted to a party to watch the antics of some Spanish beauty and her beau. I ran into Jan like one dumb creature against another in a show.

I am or am not a spy.

Everybody is or is not a spy.

People who are or are not spies keep reaching for people who are or are not spies.

"I hope everything goes all right," I said.

"If it didn't, you would help, of course," Jan said as he paid the check.

"I suppose I'd try to be fair," I said as we went to the door.

"Could you be kind too?" Jan asked.

I could have screamed.

I rushed to the street.

I breathed deep.

I welcomed the gale on my cheeks.

"Maybe someday . . ." Jan said.

We stopped short and burst into laughter.

"In the meanwhile, so long," Jan said.

"And Merry Christmas to you, Little Judge?"

It may be O.K. about Roosens, I thought, but what about Jan?

FRANCOISE DONY, Ph.D.

*French Department*

## *The Stranger*

Even the desolating love of man  
Can wound but for an hour and then departs:  
Sorrow defies the shaken will's intent  
To make of grief a substitute of hope.  
But everlastingly the love of land  
Fastens its fingers on unsteady hearts,  
Expiring only when the soul is spent  
And the tired body asks no further scope.

And therefore I am saddened utterly  
In spite of laughter grown abruptly loud  
And the clear song of learning I had sung  
To drown the softer melody of youth.  
Now I am finding, soon and bitterly,  
That the mind errs in being over-proud,  
For when the lifted bells have bowed and rung,  
The notes of beauty must play out the truth.

Within the tumult and the strained endeavor  
Searching for gains that may not satisfy,  
I on the turning wheel must still remember  
What happiness was like a day ago;  
Does northern Autumn greet the stranger never  
With bitter woodsmoke in the deeper sky;  
No crocus, like a sulphur-colored ember,  
Where the bright fire of summer used to flow?

I am too distant from the silent hills  
That still mortality within their span.  
Autumn is splendor terrible and swift  
When the wild geese cry across the sleeping night.  
Here I am sickened by the spirit's ills  
With too much looking on the face of man:  
Only the sickle moon can lift  
My heart back to the country of delight.

I can not breathe the air nor drink the sea,  
Sleep upon the earth, on other terms than these:  
Feed me on Beauty, let my element  
Be as the shadow on the shaken leaf.  
This is no place for lonely men to be,  
With whom no hostelry but heaven agrees  
To shield the sufferer in the long ascent  
To some lost Eden from the fields of grief.

SYLVIA STALLINGS '48

# *Father Divine's Peace Mission*

**L**ITTLE IS KNOWN about Father Divine's past, prior to his appearance in New York. It is thought, however, that he was born either in Georgia or on a small island off the Georgian coast. His age is a complete mystery, and will probably remain so, since Father Divine refuses to divulge the information and statistics concerning the negro in the South were not kept until recently. In 1909, he appeared in Baltimore and was known there as George Baker. At first he did odd jobs, but soon was moved by divine inspiration and served his people as a Sunday School teacher. A missionary tour of the south made shortly afterwards did not succeed, for he was declared insane and driven north. His destination was Harlem, but he stopped short of there, in Brooklyn. In Brooklyn he convinced himself and many others that he was not an ordinary man, and accordingly adopted a suitable title, Major Morgan J. Divine.

From Brooklyn Father Divine moved to Sayville, Long Island, in 1919, where he set up a mission. Here he achieved his first nation-wide publicity. The almost entirely white community of Sayville registered a complaint against Father Divine and asked that he be removed as a public nuisance. Justice Smith convicted Father Divine, and sentenced him to a year's imprisonment. Father Divine is said to have placed a curse on the judge, and claimed that Justice Smith would not live long owing to the fact that he had committed a misdemeanor aimed directly at God. Unexpectedly, Justice Smith, who had been in good health, died three days later of a heart attack.

Father Divine and his followers capitalized on this event, and publicized him as God.

His followers increased, and Father Divine moved to Rockland Palace in Harlem. Here he expanded his mission, buying up property everywhere, from private estates to deserted movie houses. Where he received the money which empowered him to do this remains a mystery.

I was made aware of the effects and extended influence of Father Divine's work during a recent visit to one of his many peace missions. Upon arrival, I was ushered into an immense room called the "Holy Communion Banquet Hall." In it was a large T-shaped table surrounded by about seventy chanting followers, both negro and white. I was cordially invited to sit at the table by a white woman, and when I at first declined, she seemed so hurt, assuring me it was a great privilege to be served by the Father, that I accepted.

The meeting was scheduled for two o'clock, but when I arrived it was already under way. The first songs were soft and low, but they became progressively more exuberant, arousing and exciting the emotions of the singers. When the spirit moved a member, he or she started a song which was then taken up by the others. The songs were generally just composed of a few lyrics, but were sung fifteen or twenty times in succession, giving the impression of lengthy ballads. An upright piano and clattering castanets furnished the accompaniment. A favorite song was:

"If you want peace, joy and  
happiness

Keep on praisin' Father's name."

Another favorite went like this:

"Education on the home front means  
victory overseas.

That's what our boys are fighting for.  
Unity plus harmony will bring us  
lasting peace.  
So unite together  
And the war you'll dissever.  
You'd better unite, unite, unite,  
unite."

While listening to the singing, I noticed several signs decorating the walls. They read: "We have a New Birth of Freedom under God," "Americanism is the Wayshower to Salvation," "Prejudice Must Go Forever. America Must, She Must Unite in One," and "The Child that was born in the manger was never a Man of War."

The banquet table was beautifully set with graceful glassware and exceptionally good silver. At every four seats were placed a big cake, a plate of oranges and a platter of three dozen assorted doughnuts. Twelve large coffee pots were at the head of the table, surrounded by bowls of fresh flowers.

My table companion was a large negro woman, Miss Delightful P. Joyful. She explained that God is indiscriminating, that all peoples of all races and creeds are welcome to enjoy his hospitality. She told me that hundreds of school children who are not followers come into the mission daily to eat the nutritious food prepared for them. She said that all Father's followers are angels, but that before conversion many were criminals. She herself had been given three days to live because of a bad tumor, but after attending Father's meetings she was cured by God's gracious miracles. Her best friend, she said, had been resurrected from the dead just a month before. Perhaps the most revealing of her statements was that "President Roosevelt follows Father Divine's guidance. It is just because of the world condition that Roosevelt won't make it public now, but when the war's over, the President will tell the world that it was the Father who carried him through to peace."

The singers were now shouting the following song:

"This wonderful love, Oh Father  
Divine,

It will shine wherever you go.  
(Refrain repeated about twelve times).  
It will shine in you  
It will shine in me  
It will shine wherever you go."

Several followers were moved to give speeches. Once the speeches gathered momentum they continued with mounting fervor for about a half hour. Miss Patience D. Lovely spoke for fully forty-five minutes, and this is the nucleus of her speech:

"I thank you Father for the sleep and slumber we had last night. I thank you for waking us. Thank you for the warm blood that runs in my veins. I thank and praise you for the abundance and fullness you give us this day. We couldn't breathe unless you gave us breath to breathe. No complaint, no fault-finding, just praise. Before you unveiled your body to us we were never so well off," etc.

She was interrupted periodically by shouts of "It's wonderful!" "so glad," "hallelujah," and "it's true." Suddenly the mass rose, shouting "Peace, Father."

I turned and saw a small man with a plump, chunky figure and a shiny bald head. He walked grimly, followed by six secretaries, four of whom were white. He wore a somber grey suit, a blue shirt and a striped tie stuck with a large pearl stick pin. In his pocket were five fountain pens, and on his face no semblance of a smile. This was God. He rang a gold bell five times, then sat down as did the congregation. The table was filled and a hundred and fifty people were forced merely to stand around. Father Divine then held up twenty-five silver serving spoons before they were placed in bowls of food as a sort of blessing. The amount of food was fabulous; vegetables, meat and fish of all varieties. Father Divine himself ate nothing but baked beans, but this was probably because he makes several visits of this sort every day.

When the main course had been served, Father Divine rose to speak. Eager, expectant faces were turned towards him. "Peace, everyone," he said, and was greeted with a loud

response of "Peace, Father." He continued: "I am unifying the children of men and bringing them together. For this cause we have this hall of democracy. As this represents democracy in action, we shall enact the Bill of Rights in our daily transactions. We have an odd way of serving. One serves all and all serve one. Children, practice neighborliness and unity. This is an abstract expression of the future America. Now aren't you glad?"

"So glad, Father," was shouted. After this brief interlude, he went on: "This is not a nation of race, creed or color. We do away with inhuman tendencies propagated by men. We observe the Holy Communion and sit at the communion table. Strangers are welcome in our midst. Just as a democracy gives freedom of the press and freedom to speak, so do

we. Visitors, feel free to partake of the food just as any other part of the service. Peace."

Throughout his speech, the children cried, "so sweet, he's so sweet," or "he's wonderful, so good, so kind." There were a few more speeches by the children, then the minutes were read, and at last the meeting dispersed.

It can not be denied that Father Divine's goal is a good one, although the means which he proposes to achieve that goal are certainly exaggeratedly idealistic. The fanaticism of his children is overwhelming, but they are being taught nothing harmful. I was greatly impressed by my visit, and by the enormous power that a man can wield over such a large number of people.

LAURA DIAMOND, '47

## *What Word for Spring*

What word for spring, O men of the aircraft carriers?  
What April word for the pilots, hunters and harriers,  
At the falling hour, for the kiss of ship with the foam?  
Four days' leave, O seaman; days to stand  
In the wheat-bright, the beloved land;  
Time to remember ploughing and turn home.  
(For great blue plumes of lilac sway in the wind;  
Round narcissus and deep-belled hyacinths blow  
All over Carolina and a low  
Moon wakes the mockingbirds, a slow, blind  
Moon at the full, heavy and high.)  
Sailor, four days of furlough in the spring: O take my  
Life with you on the voyage over and unwind  
The wealth of hours that so lightly lie  
Stretching endlessly before me and behind.  
When fog folds the convoy in its sheets and rain drips  
All night upon the loaded ships  
Then wear my fortunate eye and see how the gold-  
Flounced sycamore rakes at the sky.  
Remember too wild pink azalea and the cold  
Creeks between the corn-planted river-bottom lands.  
Take also my heart into your hands,  
Since it is made of earth and flower and tree,  
And having these you cannot but have me.

SYLVIA STALLINGS, '48



# The Human Nature of Man

*A part of a chapter from the first volume of the forthcoming work: "Foundations of Ethics."*

## I. MAN'S LATE ORIGIN:

Man is a comparatively late arrival on the cosmic scene. On this point most thinkers are today agreed. It is not a new view, having been clearly stated by Empedocles, and by the author of the first chapter of Genesis. The first chapter, to be sure, is usually interpreted as unequivocally stating that God created the whole universe with all its inhabitants on six successive days, the last being devoted to the creation of man. An interpretation, much more compatible with the findings of Geology and Biology, is offered by Thomas Aquinas. Following Augustine, Thomas affirms that God, instead of creating actual plants and trees, fishes and birds, created only potential ones, i.e., only "their organs or causes."

It was not, of course, a concern for the facts of Biology or Geology which prompted this interpretation, but a desire to affirm that man alone, of all living things, was produced by God directly. As a consequence, both Augustine and Thomas Aquinas refused to maintain that man, like other living things, was created only in potency, in the shape of causes which could actually produce him in the course of natural history. Were one to extend their theory of the creation of things in their causes so as to include man as well as other living things, there would be no conflict, at this point, between the Bible and modern science. The latter does not in any way deny, any more than it affirms, that there was an act of creation. That is a question outside its interests, beyond the reach of its method and indifferent to its progress. The theory of creation, of course, has its own dif-

ficulties, and the Bible raises, rather than answers philosophic questions. But it is interesting to see that whether or not the Bible be taken as a guide, it is possible to affirm that man came into existence some time after other beings.

Aristotle and Leibniz seem to be the most conspicuous members of the opposition. According to Aristotle, mankind is a fixed and unalterable species, which always was and always will be part of nature. For Leibniz, not only mankind, but every individual is a permanent part of the furniture of the universe. Leibniz, however, offered his as a metaphysical doctrine relating to the souls of things. He did not maintain that living man was eternally part of a visible or experienceable nature, but only that his soul was a fixed component of that realm of being which permanently lay behind nature. His view can thus be readily combined with the view that man, as possessed of a living body, is a late comer in the natural world.

There are, however, some who conclude from the writings of such idealists as Berkeley, Kant and Hegel that all of nature exists only so far and so long as men think of it. If such an interpretation of the writings of these men were correct, they too must be said to hold that the world could not precede the arrival of men. But the interpretation is in error. These idealists attempt to show that the natural world depends for its being on the exercise of thought, but the thought on which it depends is, for them, not the thought of a limited finite being with a finite mind, but of a divine, transcendent or absolute spirit

with an eternal and unlimited mind. For these idealists, as well as for their opponents, man arrives after the natural world has been in existence for some time. It is Aristotle and his disciples, and apparently these alone, who deny that there is a date in the history of the world when man had not appeared. But the denial entrains so many questionable dogmas about the fixity of species, the nature of time, causation and chance, that there seems to be no alternative but to reject Aristotle and agree with the majority.

There is considerable evidence that man had an animal origin. He has organs and blood, a musculature, brain and nerves similar to those of other mammals, particularly those of the higher apes. He is subject to similar diseases and is host to similar parasites. He and the animals feed, grow and mature under similar circumstances, react with pain and pleasure to the same kind of bodily disturbances and perceive by means of similar sense organs.

There are, however, signal differences between men and animals. The texture and quantity of man's hair, the shape of his nose, lips and back, the length and opposable power of his thumbs, his exclusive ownership of a chin and non-projecting canines, the size of his brain, the nature of his foot and gait, the way he speaks and the kinds of diseases to which he alone is apparently subject, mark him off quite clearly as a distinct type of being. These differences do not, to be sure, suffice to keep him out of the animal kingdom, or even to set him far apart from the higher primates. The body of a bat differs far more radically from that of a porpoise than the body of a man does from that of an ape—yet there is no doubt that both bat and porpoise are animals somewhat akin. The differences between the bodies of man and apes are radical enough to separate them into distinct biological families, but the similarities are close enough to keep them together within the common class of beings who have highly developed, somewhat similar mammalian bodies.

A man's body is quite similar in structure and function to that of an ape's. The differences are readily explained as being the result of a process of evolution in the course of which the traits of some subhuman beings were modified until they assumed their present human and distinctive form. Biologists differ considerably in their account of how and why man happened to come to be with his characteristic upright posture, large-sized brain and his peculiarly-shaped feet, teeth and jaw. But all of them seem agreed that he and his distinctive traits have an animal origin and that he, as a consequence, is an animal and nothing more.

It does not seem worthwhile to dispute the contention that man's body has an animal ancestry and came to be in the course of history. The view is supported by the independent investigations of geologists, archaeologists and anthropologists. It is opposed only by the theory that man has always existed in his present form or that he is a special creation inserted within the frame of nature—theories which are forced to overlook a host of facts and must eventually have recourse to dogma and miracle.

It would be a mistake, however, to conclude from the fact that man has an animal origin that he is nothing but an animal. Just as it is possible for a child to surpass its parents, so it is possible for an animal to pass beyond the limits within which its ancestors dwelt, and arrive at the stage where it becomes a radically distinct type of being. It could then attain and exercise powers which it did not have before and which have no animal mode of expression.

## 2. DARWIN'S THESIS:

To show that man is an animal, one must show that every trait of man, bodily or non-bodily in nature, is a developed, a complex or a variant form of some animal character, differing from it in degree and not in kind. An attempt to do this has been made a number of times in the course of history, notably by Montaigne, La Mettrie and Con-

dillac. But the most persuasive attempt is to be found in Darwin's *Descent of Man*.

Darwin maintained that the capacity for happiness and sorrow, of love and hate, the sense of beauty and of right and wrong, as well as the ability to remember, imagine and reason, were either duplicated in other animals or were present in them in rudimentary form. Dogs impressed him as not only having intelligence, but self-consciousness; he thought birds had a sense of beauty, monkeys an ability to make tools, and dogs, birds and monkeys some form of speech and moral sense. He could find nothing in man which was not duplicated, at least in embryonic form, elsewhere in the animal kingdom. As he quaintly put it, "If man had not been his own classifier, he would never have thought of founding a separate order for his reception."

Darwin errs, however, in supposing that these various characteristics are duplicated in animals.

Man is sometimes religious. No animal ever is. It is not to the point to say, as Darwin does, that there are men who have no religion, for one kind of being is not to be distinguished from another by virtue of an activity in which *all* the members of one group engage and *all* the members of the other do not. One type of being differs from another by virtue of a capacity which all its members have in common and which no other beings possess. What Darwin should have shown is that there are types of men who *cannot* be religious or that there are animals which are religious, if only in a minor way. But this he fails to do.

Animals decorate and occasionally show sensitivity in color and design. But an artist reproduces in his art the meaning of another thing and this no mere manipulation of color or design begins to approach. The sense of beauty of an animal, the art of which it is capable, differs not in degree but in kind from that open to a man.

Man too alone has science, philosophy and history—speculative inquiries into the nature of realities he never directly encounters

through the senses. What animals know is what they learn from experience and no multiplication of such experiences could ever sum to a knowledge of that which lies outside the reach of any sense.

And then there is man's speech, his use of symbols, his ability to pledge himself to do something in the future, his ability to cook and to engage in sexual acts for pleasure rather than for the sake of reproduction.

In the absence of any evidence that animals engage in such acts, even in a slight degree, one must, in order to defend Darwin's thesis, maintain that animals have such abilities but do not exercise them, or that there are men who are completely devoid of them. But we ought to say that animals are unable to do what no one of them in fact ever does, because in that way we suppose nothing beyond what the evidence warrants. It is arbitrary to assert that a dog is a man or angel in disguise, unfortunately limited by an inadequate body or a sluggish will. A sound method and a sure sense of value dictates that things be taken in the shape they appear until we are forced to view them in a different light.

It is possible to hold that dogs do not speak because they do not have the requisite equipment or inclination. But it would be more reasonable to assert that they do not speak because they do not have the ability. Similarly, it would be possible to maintain that there are no animal scientists or philosophers because they have not been properly educated or because they are not interested. But it would be more reasonable to say that they do not pursue these subjects because they cannot. Animals present themselves as animals and nothing more and we have no reason for supposing that the evidence is insufficient.

But, on the other hand, there are also men who are dumb, insensitive and unintelligent. It would seem reasonable, then, to conclude that they too are without a capacity for speech, religion, art, science, philosophy and history. The practitioners of these various subjects protest. They deny that any man is completely devoid of the ability to practice

them. It is a rare artist indeed who does not believe that every man has some artistic ability; theologians affirm that atheists are not only capable of religion but are actually engaged in practicing it in some aberrant form; it is a commonplace with many philosophers that all men speculate to some extent.

One must yield to this protest or give up the idea that these different abilities, though possible only to men, are essential to them. Men form a single biological group capable of intermarriage with one another but not with other kinds of beings, and if these abilities are essential they are present in all human beings whatsoever.

Unfortunately there are idiots, and fortunately there are infants in the world. If these are human—and human they seem to be—they must already have these various abilities or these abilities are not essential. But we term the one an idiot and the other a child precisely because they lack the ability which mature and normal men possess. They can be termed human, not because they have these various abilities, but only because they possess a power which, in favorable circumstances, may become expressed in these diverse forms.

Because men form a single biological group and because there are idiots and children, we are forced by a different route to come to the same conclusion that Darwin does: the fact that some men have religion, can reason, speculate and produce works of art does not define men as beings of a radically distinct type from animals. Darwin obtained his conclusion by minimizing the kind of ability some men possess. We obtained it by affirming that there were abilities possible only to men, and then remarking that there were human beings who could not rightly be said to possess them. But having gone this far with Darwin, it is necessary to go beyond Darwin and insist that man is not an animal because his nature is distinct from that which any animal has.

### 3. THE NECESSITY OF THE BODY:

What is essential and common to men is not a set of specific abilities to think or cook—for then idiots and children would not be human—but a single power which is the source of these diverse abilities. Though an infant and an idiot neither understand more nor deliberate better than a dog or a horse, mankind has rightly refused to equate infants and idiots with dogs and horses. There is a great difference in man's attitude towards those who desire to vivisection the latter. Everyone has at least a dim awareness of the fact that the child is merely too young and the idiot too unfortunate to be able to bring their singularly human power to adequate expression. Even the most highly developed of men are only occasionally rational or deliberate, religious or artistic. And they lose nothing of their humanity when they put their reason and skills under the pressure of affection, sentiment and misfortune.

If there be a singularly human power which is the source of all man's abilities, man cannot be an animal in whole or in part. Even his body, despite the many features which it shares with animals must because quickened by a single human power, be non-animal in nature.

This single power characteristic of man is either separable or inseparable from the body that is man. If separable, his definition will involve a consideration only of his "soul"; if inseparable, the nature of his power cannot be grasped without taking into account the fact that man has a body. The first of these alternatives is accepted by Plato. According to him, who here echoes something of the views of the East, and is echoed in turn by Descartes, Christian Scientists and Spiritualists, "what makes each one of us what we are is only the soul." The body, in this view, is unessential and the soul "never voluntarily has connection with it." But, theorize as much as we like, the fact is that men sit and run, eat and drink, laugh and cry, and this no mere soul or spirit could do. To deny that the body is an essen-

tial part of a man is to deny that a man can be ruined by cutting his throat, or that a man ought to have food and shelter in order to be human.

The objections are obvious, and pressing. It is no surprise therefore to find that thinkers who try to view the body as an unessential part of man change without apology to the view that the body is an essential but unwanted and impoverishing part of him. The main tenor of Plato's views is in this direction particularly in such dialogues as the *Republic*, where gymnastics, the training of the body, is defined as an indispensable part of every man's education.

But this view, too, will not do. It plays havoc with the truth that a man who merely thinks about the good is not good enough and that to be truly good he must be able to realize his ideals in fact to some degree. To bring the good about, a man needs a body, and if the body is necessary for the good to be achieved, it is so far not undesirable or unwanted, but desirable and necessary. Ascetics have discovered a law by which they can avoid the evils which the body makes possible; but that way unfortunately is also one which makes them give up the goods which the body helps achieve. The nature of man involves a reference to the body as an indispensable avenue through which his power is to be expressed and his promise fulfilled.

For a desperate problem, sometimes a desperate remedy must be found. To save the view that man's body is an undesirable part of him, one would have to deny that any body or bodily act could possibly be good. The good in man, we are then bound to say, dwells solely in his soul. But that denial cannot be maintained. If a body is in someone's way, it must be a good thing to take it away. Since a body is no hindrance once it is dead, we ought to be able to help a man by shortening his days. This we can do, not by retreating inside ourselves, but by using our body in gross bodily ways. Our body will then prove itself to be a good, if not to us, then to our fellows. Only because we have a body,

can we perform the charitable act of helping our neighbors free themselves from the evils which their bodies entrain.

#### 4. THE RATIONAL SOUL:

The body is a necessary and desirable part of man. The power that is his cannot be a soul which could be understood apart from a reference to a body. This requirement is satisfied if it be assumed that the soul and the body are correlatives which require one another in order to be at all, and which together constitute a man. This is the assumption of the Aristoteleans and has always had an appeal because it does full justice to the fact that man is a being who can both eat and think, run and introspect, build and speculate.

According to Aristotle, everything in nature is composed of two elements, the one matter, the other form. If a thing had no matter, it would be something general, not individual, and would be outside space and time, unable to change or move. If it had no form, it would be completely indefinite and unintelligible, a passive bit of stuff indistinguishable from any other. It is because each thing is both form and matter that it is at once definite in nature and indefinite in promise, permanent in essence and changing in existence, a member of a class and an occupant of space.

In non-living things, according to Aristotle, the form is identical with the structure. In the case of living beings it is identical with the psyche or *anima*, that which animates it. In plants and animals, the form has no other function but to direct, structuralize and vitalize the matter. But in the case of man it has another function as well. Man, says Aristotle, has a reason. This reason is neither a body nor understands through the use of a bodily organ, for whereas the character of a body infects the character of the things known through its means, a reason grasps the nature of things as they are apart from one. For different eyes the world takes on different hues; for all minds, thinks Aristotle, it appears as it is in fact.

The Aristotelean soul vitalizes the body. Since that soul has the non-bodily power to understand, a man as having such a soul is defined by Aristotle to be a *rational* living thing. Aristotle was not clear as to just how men could individually and as a class acquire that part of the soul which has no connection with the matter of the body. He did not grant that it could originate from something lower than or something higher than a man. Man for him just happens to have a rational soul and no further questions are asked or answered.

Thomas Aquinas, Aristotle's great Christian disciple, does ask the further question and tries to provide an answer. For him, as for Aristotle, the soul is a single individual form, and the power to reason but one of its many powers. But Thomas Aquinas was acutely aware, as Aristotle apparently was not, that this means we must account for the whole soul in the same way we account for its reasoning part. Now, for an Aristotelean, nothing on earth could be or produce that which cannot change. From this it follows that the incorruptible reason, and therefore the entire soul is either an eternal uncreated spiritual substance, or it is a specially created entity somehow forced into the body. The first alternative is unsatisfactory not only because it provides no reason why and no way in which the soul gets together with the body, but because an eternal soul is what it is independently of the body and has no pertinence to one body rather than another. Because each soul has an incorruptible reason and is therefore incorruptible, and because it is pertinent to one and only one body, it must, concludes Thomas Aquinas, be created for and divinely fused with that body. Accepting the Aristotelean view that a man is composed of a soul and a body, Thomas Aquinas thus goes beyond his master, and, in full accord with the Hebraic and Christian tradition, affirms that each human soul is a created thing, intimately connected by a divine and individual act with a human body.

The Thomistic theory, however, requires one to affirm that a human soul is united with the body at the instant of procreation

or at some time after the embryo has been in existence. Aquinas takes the latter view. But this means that he must suppose that the embryo lives for a period as a kind of animal or subhuman, and then is killed for an instant only to be resurrected as a true human in miniature, with new powers expressive of a radically new nature. If Aquinas took the first alternative, he would escape this difficulty, but he would still be faced with the embarrassment that, of all living things in nature, man alone would be viewed as unable to reproduce without the help of God. Though cats can produce cats, men and women, on this theory, would not be able to produce beings which are truly human unless God had a hand in the proceedings. As beings in nature, they would then, instead of being superior, be inferior to animals.

A recourse to God in philosophy, is usually a way of multiplying embarrassments in the vain attempt to escape a difficulty. Granted that God provides the "soul," the body in which the soul is inserted is one provided by parents. A God must then either divinely mould the soul in the light of the body it is to inhabit or allow it to acquire definiteness on being forced to live within that body. On either alternative God would be responsible for the fact that one soul, through no fault of its own, occupied the body of a congenital idiot, while another, no more worthy, rode at anchor in the body of a normal, healthy human. Both alternatives suppose that God arbitrarily subjects different souls to different and unequal treatment—a conception unworthy of being associated with that of a good and just God. We make a mockery of divinity by speaking of God as creating pure souls and then compelling or allowing them to be perverted by bodies they did nothing to deserve.

Perhaps it would be better to say, following the lead of Augustine and Calvin, that the souls of men have different moral weights from the start, that they are not all equally pure and innocent, but defective in various degrees. In this way one overcomes the embarrassment of supposing that God de-

liberately traps what is pure inside bodies which are in various stages of corruption. But one will continue to be faced with the fact that the supposed creating God will still have to be described as ignorant or evil. A God who, instead of creating clean and decent souls, starts them off as perverted or doomed, is one who is either poor in spirit or awkward in performance, and thus far from the rank of a perfect being.

##### 5. THE HUMAN CONSTANT:

A man is not a body. He has a body, and that body is necessary and desirable. This is so obvious and inevitable an assertion, that it would be hard to find anyone who consistently and explicitly denies it. Even those who underscore other interpretations of the nature of man, constantly shift their emphases and assert this last as well. There are passages in the writing of Plato, Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas which can mean nothing else, and one would be well within the main stream of traditional interpretations of these men to assert that they intended no other point than this.

In the *Timeaus*, Plato remarks that "the part of the soul which desires meat and drink and other things of which it has need by reason of the bodily nature, is bound down like a wild animal which was chained up with man and must be nourished if man is to exist." "We can wholly dismiss as unnecessary," says Aristotle in the *De Anima*, "the question whether the soul and the body are one; it is as meaningless to ask whether the wax and the shape given to it by the stamp are one, or generally the matter of a thing and that of which it is the matter. Unity has many senses, but the most proper and fundamental is the relation of an actuality to that of which it is the actuality. . . . The soul is the actuality of a body which is organized." "The soul," says Thomas Aquinas in Question 89, Article 1, of his *Summa Theologica*, "has one mode of being when in the body and another when apart from it, its nature always remaining the same; but this

does not mean that its union with the body is an accidental thing, for on the contrary, such union belongs to its very nature." These three writers agree in holding that man is neither a soul nor a body. They are not clear as to whether a man results from the union of these two or whether or not these two are aspects of a more basic and original unity, which is man. And one looks to them in vain for a statement of how man could have an animal ancestry and an animal-like body, and yet be a single being possessed of powers and abilities no animal could possibly have. Nor do subsequent thinkers provide the requisite information.

The problem of the nature of man is one of our most neglected problems. One clue is to be found in a study of the fact that he is, in one sense, the self-same identical being from birth to death. He grows vertically and horizontally in the course of his career. As an adult his appearance often differs so greatly from the appearance he presented as a child that it would be hazardous to assert that anyone could see a similarity in the two. Even more important, perhaps, is the physiologically substantiated fact that his body seems to contain hardly any of the cells that were present a dozen years or so before. So far as size, shape, skill, strength and appearance are concerned, a man becomes considerably transformed over the years, while so far as the constituent cells of his body are in question, he becomes almost entirely changed. Yet there is a deep and undeniable sense in which it is the same man who is adult and who was embryo or child. Unless a man is to be designated as a new being every time he loses or adds a cell, changes in strength, skill or appearance, one must affirm that there is something in him which is of his essence and which remains constant throughout his days. Despite the fact that he changes, he remains self-same, a being with a history and a single career.

There is a familiar answer by Kant to such observations. He thinks it is possible to deny that a man is one being from birth to death. "If," he says, "we postulate substances such

that the one communicates to the other representations together with the consciousness of them, we can conceive whole series of substances of which the first transmits its state, together with its consciousness, to the second, the second its own state with that of the preceding substance to the third, and this in turn the states of all preceding substances, together with its own consciousness and with their consciousness, to one another. The last substance would then be conscious of all the states of the previously changed substances, as being its own states, because they would have been transferred to it together with the consciousness of them. And yet it would not have been one and the same person in all these states."

In this way one might, to be sure, explain how one might *suppose* he was self-same for a time, and perhaps even explain how he could remember. But one could not explain how a man could be responsible or how there could be either identity or change for him. Each of the momentary substances, on this view, merely comes to be for a moment and then gives way to another. But it is a man who changes. And to be that which changes, a man must also be that which is constant. We know it is our selves that change. That is why we know it is our selves that are constant. Because we know that we are constant, we know it is our selves that change.

A man is guilty of a crime he committed a year ago. His guilt is not decreased, but in fact increased if he changes his face and fingerprints in the meantime. He is guilty all the while, and this whether or not he is conscious of the fact. We want him to be conscious of his guilt before we punish him, so that the full meaning of the punishment will be clear. We await his awakening, not his recovery of identity. He does not lose his identity by forgetting who he is; he does not become a renewed man by remembering who he was. He is self-same all the while, in sleep and waking but the latter alone is the appropriate time to let him know the nature of the crimes he committed. If he changes his face and fingerprints he is different in appearance

from what he was, but throughout he is the self-same being. The differences characterize him; they are changes *of* him, not *in* him.

Changes are specifications, determinations, specializations of one unchanging nature. It is tempting to suppose that this unchanging nature is the life in the body. After all, only one life is allotted to a man. The embryo does not have a life which passes away as soon as the embryo assumes the shape of a child. The child doesn't die in order to become a youth. It is the same life which vitalizes the embryo and the developed body. And that life relates, permeates and vitalizes every part of the body and is sensitive to the adventures they undergo. One life suffuses the whole and suffuses it from birth to death.

The life of a being, however, varies in intensity, force, mode of expression and bent from the beginning to the end of his days. The vitality of the embryo is different in nature and stress from that of a man. The life in a body is a continuous rather than a constant thing. There is more to a man, too, than the life that happens to be exhibited in his body. Man is equally himself when he is passive as when he is active, when asleep as when awake, though the degree of life exhibited in the body varies considerably at these different times. Only part of him is immersed in the form of life in the body, and this seems to ebb and flow in the course of the day. A part of man's nature might be said to be expressed as the life of a body, but the rest must be said to exist unexpressed in a bodily frame.

The life that is immersed in the body is a persistent but flickering flame. A man cannot be identified with it because he remains self-same even while it fluctuates; he cannot be identified with that life as together with the body it quickens, for two changing things do not add to a constant unless their variations balance one another. But the body and the life within it vary in the same direction, and to somewhat the same degree. The life in the body, no less than the body is something which a man has rather than is.

All changes presuppose something constant. Either, then, men are but passing shadows



across the face of some more constant thing, or there is within them a constant factor which is expressed as a fluctuating life in a changing body. But men act on their own and are self-same throughout their careers. There must be something in them which is neither body, the life which animates it, or the changing composite of the two. We must look elsewhere for the secret of his identity.

Were men merely unified bodies, everything they did would be a function of those bodies. Yet all seem to have a reason of their own. Though that reason expresses, responds and reports the things the body does and undergoes, it frequently concerns itself with other things as well. While the body feeds and grows, it thinks of mathematical truths or the scent of the rose. Though it does not operate until the brain is developed, and though it often reflects the state of the glands and the general health of the body, it is often vigorous though the body is weak, and feeble though the body is strong. The greatest intellects do not necessarily have the largest or the most convoluted brains, the best physiques or the most stable and perfect bodily health.

One could then with idealists make out a strong case for the identification of oneself with one's reason. Despite the fact that the body constantly changes in shape, size and accomplishment, the reason seems to have a rather constant cast. Men seem to retain the same mental qualities and intellectual bents throughout their lives. No matter how they vary the nature of their bodies they do not seem to be able to change themselves from engineers into poets, or from poets into mathematics. The body also distorts and limits one's intentions, whereas the reason seems to allow them full play.

Yet the reason cannot be what we seek. The reason is a late achievement, not present in the embryo. It has a different cargo and a different destination at different times. The statement that a man is a rational being expresses the character of a hope rather than the nature of a fact, unless our eyes and experience deceive us most grievously.

Nor is it the memory, as Locke suggests, of which we are in search. The memory splits into multiple unrelated fragments as one develops, embraces only part of what one is, does not encompass the present moment, and has little, if any, existence at the moment of birth. But what is constant in man is unitary and all-embracing, exists at the very beginning of his life and encompasses the present moment.

The human constant might more reasonably be identified with the will than with the memory or the reason. One can will to act, to think or to remember, and so far as this is true the will must be more fundamental than these other powers. The will, too, seems to remain constant for quite a while. Future deliberations run along the same course as past ones, and men hold themselves responsible for those past promises and acts they willingly performed. Yet despite all this, the will cannot be that of which we are in search. The will waxes and wanes in strength and direction from time to time. It is not a constant thing. It is not possessed by all human beings all the time, for infants and those asleep and unconscious seem to be without a will of any kind. A will exists only when one is willing; the rest of the time it disappears into the recesses of one's being, appearing once again with somewhat the same, though not necessarily the identical bent it had before.

The constant factor characteristic of a man lies beneath his life, memory, mind and will. It is not the whole of him, for the life and the body, the memory, mind and will are part of him as well. Nor is it separated off from these, for he is one being and not many. A man is both a constant and a changing being. He can be both, and still be a unity, because his changes are determinations of a single undetermined factor, a self, which is unchanged throughout his days.

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# *The History Trip*

SALLY PATTERSON WOKE up with a feeling of expectancy. She knew there must be something she was looking forward to because of the way she woke up all at once, snapping in the button of the alarm clock and then not even wanting to roll over. Wide awake as she was, however, it took her a few minutes to remember. She realized that it was Friday, that school would be over at 12:30, and that her mother would have hot-dogs and potato salad for lunch, her favorite meal. But although Friday was always a singularly happy day, for these reasons and also because it meant freedom from study and freedom to play during the weekend, this Friday was quite special. The hot-dogs and potato salad made her remember, because, of course, there would be none today. Today was an out-of-the-ordinary Friday. Today the History class was taking a field trip. History had its good points, Sally meditated. Studying Medieval Days was really not boring because one could connect those days with the present. Sally's teacher had impressed this theory upon the minds of her pupils, and was actually proving it by putting it into practice this afternoon. The History class was going to pay a visit to a Settlement House somewhere on the lower East Side, passing, on the way there, through some of New York City's most disreputable districts. This was to show the growing child that although there was always room for improvement, steps had been taken by social workers to ameliorate the condition of the under-privileged. All this, of course, with a backward glance to the dirt and disease of the Middle Ages.

Sally felt tremendously excited, and bubbled over with enthusiasm at breakfast. Her

spirit was contagious, and her mother felt a rising pride in her child, thinking how wonderful that Sally should take such an interest in seeing how the other half lived, and calculating quickly that Sally would have a head-start when she was old enough to join the Junior League. They did that sort of thing. Even Sally's father put down his newspaper momentarily and smiled, thinking a little vaguely of the merits of a better education. Nevertheless, ten was really a very early age to be taking in social problems, he reflected, and he hoped that Sally would not be exposed to any kind of disease going to such a place. But she went to a good school, he concluded, one of the best. He had inquired about it assiduously, and the President of the bank had a daughter there, so the teacher would be sure to take all necessary precautions.

Sally hurried through her cereal and bacon and eggs, gulped down a large glass of milk, and was struggling into her coat when Nanny appeared with books and trading cards. "Don't forget to wear your gloves, dear," Sally's mother admonished. She, too, had thought of possible contact with dirt or disease. Sally mumbled, kissed her parents hastily and departed, escorted by her sedate German Nanny. The school bus stopped only two blocks away, but little girls get lost easily in a big city, and there are always strangers. Sally looked like a little girl from a prosperous family. "Nanny is there 'just in case'," her mother had explained to Sally one time when Sally had indicated that she found the greater freedom of some of her classmates desirable.

When Nanny and her charge had left the room, the house settled down again. Mrs. Patterson stirred her coffee pensively. She was thinking that Hatte Carnegie was having a sale, and that she would just have time enough to go there and get back to her bridge-luncheon. Then her thoughts switched to Sally, and she remarked in a bemused way, "She really is a happy child, Fred. You'd think she was going to a circus this afternoon."

"She ought to be. Hope she has a good time," Mr. Patterson replied laconically, his eyes on Stock Market reports, his spoon halfway to his mouth. "Prices are gong up," he said.

Having lunch at school on Friday was quite nice, Sally decided. The big, sunny dining-room had been kept open on purpose, and the History class ate together in solitary splendor. Although Sally much preferred hot-dogs and potato salad to chops and string beans (which always reminded her of the meals she had at home when she had a cold), the prospect of the afternoon made up for this temporary loss. A specially chartered bus left the school at 2:00, and the children were told that they could make noise now but must be quiet when the bus reached a certain part of town. Then the History class would begin, the teacher said, and they were to listen to her while she pointed out sights of particular interest. The children complied, and made such noise trading cards, throwing balls and comparing arithmetic that the driver shuddered, mentally held his head, and thought longingly of his evenings at home in a room over Sloppy Joe's.

Time for history began a scant twenty minutes later, when the bus passed through a series of narrow streets on the lower East Side. The sidewalks were spotted with carts, whose penciled signs advertised hot chestnuts, hot tamales, and fresh lettuce. There were no flower carts, for flowers sold better uptown. There was, however, a stray geranium here and there in a cracked pot on a window sill. Women leaned out of the windows, or talked on the steps before the brown-stone fronts. Children and dogs, both equally mangy,

played hopscotch or tag on the street, and the driver was forced to honk his horn several times. "These people are not as badly off as some we will see later on, children," the teacher said, "but notice the litter on the streets and the dirty curtains in the windows." (The History teacher was very observant of details). "*They*," she pointed to a group of particularly tough-looking older boys playing craps on the sidewalk," have obviously not been well-educated, nor have they had good family-lives, because, as you can see, they are not working and make no attempt at decency."

A cloud came over the city just then, and hung precariously over the roof-tops. It shed a few drops of rain, and the teacher looked worried. A sunny day and a good time were synonymous in her mind, and it was her duty to give the children a good time. A half-hearted roar of thunder gave added weight to her next words. "See those buildings, children? Those are what are called dumb-bell apartments. All the buildings are so close together that no light can enter. Inside the rooms are small and dark, filled with many large families, most of whom use one room, and the halls smell because the garbage isn't put out. But those people don't want things any better, because if the landlord fixes things up, he also raises the rent." The description was particularly vivid because it came out of a book, and Sally shivered, partly because it had seriously begun to rain, and partly at the thought of garbage and families actually living together.

The bus stopped at last before a dirty, white brick house with a flight of stone steps leading down below street level. The children piled out, some silent, some complaining about the rain, others jumping up and down because the long ride had made them restless.

The door opened, and a slightly haggard but gentle looking elderly woman drew them into a dim hallway. She welcomed them cordially, and explained to the teacher that this was a good time to come because they were having arts and crafts. (Sally speculated a little about the undefined "they"). The

woman opened a door, and the children peered into a moderately-sized room. The one window at the far end looked up and out at the street, but the curtains were of a cheery red-checked gingham which reminded Sally of the dish-towels in Alice's kitchen at home, and the walls were tacked with crayon sketches. There were three small round white tables, built close to the floor, at which were seated girls whose ages ran from about six to seventeen. Some were making crayon drawings, some moulding clay into various shapes, and others sewing on what seemed like odds and ends of material.

The talking stopped at once, and the group of workers stared at the children who also stared and whispered. "They are all so busy," the woman explained, and turning to the workers she said, "These are some nice children who have come to look at—"she hesitated, confused, and then went on in another vein, "They are making reports, the way you do sometimes. They wanted to see a house like ours." There was a dead silence, while one half of New York looked at "the other half," until the latter had the grace to lower its eyes.

The elderly woman seemed to think the children had seen enough, and led them to another room, a bigger one which was almost empty. "This is our carpentry shop," she said, "and usually filled with boys and girls. But most of them are upstairs now having their weekly first-aid meeting. You may look around the room if you like." The children spread out eagerly, looking at the wooden bowls and boxes on shelves, picking up the meager tools and putting them down. Sally mentally compared this room with the carpentry shop at school with its shining lathes and other machines. One of the children seized a little wooden ship, and in showing it to a friend, broke the mast. "Shush," she whispered, "don't tell," and put the boat back. Sally saw her and was ashamed.

Going towards the back of the room,

however, she discovered a boy of about her own age working at a table in a corner which was hidden by a large rack and cupboard. He had been painting a small wooden figure. It was beautifully carved, Sally noticed, and delicately colored, the short, plump figure of a baby whose knees were almost as round as its head and whose arms were stretched out appealingly. "How pretty," Sally said spontaneously, "It must have taken you a long time to do." The boy stared at her and remained silent. Sally felt herself blush, but wanting to be friendly she went on: "Is the baby someone you know or are you making it up?" A look almost of astonishment crossed the boy's face, and then his black eyebrows came together in a frown, and he said in a tone of utter loathing, "What did *you* have to come down to look at *us* for? This isn't a zoo!" He picked up his brush and went back to work.

Sally moved away slowly. She felt like hiding, like crawling into the back of a closet among the shoes. She also felt like crying. The teacher was calling the children together. "Come, Sally, it's time to go home." The ride back into the seventies had all the aspects of a nightmare to Sally. The history trip was over, the weekend ahead, the children made more noise than ever. Sally pressed her nose to the window and looked out unseeingly. The driver drove faster because he, too, was going home.

At Seventy-fifth street, Sally got off. The teacher made sure that there was someone to meet her, and then asked smilingly whether Sally had had a good time. "Yes," said Sally, "thanks a lot." "See you on Monday," she yelled to some of her friends, and as the bus pulled away and Nanny bundled her into a raincoat and under an umbrella, to Nanny's amazement as well as to her own, Sally burst into tears. "It was horrible," she cried, and when Nanny anxiously asked her why, she couldn't answer.

PATSY VON KIENBUSCH, '47





***The . . .***

# T I T L E

***Bryn Mawr***

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***December, Nineteen forty-five***

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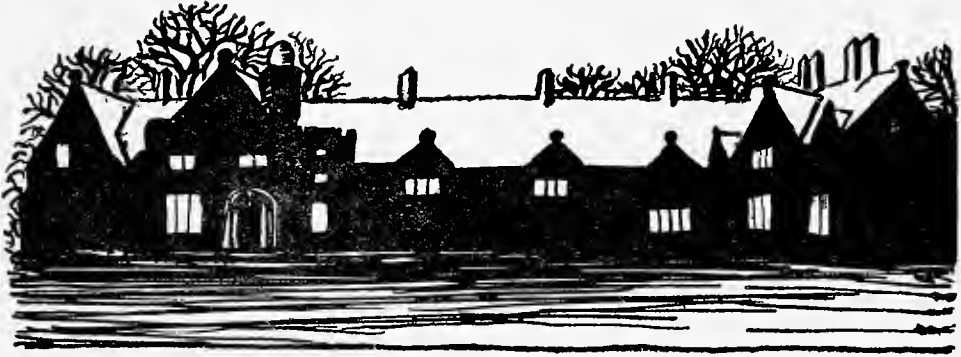


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# EDITORIAL



IN THE WEDNESDAY, November seventh issue of *The College News*, there was an excellent editorial on *The Title* for which *The Title's* editors are obliged. Although the editorial asked for a reply to criticisms made by the students, we feel that it answered itself all the questions which were raised and we have little else to say. Two editorials have already been written on *The Title* by its own editors in the past two years, and we do not want the college to think that all we can write about is ourselves.

There is one point, however, which *The College News* mentioned and which we feel is important enough to elaborate upon. *The News* said that "there has been a demand for a lighter touch."

No one feels this need more than we do. In the first issue of *The Title*, May, 1944,

when our policy was presented, we said that the magazine wanted humor. This statement still stands. We cannot believe that Bryn Mawr is academic to the exclusion of humor, nor that its sense of humor has become rusty during the recent rainy weather. We firmly believe that laughter is a joy in life. This does not mean childish absurdity or vulgarity, nor does it indicate that our contributors have to copy *The New Yorker*, an effort generally unsuccessful because *The New Yorker* style is for the most part inimitable.

Humor, however, is a rare quality of many elusive varieties and almost impossible to unearth on the spur of the moment. Therefore, we cannot go to the students and say, "Give us something humorous" as we could ask for a dissertation on the architecture of Taylor Hall. The students must come to us.

# The Rabbit

I LOOKED AT MY REFLECTION in the train window. The images of people on the platform beyond were merging with the reflections of those in the aisle beside me like shadows under water crossing and recrossing. Suitcases were banged and stacked. Voices echoed and the echoes shook and scattered. The train jerked and slid into motion again, and just then a corporal's jacket appeared on the hook in front of me. The corporal fell into the seat beside me and arranged his feet. I looked out the window. Nothing happened for a while.

"I just made it" he said.

"I'm glad you did" I said.

He pressed his hands together, matching the fingers carefully, and then he began to tap his fingers softly against his palms. He saw me looking at his hands and stretched them out stiffly, one on each knee. They were big and angular, and the fingernails were badly bitten. He wore a wide gold wedding ring. I looked out the window. Nothing happened for a while again. Telephone poles went by. Fields passed. The corporal shifted his shoulders. I looked back and caught a glimpse of the service ribbons on his jacket.

"Have you just come back?" I asked him.

"No." He paused. "I've been here for three months, in and out of the Army Hospital."

"Oh."

"It's a great life."

I looked at his face to see whether he was smiling, and he was, so we both laughed. His eyes were bright and dark. I looked out the window again. There was a gravel bank moving swiftly beyond the tracks and it slanted down to dark fields. It was getting dark quickly. The corporal seemed very young to be married.

"You're very young to be married, aren't you?" I said.

He laughed gently as if he hadn't quite heard me. Then he said "Oh, I've been married for two years." He listened to what he had said. "It was a month before I went overseas. I was just nineteen. She was eighteen, my wife was."

"Oh" I said, "only a month. Your wife must be glad to have you back home." He seemed to be leaning forward, and I wondered what he was looking at. He twisted his head around and grinned at me, but, as suddenly as he moved, strange things seemed to happen to the muscles in his face until his grin tightened and jerked into a stiff grimace, where it stayed as he breathed and waited. I must have seemed startled because he turned his face away and took the ticket from between the two metal rims on the seat ahead and started to fold it back and forth. His face had relaxed somewhat and I could see the muscles twitch.

"My wife" he said, and then he started over again and looked at me, "My wife is a beautiful girl."

"I'll bet she is" I said right away.

His eyes understood. "She's the most beautiful girl in New York," he said softly. He began to smile. "You should see her. She has blonde hair, real blonde, and the bluest eyes I've ever seen." He made secrets out of what he said rather than out of what he didn't say, but quite unconsciously. It was his voice, perhaps, or his eyes. "I'll show you a picture of her" he said.

"Oh, I'd love to see it."

He reached around for his wallet. "She's only five feet one" he said. "She's tiny—she's got such little hands you wouldn't believe it, and she has dimples when she smiles. When I first saw her I couldn't believe she was real." He laughed a little. "There she is."

I held it up and squinted, and there was a

girl sitting on some porch steps squinting back at me.

"It isn't very good, but you can get sort of an idea" he said.

"My, she's perfectly lovely" I said.

"Well, you can't really tell from that, it isn't very good."

"She's lovely looking. She must be perfectly wonderful."

"I tell her her eyes look like stars," he said, taking the wallet. He laughed. "I really got poetic over that girl."

"I don't blame you," I said. I became aware that my nose was shining. I looked out the window for quite a while. Buildings went by; warehouses and factories went by. The sky looked like a ragged backdrop behind grey footlights. It was getting dark. I wondered, and I wondered what I was wondering about. I looked at the corporal. His face was smooth and young looking, and I could imagine him in a graduation play or in a baseball game, but not in a war. He was still leaning forward a little, looking at something, and I reached around with one foot for the magazine I had dropped and leaned over to get it.

"Would you like to look at this? It's a little dusty, but there are some good stories in it." He took it and seemed to relax for a minute. Then he began to turn the pages, and when he got to the stories, he looked intently at the pictures, as if he were either analysing them in some curious way or thinking about something else. He seemed to begin one story but then the train stopped at Newark and people got off and on. He closed the magazine, folded it flat between his hands and looked vacantly out the window. We started across the low marshes and the lights went on.

"I wish we'd hurry. We're almost an hour late" I said, because I might have said almost anything.

"Yes," he answered, "in the Army you get used to waiting. Hurry up and wait, that's all there is. Hurry up's the part that's bad. Waiting is all right, if you know how." I could hardly hear him. He stopped, and a series of quick spasms turned the expression on his face into something grotesque. This

time he did not turn away. His eyes looked a little bit bewildered.

"You just" he said. Then he lowered his face for a minute. "You just have" he looked up and his face sagged wearily "you just have to have something to think about, and you have to know how to think."

I laughed a little. "Hurry up is the part that's bad," he said, "hurry up is bad business." He pressed his hands together, matching the fingers carefully.

The noise of the train was very loud for what seemed like a long time and then it became much louder with a rush that poured bursting sound into our ears. We were in the tunnel. The corporal said something but his voice was swept away and drowned.

"What?"

"My wife."

"I can't hear you."

"My wife is going to meet me at the station."

Lights flashed by. People pulled coats on and stacked bags in the aisle. For some reason I reached up and took the corporal's jacket and handed it to him. His face was in shadow, but I could see him smile. He got up to put it on, and put his cap on. I stood up and edged my bag from under the seat. The train stopped with a lurch. People swarmed into the aisle and fought their way out the door. The sound of the train still throbbed in our ears and noise flooded in from outside. I saw the corporal turn to me and start to take my hand as if he were going to say goodbye. Instead, his grip closed upon my hand until the bones were crushed violently together. I looked at him with the light on his face and saw that it was seized and twisted into a face that was not his own, and the muscles seemed strained into that strange mask as if they had been caught unprepared, unaware of something, and frozen suddenly, irrevocably. His eyes stared at me in stark bewilderment. We stood there like that and then I gripped his shoulder with my free hand as hard as I could. "It's all right, it's all right" I said. He dropped his hand with a jerk. We still stood there. "It's all right" I said. Suddenly he sat down. He sat there for a minute without moving.

"Come on" I said, "come on now, take my bag. Here, take my bag." He got up without looking at me and took my bag down the aisle and out to the platform. Then he put it down and turned to me. He looked like an old man. His face was smooth and still, but he looked like an old man. He started to say something, but then I saw him look over my shoulder and this time I saw how the beginning of the change came when it seized his face. He brushed past me quickly. I turned. There was a little blonde holding her mother's arm. Her eyes were wide and she had a small round mouth. She looked at the corporal and stared. She gave a little sob and put her hands up over her mouth. She began to cry. Her mother said something to her angrily and jerked her arm. "Oh Mother" she wailed "I can't stand it, I can't stand it. He isn't any better at all." She began to sob out loud and tried to hide her face in her mother's shoulder.

Then several things happened at once. The corporal stopped. I rushed forward toward him. A plump little figure swathed in furs and crowned with an incredible hat elbowed me in the ribs and barked "Here, you take this," pushing a large hatbox into my face. She proceeded without breaking her stride and wheeled the corporal around. "Young man you need a cup of coffee" she said. "You come with me. I know where we can get an elegant cup of coffee, and I need one myself. Come with me." She barged past me with the corporal in tow and elbowed me in the ribs again. "You take care of that little idiot" she hissed in my ear. Then they disappeared.

I went over to the girl and her mother. People stared and went by. "See here, what's the matter with you?" I said. "What's the matter with her?" I said to her mother. Her mother looked at me furiously. "All right, you handle it" she said. "I want no part of it. I told her not to marry him and I'm through. You handle it and see how you like it." She stalked away, but I saw her turn and watch us for a moment before she went up the escalator. The girl stood there sniffing, reaching through her purse for a handker-

chief. I told her not to be a fool and then gave her my own handkerchief, which she never gave back to me. She blew her nose and people came and went and the train left again, its small lights dribbling off vaguely into the tunnel.

I must have talked to her for about ten minutes. I can't remember what I said at all. Nothing seemed to happen. Finally I told her that she looked terrible, and she took out a little pink compact and dabbed at her nose. As a matter of fact, she looked rather like a rabbit. She took out a little pink lipstick and looked at herself in her compact mirror and sighed a small moist sigh and put the lipstick back without using it. Then we went up the escalator and checked the bags and went up the next escalator to the restaurant.

The corporal was sitting quietly drinking coffee and the small lady was leaning toward him speaking in a confidential way. Whatever it was on her hat nodded up and down, and every now and then the corporal would smile a little and say something. His face looked calm. When we got there we discovered that they were talking about trout-fishing. "Well, well," said the small lady as if she were about to interview us for a job. "Well, sit down." We did, and the rabbit sat next to the corporal.

"Oh Herbie," she said. He didn't say anything.

The waiter brought us some coffee. We sat there a while talking about trout-fishnig. The corporal and the Rabbit began to talk to each other a little, without looking at each other. Then the small lady got up and I got up too. We all said goodbye. It seemed odd to me that his name was Herbie.

The small lady turned to me outside the restaurant. "And I suppose that you have lost my hatbox," she said. "No" I said. "I checked it. I didn't know how long we would have to wait." We went down and got her hatbox and my suitcase and went out looking for taxis. She found one right away but I stood there for quite a while. They came in from the dark street full, and waited, and poured

into the tunnel again, bright and streaked with rain. They might have been the same ones over and over again, going in one simple circle around and down, under and around.

I wondered, and I wondered what I was wondering about. I ran across the street and

pushed some people aside to get into a taxi.

"Grand Central?"

"Yes."

It was very dark and very late and I wondered when I would get home.

SANDOL STODDARD

## *Mist Moods*

The fog lifts slowly in the morning  
And the sky which was virgin blue at seven  
Is overcast soon, and from each dawning  
To each noon, there is fog upon the lake or heaven.

Because we are not built as entities,  
Because perfection is a wanton child  
Not fully grown, and never to be held, the seas  
Retain their subtleties, tame things go wild.

Because we are not good, bad, nor pure.  
Because there is no finding of a line  
That never moves, and time makes us unsure  
Of certainty, because we cannot hold it and define. . . .

The plotted schemes are whirled upon a colored ring,  
The marker thrown by a jester's hand.  
There may be one who cries who thought to sing.  
There's always one who cries, as fog will leave the land  
To hang against the sky.

PATRICIA HOCHSCHILD

# *I Wanted to Work*

THERE IS AN ECSTATIC sense of independence connected with one's first job, one's first employer, and one's first pay check.

After seventeen sheltered years at home, I had an unbearable yearning to become part of the vast mechanism of labor. I longed for the excitement of meeting a world different from my own and associating with men and women who represented all my visionary dreams of business life.

Thus, with thoughts such as these whirling through my mind, I entered the personnel department of R. H. Macy and Company.

"You are very young to be working," said the women in charge, "and I see that you have had no business experience."

"Oh, but I'm very willing to learn," I replied, sensing that I sounded like the little girl in the story book and thrilled by the similarity.

"Very well," acquiesced my interviewer. "I'll find a vacancy for you in the auditing department."

The auditing department! I was even too indignant to protest. How could I meet the world in the auditing department? I wanted to stand behind a counter and, with persuasive oratory, convince customers that they needed that extra pair of gloves. I had eagerly awaited the numerous occasions when a Hollywood star would unexpectedly saunter in and ask me to show her a diamond brooch. I longed to see and study every type of humanity that daily seethed in the biggest department store on earth.

However, the auditing department it was.

On entering, I was handed a box of sales check stubs with the words "department-clerk" and "check" printed clearly on each

one. Under each of these items were numbers and my task was to place all the stubs in numerical order. I was then to lay them in neat piles, oh, but very neat piles, within a box.

I accomplished my task quickly and happily so that I could begin the real work that awaited me.

When I triumphantly announced the end of a job well done, instead of receiving a new and fascinating assignment which would place me in close contact with Mr. Macy himself, I was handed another box of stubs. And another after that, and so on through the day.

At the end of the eighth hour, I was prepared to let Mr. Macy sort his own stubs and to look for a job teaching solitaire to the mentally retarded. However, when I thought of the derision of my family and of the month's commutation ticket I had bought, I decided to wait a little while longer.

By the end of the week I was raised to a new and exalted position that made my lot much more bearable. My supervisor, Miss Grimes, said that she had watched me carefully ever since I had arrived, had noted with what dexterity I had separated the stubs, and, thus, had decided to give me a new responsibility. I was to answer the telephone.

Why Miss Grimes could not answer her own telephone is a problem still to be solved, for that mechanism lay on her desk almost touching her elbow. However, when the phone rang, I would make a mad dash from the back of the room, grab the receiver, listen excitedly to the voice at the other end, and say quietly but efficiently, "It's for you, Miss Grimes."

Miss Grimes would always look up quickly as if she had not heard the phone ring and

could not possibly understand who would be calling her.

Nevertheless, the majority of my time was spent in filing stubs and I hated each little slip of paper with a vehemence I never knew I possessed. At night I would fall asleep to the tune of department-clerk-check, department-clerk-check and in the morning I would discover that the stubs had been placed in numerical order in my dreams.

I grew pale and listless, for the future held no promise of happiness and my present status was sapping the vitality from my being.

For this reason, one month after I had enthusiastically accepted my first job and just

two days before my commutation ticket ceased to be effective, I resigned from office.

The question of whether my job was a total loss has often confronted me. I had not once felt that ecstatic sense of independence. At no time did I realize any satisfaction in becoming a part of the vast mechanism of labor. Nor did I meet a new and exciting world in which I was to study humanity. However, I did gain one thing which I have never before divulged to anyone. Just two minutes before leaving, I slipped my hand into Miss Grime's desk and drew out a single stub, the memento of my first job.

ENID SHAPIRO

## *Summer Night*

Deep calm  
And soft,  
And time inverted  
In a dark dome  
Above the settling earth.  
Height and depth  
In purpling tones  
Cut by the horizontal thread—  
Color of old brass—  
Of cicada—  
Quivering from grass to grass,  
Two feet above the earth.  
Noise of brushing leaves  
Rides the thread  
As a tight-rope,  
And is gone,  
Absorbed by  
This deep sponge of night.  
Deep calm,  
And soft;  
Cicada  
And sharp star  
Two finite points of  
Infinity,  
Measuring lengths  
Of the wind-dipped dark.

JOAN BREST



# Paolo and Francesca

*In this poem, the author has used as a basis the skeleton story told by Dante in the "Inferno." She has elaborated upon the Dantean legend, adding to it freely with her imagination in an endeavor to animate the characters and to give them more depth. The poem is too long to be included in its entirety in one issue. The editors have therefore divided it into two parts, the second of which will appear in the next issue of "The Title."*

I am an exile from my land; I, the Lord of Rimini by right . . .  
I shall go back to Rimini again,  
I, Gianciotto Malatesta, the crippled, the lame,  
The hated murderer, stoned, cursed, reviled.  
Turning to the city of my birth, the city where I died—  
I, living, existing, have no life. All thoughts are death,  
The twisted products of a deadened mind. No breath  
I draw conveys the sweetness of the air;  
Instead, I am enveloped by a fog of death  
Clinging to me everywhere.  
I shall go back  
To Rimini again,  
Rimini, Rimini, of rolling land and fertile earth  
Solid, upward pushing towards the sky,  
Bearing without effort the heavy laden grain.  
The wind leans against the curving spears  
Golden in the sun, silver in the rain.

Who can say what power molds a child before his birth?  
I was born into an evil time, of warfare and of strife.  
A child deformed is given keener eyes and ears and soul, for what they're worth,  
Attonement for the other pleasures of this life.  
I have seen a tree, crippled by the constant buffet of the wind  
Become more gnarled and stand in stunted bareness apart from all its kind.  
Thus am I; initial weakness of my human frame  
Set me apart, fair game for any changing wind.  
The sheltered one, who with a thousand of the same  
Grows straight and tall, whether man or tree, finds  
In either case, peace that comes from security  
And strength that follows companionship confined to narrow minds.  
Thus was my brother, Paolo Malatesta,  
Tall and straight, a noble youth.  
He was concerned with living in that what he asked  
Of life was nothing hard; work was play,  
Love a game. Paolo lived from day to day;  
He could not see the bitterness and farce behind the struggle,  
Nor did he feel the blankness of succeeding hours, weeks and months  
Filled with the question why, why, why.  
Why is Italy so sadly torn; why is there no end

To bickering among her lords? Why is there no peace,  
Except in fragments, when the mind crumples,  
Yielding to the beauty of a windy night  
That buffs the moon and stars?  
Paolo, lost in chasing trivialities,  
Forgot the larger part of life. He never thought  
In riddles, or pondered, or saw  
What he could be and have, if he could answer  
The question that made me old.  
Thus we were, two brothers, worlds apart.

The day our father told us that the feud had ceased  
Between the family of Polenta and our own,  
A futile war that had been waged for years, the cause long buried in the past,  
We were standing side by side within the garden,  
And to me, a burden had been slipped off my shoulders and released.  
Paolo merely laughed, and leant to crush a snail beneath a stone.  
His eyes fell upon the broken shell he had destroyed,  
And there was a half-frown on his face; he seemed a child annoyed  
At the ending of a game. "The Eagle of Polenta has agreed  
To settle the old score?" He plucked a weed, and tore it, leaf by leaf.  
Our father stood and looked at us, standing side by side.  
His glance pierced us, and I saw the gleam of pride  
As his eyes searched Paolo's manly face and form.  
I tried to speak; no words would come.  
Paolo also sensed that pride, and made an effort to redeem me.  
"He dreams; Gianciotto likes your news. He hated our enjoyment of a rousing  
fight."

Dreams, Paolo said. He called it dreaming to escape  
The night-mare which surrounded us? Nay, I am awake,  
He was the dreamer, and spun his dreams in shining, flimsy patterns till his eyes  
Were blinded by their gleam and covered by their guise.  
Sometimes, in the hour which gives dawn its birth  
One can hear the quiet of the velvet night slipping from the earth.  
I lay awake, and watched the sky grow light,  
The stars were drained away, the world was overcast with shimmering white.  
The day thus born brought my father to my den  
Where I enjoyed the solitude to study from a vellum page.  
Well I loved those books of mine; the oily feel, the smell of ink,  
The gleam of burnished gold, the filigree with pen.  
Yet even more than this, the comfort of the wisdom from a bygone age;  
My thoughts joined the printed word to form a golden link  
Within the bounds of which I felt I knew the world.  
My father's words were blunt; Guido da Polenta  
Wished to join our lands as assurance of the new-made truce.  
I was to wed Francesca, his younger child,  
And bring her back to Rimini as my bride.  
His words reached me, and my heart gave a leap.  
A wife, one who could break the aloneness,  
Could share my thoughts, feel my fears—all those dreams

Surged within me, and I trembled.  
"Francesca," my father said. The syllables rolled off his tongue as music.  
"Francesca is her name."  
Francesca, Francesca. The sound of it poured life into my soul.  
Francesca, Francesca; I heard far bells begin to toll.  
The whispering leaves caught up the name, Francesca,  
Francesca—but I was lame.  
Around me silence throbbed; the sudden joy melted from my soul.  
Lame, lame, lame the mocking distant bells began to toll.  
Haltingly, my voice cracked, harsh, I asked  
If Paolo should not be the one to do this task,  
Of allying our houses. It was common sense to see  
A woman would consent to marriage with Paolo, not with me,  
The reason that he gave me seemed so right;  
It is not the body of a man, but the soul within  
That is of worth. How could I know the very sight  
Of crippled limbs could blind the eyes, and keep the message of the soul shut in?  
And so we were betrothed, Francesca and I,  
Unknown to each other, as the days until our marriage hastened by.  
I wished to make the journey to Polenta. Little did I know  
What plans my father made; I should have guessed—  
There were so many reasons why I should not go.  
My horse was lamed; two cripples (with a laugh) could not survive the ride.  
Or, I, the eldest son and bridegroom should stay at Rimini to greet my bride.  
I never dreamed they lied,  
My father and my brother, to save my pride.  
They knew Francesca, who delighted in the beautiful and fair,  
Was too fragile, too shallow, perhaps, to care  
Or take the trouble to discover what lay underneath  
A distorted frame; it was not the blade she cared for, but the jewelled sheath.  
And so I watched them disappear,  
And in my heart I felt a hopeless, gnawing fear.

The days dragged by; no word from Polenta.  
Then one morning, a knock at the gate; the message had come.  
I knew that night my bride would be there.

When the crescent moon had speared the tip of the distant hills  
Francesca came. In the flickering torch light she greeted me,  
Her voice sweet as the crystal lapping of the mountain rills.  
Something in me whispered, "once only part a man,  
You have become a whole—rejoice!"  
The crescent moon, the curving smile of night, looked down on me  
As I stood below her window.  
The heavens above me whirled, and I felt faint.  
Heavy was the perfume of the flowers,  
Thick was the air with a silver mist.

Slowly I knocked upon the carved door.  
Faint was the reply, "Paolo, Paolo, you were long in coming!"

My heart stopped, my brain grew black.  
 Cold, hot, cold—my hands were breaking the bronze lock.  
 Paolo! Paolo! A devilish plot. I saw it plain;  
 Francesca had been tricked, thinking to have wed my brother.  
 That was it, may their souls rot; I learned it from another.  
 Behind the door came a soft, sweet sigh  
 And in that moment I wished to die.  
 A gleam of light flashed out; as the door began to move  
 I saw Francesca's hand upon the ebon wood,  
 Slender, blue veined. It was as if the panel had gained life  
 And borne a flower. Then I saw my wife.  
 Francesca, as you trembled there, I looked upon you.  
 I have been moved by the vision of a star, so distant,  
 Quivering on the threshold of the night; how then  
 Can I tell how the sun rose before me, within the distance of my touch.  
 Her eyes grew wide as she saw my stricken gaze,  
 And I knelt upon the floor. There were so many ways  
 To tell her of the trick. I kissed the crimson hem  
 Of her wedding gown, and looked up to her face.  
 "Francesca," the low moaning of my voice echoed through the hall.  
 I thought my wife, transformed into an ivory statue, would fall.  
 "Francesca"—the name rang through my lips.  
 I felt a shudder that thrilled me to my finger tips.  
 I do not know what words I used, or what I said.  
 The things I told her were my soul, I laid it bare.  
 My dreams, my thoughts, fashioned in a diadem for her to wear.  
 I did not know how heavy they would be, those stones;  
 Faith and trust, the central gem—a woman's word;  
 Love, to keep throughout the years;  
 Hope; and Italy at peace, a kinder race, a broader mind . . .  
 I stopped. Francesca's head was bended low.  
 I saw her tears like polished opals flow.  
 My eyes met hers; it was as if a child stood there—  
 A child, who had been promised a gilded, carven toy  
 And found the actor's grotesque mask of tragedy  
 Lying in its place. Her face was more than I could bear.  
 In that silent moment I knew Francesca would not care;  
 Francesca, Francesca, is there none with whom to share  
 My thoughts, the sudden thrill of joy, or blank despair?  
 Nay, I am alone forever.  
 The sun and I exist in solitude,  
 To other men falls the glorious companionship of the stars.  
 These winged thoughts beat their wings in frenzy in my mind.  
 I rose, and stumbled down the cold stone hall.  
 And there I saw Francesca's shadow merge with mine upon the wall.  
 The faltering candles burned their message on my soul;  
 Life is a blank grey wall, upon which shadows fall.  
 Reality, casting them, is forgotten. All we are is what we seem,  
 The shadow on the wall,  
 A grotesque image of the truth . . . All.

ROSINA BATESON

## "Dr. Chambers, Upstairs"

AS I WALKED ALONG Beacon Street, dusk was drifting over the city. I lifted my head to enjoy an unexpected breath of country air which came to me from the leafy shadows of the Common, and for a minute it seemed as if the city had been magically silenced. I paused and found myself before a brown-stone house. Lights gleamed between damask curtains and through lavender-tinted window-panes. I had known this house and the people in it well, yet its presence was at once unwelcome and I regarded it with the hostility of a man who is suddenly imposed upon by something undesirably familiar. Memories crowded into my mind, disturbing my sense of time and space, and I felt myself drawn unwillingly but inevitably into channels of the past.

Tom Chambers and I were in college together. I passed him on the stairs in Eliot on the eve of my first day at Harvard and was drawn to him by the warmth of his smile and the attractiveness of his person. I wanted to meet and know him, for even in that brief glimpse I sensed that he could be valuable to me. I was obsessed with the idea that it was important for me to make contacts, to push myself up in a world naturally unsympathetic to those on the ground floor. I felt very deeply my social insignificance, resented my immigrant parents who had left me nothing but an American citizenship. For this reason, I seized and clung to the germ of friendship which was planted between Tom and myself during our Freshman year.

This friendship grew slowly, at first precariously based on the law that opposites attract. Tom had every obvious fortune that life could offer. Beacon Street, Back Bay,

Boston: the locality itself reflected his background, fairly shouted the blue-blood, backbone and respectability of his family. The Chambers constituted a long line of successful men, an unwavering line which reached back to pre-Bostonian days, if such there ever were. There was aristocracy in the Chambers' nose, stoic puritanism in the uncompromising set of the shoulders and straightness of the Chambers' back. Tom's family lived graciously and worked hard with an ease and unconsciousness to which I was totally unaccustomed. When I was with Tom, I grew even more aware that the good things of life are drawn, as by a magnet, to the man who receives them the most casually. Unlike Tom, an intensity of emotion accompanied every minor success of mine. Little material gains, small social advances formed the ballast of my life. In Tom's family and family history, life was composed of mountains without valleys, of heights no sooner viewed than scaled. I, on the other hand, struggled constantly against the insurmountable barriers of an immediate European background and insufficient finances. Thus I envied Tom, tended our friendship as a gardner tends his largest Queen Anne rose, and labored to ingratiate myself, as subtly as possible, into the favor of his family.

At the end of college, our concerns, which up to that time had been widely variant, suddenly merged into one mutual interest. Almost simultaneously we decided to become doctors. This deepened our friendship and magnified Tom's usefulness in my eyes. Through him I imagined associations with influential people, with wealthy and socially prominent people who would form the

nucleus of my circle of important patients. Tom saw humanity with all its aches and pains waiting on his doorstep; I saw a polished office with a waiting-room and nurse. We talked medicine until we were dizzy with its grandeur and exhausted before the innumerable opportunities which it offered.

Our years at Harvard Medical School passed in a day, although each day seemed a year. We worked with unabating ardor and our work made us inseparable. My feeling of inferiority beside Tom diminished as I gained confidence through my academic ability. But envy was still my familiar spirit and caused me to exult over every invitation to Tom's house for dinner. I was there often and, because of Tom, the family recognized and accepted me. I thought this and said so to myself, but nonetheless I was uncomfortable in the old brown-stone. I found it impossible to cast off a self-consciousness which left me uneasy in the presence of Tom's family and even of Tom, whom I now took for granted.

It was in that house that I was first struck by a difference in Tom. There had never been an interchange of confidences between us, none of those midnight discussions at college where boys reveal to one another their innermost thoughts and desires and at the same time their youthful egotism. Tom's soul, so to speak, had always escaped me, perhaps because I was too shallow to discover it, more probably because I was too absorbed in a conquest of his family and in pursuing him for what he could give me materially. This failure to grasp Tom's personality was made manifest to me in his home.

His friendly manner, which I had always derided as of superficial importance, took on a genuineness which put to shame my pretense of affability. His gentle voice vibrated and his blue eyes seemed to pierce every sham gesture and word which I expressed. At the same time I felt an incompatibility existing between him and his family. I was touched by the atmosphere of the household, impregnated as it was with prosperity and conventionalism, and envied Tom his position in it, but I was also affected by a strange power which seemed

to emanate from him. This puzzled me. I had always considered Tom lucky to be a part of a pattern as inexorable as that which Chambers hands had fashioned centuries ago, but when I actually stopped to picture him in his home, I questioned the truth of my reasoning, and left the house besieged by doubts about what was important in life.

In our last years at medical school when study for exams filled our thoughts and busied our pens more than ever, I saw less of Tom and during our ensuing internships several months elapsed when we saw each other not at all. But this separation was temporary, caused simply by the exigencies of the time, and I knew it could not alter our well-cemented friendship. At the end of the year we arranged to meet one afternoon in the Lafayette Bar.

I told Tom of my coming assistant residency in the Massachusetts General Hospital with a pride that studied indifference could not mask, and he responded with his natural enthusiasm. I asked him then where in Boston he planned to put out his shingle. Often had I sat at the dinner table listening to Tom's father expound on Tom's eventual medical career, on his practice in Boston which would thrive on the Chambers name alone. At these times envy had surged up in me irrepressibly, but now I was sure that although I had no name I could make one, and was anxious to impress upon Tom my own consequence. For this reason, I failed to notice that he was restless and preoccupied and that instead of answering my question he had asked me to dinner that evening.

There was a deceptive warmth in the air as I walked up to the brown-stone on Beacon Street. I rang the doorbell and was ushered into the living-room by Sterling, the indomitable butler. The family was gathered together before a fire drinking sherry. By this I understood that the dinner was to celebrate the end of Tom's internship and to send him off into the world of applied medicine. But the talk was commonplace and it was not until we were settled at dinner that Mr. Chambers began to orate about Tom. "It makes me proud

to see my son follow in the lines established by his predecessors," he boomed. I applied myself assiduously to the task of clearing my plate, knowing that Mr. Chambers' monologue would continue until dinner was over, but at the same time I was cognizant of a tension in the atmosphere. Again I felt a power in Tom, again it took me unawares. And then all at once I could put into words what I had always sensed about him. Tom would fail his family; of that I was certain. I looked at him with a mixture of contempt and amazement. I felt, incongruously, that I should be him and he should be me. I blamed him for relinquishing what he had—and what I desired—without exactly knowing what had happened.

It was not until we had returned to the living-room that I found out. I was startled to see Tom walk to the fireplace and stand before it. This was his father's habitual after-dinner position. Then he began to speak, slowly, deliberately and with strength. He spoke of admiration and respect for his family, of the importance of maintaining a good reputation, of being a success and continuing tradition. Then he paused. "Aware of this responsibility," he went on, "I nevertheless find it impossible to set up a practice in Boston. I believe the success of a doctor lies in his ability to give his best where it is most needed. There are hundreds of doctors in Boston, there are none in Faraway. Faraway is a village in the Tennessee mountains. The people there need a doctor's help and I want to give mine to them for what it is worth." Tom glanced at me. I looked away.

Shortly after this momentous episode, Tom left for the South. I waited anxiously for his first letter. I thought perhaps that it might provide a clue to his behavior. Since the dinner at his house, I had suffered. For once in my life I could not see the path clearly before me. I degraded Tom because he had broken with his background. His motive was incomprehensible to me and it made me worry because now I did not know the answer to everything about him. Tom's spirit had somehow penetrated the surface of my calculating per-

son and touched a man, unsure and bewildered. I thought perhaps there was a treasure of some kind which Tom had gone to dig up in the Tennessee village and which would make him rich and prove me right. I hoped that this was so, because I could not believe that a man could live without a material purpose.

But I was disappointed. The little village that Tom described consisted of one dirt road and a general store set in rock and barren soil. He had rented the store's second floor and converted it from a musty attic into an office. Below, he had hung a wooden painted sign, reading, "Dr. Chambers, Upstairs." The people he spoke of as unbelievably poor, illiterate and prey to disease. He had no practice as yet and his attempts to converse with the people had met with stony faces and deaf ears. They were mostly farmers, obdurate in their ways and naturally unfriendly. For once, I did not envy Tom.

He wrote seldom during the first year and a half of his life in Faraway, but I judged that this was because it was distasteful to him to write only of his troubles, because his pride would not allow self-pity. Then, at the beginning of his third year, he wrote more frequently and his letters became increasingly cheerful. He had won over and trained a country girl to help him in the office. She had persuaded her family, which was considerable, to come to him and this provided a necessary opening into the wall of hostility raised by the villagers. He had made friends with an old arthritis-ridden farmer, and another farmer, suffering from diabetes had come to Tom of his own accord. I thought of my patients. Tom was paid little, if at all, but living was cheap and often his patients paid in kind, leaving chickens and pigs and an occasional goat. "On good days," he wrote, "my office resembles a zoo!" In his letters he mentioned his family from time to time and always with affection, but I knew that he did not hear from them and that this hurt him.

At the close of his third year, the cheerfulness in his letters was sustained and he expressed satisfaction at the success of his efforts.

"My practice is increasing," he said, "and on the whole I enjoy my patients, although sometimes I could knock their heads together. It seems incredible to me that people should know so little of sickness. A man lets his foot become gangrenous, his teeth decay in his head before he notices it and comes to me. But at least he comes, and he is pathetically grateful if I can help him. I have good friends here." I shuddered.

And then one morning, shortly following the new year, I received a special delivery letter from Tom. He asked me to come to him with all possible speed. During an amputation, his hand had slipped and he had cut himself badly. He had been unable to help himself until the operation was completed and then it was too late. I boarded the next train and four days later rode into Faraway in a hay cart. Farmers were gathered in front of the store. Their silence told me better than words that Tom was dead. I found him upstairs, watched over by the sobbing country girl.

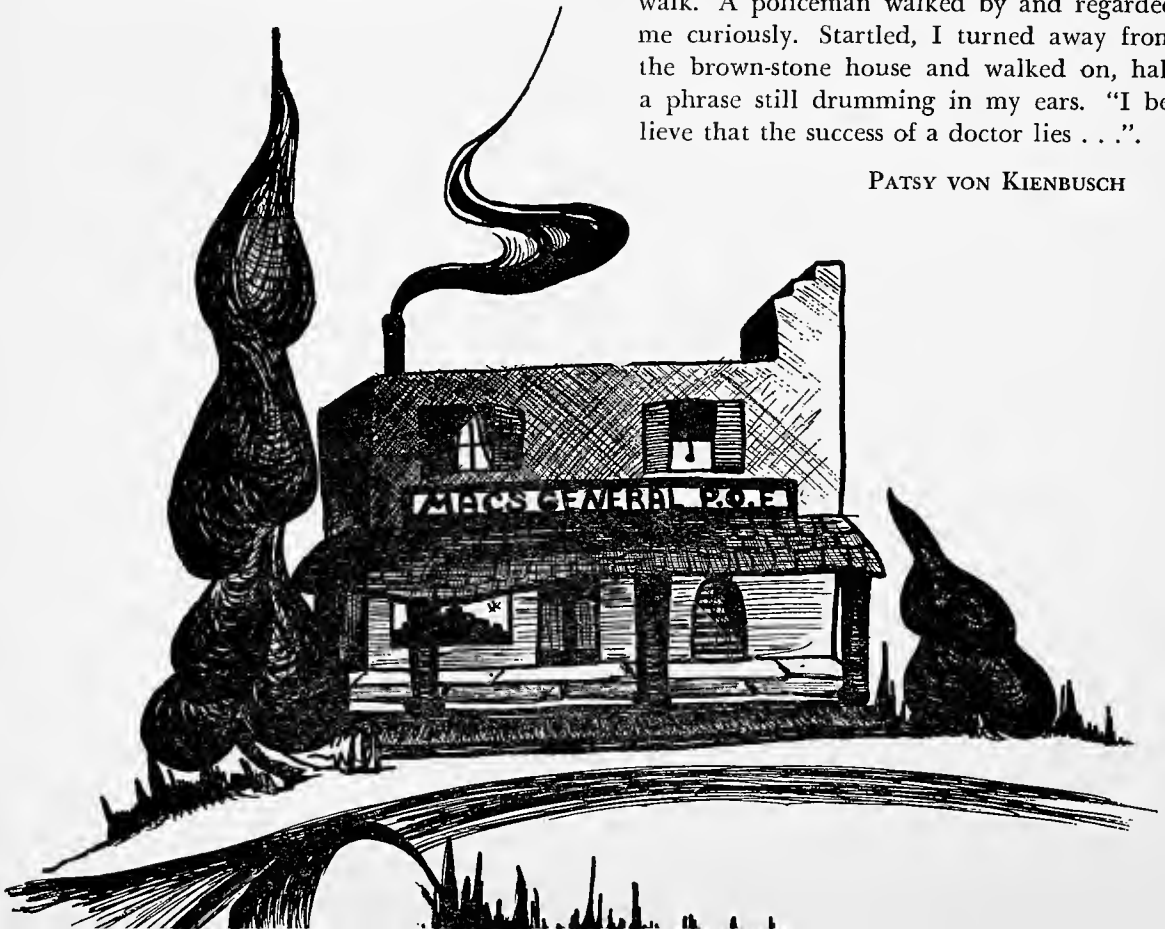
There was a knock at the door. Four farmers stood on the landing with a pine

coffin. I followed mutely as they carried Tom to a scrubby field filled with rocks and buried him there. Since there was no minister, I said a few words while the villagers, heads bared as if by instinct, stood about his grave. A silence ensued and then one old farmer muttered that he didn't think it looked nice buryin' 'em there so with no fixin's and allowed as how the Doc should have sumpin' better. There was a pause and then another farmer said he guessed mebbe he had an idea. He left the field and we waited an hour. He returned at last in a rattling cart. I saw that he carried a stick across which was nailed a wooden painted sign, reading, "Dr. Chambers, Upstairs."

It was not until that moment that I realized how wrong I had been. Then the full impact of what Tom had been struck me. I hated the village because it had killed Tom, loved it because of what it had given him. I saw his treasure, the treasure for which he had come uncalled to Faraway and I envied him, with all my soul.

The sky was black and the street lamps shed rays of harsh, artificial light on the sidewalk. A policeman walked by and regarded me curiously. Startled, I turned away from the brown-stone house and walked on, half a phrase still drumming in my ears. "I believe that the success of a doctor lies . . .".

PATSY VON KIENBUSCH





## *Robin Kelly and the Giant*

"What seek ye, Robin Kelly,  
In this cliff of Carrigmahon?  
Have ye shod a witch's filly  
That ye climb the giant's stair?  
Did ye steal a loaf and jelly  
Or rob a neighbor's snare,  
That ye clamber up the moonlight  
Through the rock-pierced midnight air?"

"Mahon MacMahon, great stone-beard.  
I do not exult in thunder  
Like the storm-blown eagle-bird;  
I climbed not your haunted staircase  
Because I was afear'd,  
But because I saw the face  
Of a stolen child. In my dream  
I heard his voice, thin and weird.

His name is Philip Ronayne,  
He has served you seven years;  
I have come to take him home again.  
I beg you, Mahon, yield the child;  
His mother seeks him all in vain,  
Her tears fall down, her eyes gleam wild,  
Give him back, the lad he was,  
The boy you lured away, beguiled."

"Bold blacksmith, ye may take the boy,  
If ye can find him 'mongst my pages  
(The thousands strong that I employ).  
Behold them . . . children all in green,  
Alike in size. I watch with joy  
These lads who scrub my palace clean.  
Go find him quickly if you can,  
Lest I regret how kind I've been."

"Mahon MacMahon, that I will.  
T'is this lad, that, no, this one here.  
Sure, and that boy is little Phil.  
He has his father's laughing eyes,  
Although he sits so sad and still."  
"Ho-ho, brave Robin, you are wise;  
Be off and teach this to worse men  
That fearlessness has gained your prize."

MARGARET E. RUDD

# Description and Atmosphere in the Novels of Virginia Woolf

*Received the Sheelah Kilroy Memorial Scholarship  
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ON A SEPTEMBER evening in the Isle of Skye, Lily Briscoe, one of the central figures in Virginia Woolf's novel, *To The Lighthouse*, stands on the edge of the lawn painting. In Lily's picture, Mrs. Ramsay and James, who are sitting in the open drawing-room window, are represented by a triangular purple shape, and as William Banks passes by, he offers the obvious criticism that the picture bears no resemblance to the actual figures in the window. But, as Lily explains, "she had made no attempt at likeness"; she has interpreted them in those terms because "if there, in that corner, it was bright, here, in this, she felt the need of darkness." The picture is not a portrait of mother and son, but of a sweep, an expanse, of sea and sky and afternoon where the question is "one of the relations of masses, of lights and shadows." In the same way, Virginia Woolf's novels are reflections of an intergrated and many-colored pattern, and so she cannot give up all her space to the discussion of human happiness and despair, for life is made up of the sea and the sky and the land, and human fortune only adds lights and shadows to it. Thus there is in her books a range above and below that of man's experience, and her characters take their places as beautifully-cut sections of a widespread pattern. Lily also struggles with the treatment of bright purple flowers on a starkly white wall; a successful artist had popularized a pale, pastel version of this landscape, yet because Lily sees fierce color and believes that

she must paint the truth, she cannot soften or alter it. Every artist has his own style, and Mrs. Woolf, like Lily, is aware of the vividness of flower and wall, and interprets them in passages of intense poetic feeling, and in descriptions of mood which stir the eye and ear with images and sound. The gift of her genius lies in an ability to create atmosphere, to fill scenes with a meaning beyond that of their physical beauty, and to base her writing not on provocative characterization or inventive plots, but on a feeling for the whole scope and extent of life.

Mrs. Woolf departs from the customary use of description in that she does not include imagery merely to create decorative passages which add color and imagination to the book while not contributing to its continuity. Her descriptions form a large and vital portion of her narrative, and are successful and stimulating because she avoids abstractions. She notices everything; she is sensitive to all colors, smells, tastes and sounds which give a scene its distinctive aura, and from this mass of sensations she chooses exactly the details by which most can be conveyed. There is a paring-away of what is superfluous in her imagery; a fine power of discrimination which gives her mood a clearness and richness in the reader's eye. She may show the midnight discussions between a professor and his students: "Sopwith, meanwhile, advancing with a curious trip from the fireplace, cut the chocolate cake into segments. Until midnight or later

there would be undergraduates in his room, sometimes as many as twelve, sometimes three or four; but nobody got up when they went or when they came; Sopwith went on talking. Talking, talking, talking — as if everything could be talked — the soul itself slipped through the lips in thin silver disks which dissolve in young men's minds like silver, like moonlight. Oh, far away they'd remember it, and deep in dulness gaze back on it, and come to refresh themselves again." Here individual human experience is recorded, but she tells elsewhere of the silence of a deserted house, in the section from *To The Lighthouse* entitled "Time Passes." "So loveliness reigned and stillness, and together made the shape of loveliness itself, a form from which life had parted; solitary like a pool at evening, far distant, seen from a train window, vanishing so quickly that the pool, pale in the evening, is scarcely robbed of its solitude, though once seen. Loveliness and stillness clasped hands in the bed-room, and among the shrouded jugs and sheeted chairs even the prying of the wind, and the soft nose of the clammy sea airs, rubbing, snuffling, iterating, and reiterating their question—'Will you fade? Will you perish'—scarcely disturbed the peace, the indifference, the air of pure integrity, as if the question they asked scarcely needed that they should answer: we remain." Over and over one realizes that she has found the precise word for what she wishes to say; her writing seems smooth and effortless, as though it were the easiest thing in the world to express oneself fluently, clearly, and beautifully. "And up came . . . old Mrs. Hilbery, stretching her hands to the blaze of his laughter . . . which, as she heard it across the room, seemed to reassure her on a point which sometimes bothered her if she woke early in the morning and did not like to call her maid for a cup of tea; how it is certain that we must die."

Her metaphors in particular are arresting. Skillfully she combines a picture with a thought, always putting the suitable picture with its corresponding idea. She uses images drawn from everything in life, usually simple, often humorous, always affective. They are

like spring-boards, which give the mind an initial fling, after which it is carried up and up by the power of that thrust; or like ever-widening circles in a pool, after the clean fall of her imagination has shattered its original stillness. She amuses one with statements like, "Damp cubes of pastry fell into mouths opened like triangular bags," when the harassed office-workers cram their pie at lunch-counters; she reflects Clarissa Dalloway's nimble imagination as London clocks strike: ". . . but here the other clock, the clock which always struck two minutes after Big Ben, came shuffling in with its lap full of odds and ends, which it dumped down as if Big Ben were all very well with his majesty laying down the law, . . . but she must remember all sorts of little things besides — Mrs. Marsham, Ellie Henderson, glasses for ices—all sorts of little things came flooding and lapping and dancing in on the wave of that solemn stroke which lay flat like a bar of gold on the sea." Or, she can mix metaphors recklessly in a single paragraph, yet convey an impression of a cool and ordered beauty; "The sun laid broader blades upon the house. The light touched something green in the window corner and made it a lump of emerald, a cave of pure green like stoneless fruit. It sharpened the edges of chairs and tables and stitched white table-cloths with fine gold wires. As the light increased, a bud here and there split asunder and shook out flowers, green-veined and quivering, as if the effort of opening had set them rocking and pealing a faint carillon as they beat their frail clappers against their white walls."

In one novel, *The Waves*, Mrs. Woolf introduces description in a special way. Each chapter (although the divisions bear no heading and are unnumbered) is presented by a short italicized section which sets the mood for the narrative to follow; a section dealing with the gradual progression of a single day in a garden beside the sea. The symbolism of these passages is very involved, but, in general, as the six people in the book grow from childhood to middle-age, so the sun rises out of the ocean, climbs to the zenith, and sets;

the flowers open slowly, shatter, and the spring passes to autumn; and through it all comes the sound of bird song, individual, personal; and the steady, ceaseless tread of the waves upon the shore. Sometimes the symbolism takes the form of a stated leit motif, once introduced in the lyric passages, and then repeated in the development of the book, as first, "In the garden . . . the birds sang in the hot sunshine, each alone . . . . They spied a snail and tapped the shell against a stone. They tapped furiously, methodically, until the shell broke . . .", and later as one of the characters muses, "We . . . who have sung like eager birds each his own song and tapped with the remorseless and savage egotism of the young our own snail-shell till it cracked . . . ." The waves, however, are the most dominant themes of these descriptive sections; they are given a dozen different images; they are a fan, an engine, they "drummed the shore; like turbaned warriors, like turbaned men with poisoned assegais, who, whirling their arms on high, advance upon the feeding flocks, the white sheep." They are life, breaking about the fixed stake of a personality, or carrying it to and fro; they are laden with drift-wood, shells, bits of broken glass; leaving behind stranded fish or seaweed; yet always moving, always setting the beat, always the medium in which we exist.

There is one particular use of atmosphere in Mrs. Woolf's novels which one finds again and again, and which occurs when a character is conditioned by the scenes or setting around him to arrive at a decision or perform an action which illustrates a point that the author wishes to make. Mrs. Woolf is aware that people are very sensitive to their physical surroundings,—weather, time of day, or landscape,—and she leads up to the expression of an idea by describing that environment. Sometimes she merely wishes to convey a character's state of mind to the reader by the suggestion of rhythm and images, as in showing how Mrs. Dalloway felt, sewing on her green ball dress: "Quiet descended on her, calm, content, as her needle, drawing the silk smoothly to its gentle pause, collected the green folds to-

gether and attached them, very lightly, to the belt. So on a summer's day waves collect, over-balance, and fall; collect and fall; and the whole world seems to be saying 'that is all' more and more ponderously, until even the heart in the body which lies in the sun on the beach says too, that is all. Fear no more, says the heart. Fear no more, says the heart, committing its burden to some sea, which sighs collectively for all sorrows, and renews, begins, collects, lets fall. And the body alone listens to the passing bee; the wave breaking; the dog barking, far away barking and barking." Here the steady ebb and flow of movement, the relaxed and yet poised sensation which a person who is sewing feels, has stimulated an analogous image in Mrs. Dalloway's mind and then a wholly abstract state of contemplation, while the reader is also soothed and mesmerized by the repetition, the rocking motion of the words. At other times, Mrs. Woolf is explaining a person's character, what makes him as he is, in his reaction to his surroundings; Bernard, in *The Waves*, tells us about himself as he leans out of the window and muses: "They are shouting hunting-songs over the way. They are celebrating some run with the beagles . . . . The gusty October wind blows the uproar in bursts of sound and silence across the court.

. . . . An old, unsteady woman carrying a bag trots home under the fire-red windows. She is half afraid that they will fall on her and tumble her into the gutter. Yet she pauses as if to warm her knobbed, her rheumatically hands at the bonfire which flares away with streams of sparks and bits of blown paper. The old woman pauses against the lit windows. A contrast. That I see and Neville does not see; that I feel and Neville does not feel. Hence he will reach perfection, and I shall fail and shall leave nothing behind me but imperfect phrases littered with sand." Most often, Mrs. Woolf reveals some part of her own beliefs in this kind of passage, as happens when Mrs. Ramsay looks across the water to the Lighthouse. ". . . but for all that, she thought, watching it with fascination, hypnotized, as if it were stroking with its silver

fingers some sealed vessel in her brain whose bursting would flood her with delight, she had known happiness, exquisite happiness, intense happiness, and it silvered the rough waves a little more brightly, as daylight faded, and the blue went out of the sea and it rolled in waves of pure lemon which curved and swelled and broke upon the beach and the ecstasy burst in her eyes and waves of pure delight raced over the floor of her mind and she felt, It is enough! It is enough!" This is an unusual form of prose, combining monologue and description so closely that it is hard to tell where one leaves off and the other begins, but it is a form consistent with Mrs. Woolf's style of exposition. She has again avoided abstractions, and taken the reader behind the scenes, as it were, to show him the background and evolution of the thought with which he is presented. Occasionally she goes a step further and does away with the characters through whom she speaks altogether, letting a descriptive passage stand alone and give its own message. The entire section entitled "Time Passes" in *To The Lighthouse* is a description of this kind, and it contains some of her most beautiful writing. "Night, however, succeeds to night. The winter holds a pack of them in store and deals them equally, evenly, with indefatigable fingers. . . The autumn trees gleam in the yellow moonlight, in the light of harvest moons, the light which mellows the energy of labour, and smooths the stubble, and brings the wave lapping blue to the shore.

"It seemed now as if, touched by human penitence and all its toil, divine goodness had parted the curtain and displayed behind it, single, distinct, the hare erect; the wave falling; the boat rocking, which did we deserve them, should be ours always. But alas, divine goodness, twitching the cord, draws the curtain; it does not please him. . . For our penitence deserves a glimpse only; our toil respite only."

Thus it comes about naturally that Mrs. Woolf's gift for creating a mood and vividly introducing it into the reader's imagination is most fully realized where she is dealing with

the drama of life as a whole. In all her novels, this is what she is trying to express: that life is a changing, challenging adventure, richer and wider than our own personal interests, and that we lose a great deal in always living it subjectively. For her, walking down a city street or observing her companions in a railway-carriage, there is a constant interplay of emotion, of suggestion and answer, going on around her. The pattern shifts continuously and there is always something new to be learned. We tend to narrow our horizons by becoming too ingrown, but she sees everything, and, like Bernard, in *The Waves*, she cannot resist making a story out of it. For after all, "The strange thing about life is that though the nature of it must have been apparent to every one for hundreds of years, no one has left any adequate account of it. The streets of London have their map; but our passions are uncharted. What are you going to meet if you turn this corner?" Over and over she repeats this idea, sometimes through her characters, more often simply as a statement; that experience is unlimited, that the whole energy of living is available to us if we will only draw upon it, "... life, from being made up of little separate incidents which one lived one by one, became curled and whole like a wave which bore one up with it and threw one down with it, there, with a dash on the beach." Not that life is always pleasant, or even kind, for those are only values which man has created for his own use, and it takes no notice of him; he can only accept it. "'One's godmothers ought to have told one', said Fanny, looking at the window of Bacon, the mapseller, in the strand—told one that it is no use making a fuss; this is life, they should have said, as Fanny said it now, looking at the large yellow globe marked with steamship lines." But we are defeated only when we fall into the laziness of self-pity, crediting an impersonal event with a personal animosity.

So it follows that each of Mrs. Woolf's characters struggles for, and is happiest in, a state of exultation at the experience of life, no matter what his individual fortunes may have

been. Those who fail to reach this state, and in their despair take their own lives, like Septimus Smith and Rhoda, have been unable to see anything except in terms of the self. Those who succeed, do so by different methods, some consciously and some almost without realizing what has happened. Neville, in *The Waves*, finds peace as it is possible for everyone to know it, through observation; "Life is pleasant. Life is good. The mere process of life is satisfactory. Take the ordinary man in good health. He likes eating and sleeping. He likes the snuff of fresh air and walking at a brisk pace down the Strand. Or in the country there's a foal galloping round a field. Something always has to be done next. Tuesday follows Monday; Wednesday Tuesday. Each spreads the same ripple of well-being; repeats the same curve of rhythm; covers fresh sand with a chill or ebbs a little slackly without. So the being grows rings; identity becomes robust. What was fiery and furtive like a fling of grain cast into the air and blown hither and thither by wild gusts of life from every quarter is now methodical and orderly and flung with a purpose—so it seems." But Bernard, the writer, reaches this state as Mrs. Woolf herself does, through wonder at living; "... it is the panorama of life, seen not from the roof, but from the third story window, that delights me, not what one woman says to one man, even if that man is myself." And Susan succeeds as those who live in the country always succeed, from a closeness to the earth and to nature. "I shall never have anything but natural happiness. It will almost content me. I shall lie like a field bearing crops in rotation; in the summer heat will dance over me; in the winter I shall

be cracked with cold. But heat and cold will follow each other naturally without my willing or unwilling. . . . No day will be without its movement. I shall be lifted higher than any of you on the backs of the season."

Conversely, as one recognizes that every event is merely a small part of an immense, impersonal existence, the event, instead of diminishing in importance becomes more significant in that it reveals some of the meaning of the whole. We are not given complete understanding of life, but we can have brief, isolated seconds of perception gained from wide interests and sympathy, which must be sufficient for us. Happiness is what one makes of the moment, and is not dependent upon the circumstance itself. This is what Virginia Woolf is trying to show, this necessity for observation and conclusion, for delight in the physical world and for dependence not upon human relationships, but the quality of living itself. Nothing is impossible for us to feel, because we may always feel it through other people; no discovery is closed to us, for we have the whole world to learn from. If, as John Donne says, "Any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind," it should be no less true that all men's lives increase us, for the same reason. Whether we turn like Susan to the shapes of the seasons and what they bring, or like Bernard to the interplay of cause and effect, to the examination of mankind, this awareness of the whole must accompany us; this rejoicing in railway-carriages, in spring fields, and in the pulsing roar of the Strand. It is all there for us, if we will only take it.

SYLVIA STALLINGS

# Essay on Rime

## I

**E**SSAY ON RIME is a modern poem by a modern poet about modern poetry. One of the most-practised and most harshly criticized aspects of our art is discussed in a clear and discerning piece of work by one who has a profound understanding of his subject. And yet Karl Shapiro speaks, not as a poet, and not as a scholar or a critic, but simply as one who knows and loves poetry, because, he says,

"I think it is high time that everybody

With a true love of rime assert his views."

Shapiro deals with what he calls "the treble confusion in modern rime," the confusion in prosody, the confusion in language, and the confusion in belief. It is significant that almost all of his *Essay* was written between 1942 and the spring of 1945, while the poet was stationed with the Army in the South Pacific area. Many men living in a distant and strange environment under the discipline of military life have found a kind of freedom in their minds, and a new ability to consider objectively the values and problems of the worlds they have left behind them. *Essay on Rime* is the work of a man who is completely removed from the confusions which he describes. It is written in prosody which is simple and rough, so much so that many people will undoubtedly say that it should have been written in prose. But there are passages in which strong rhythm gives force to his meaning, and passages in which interrelated ideas and sounds echo in close sequence. By Shapiro's own standards, this is what poetry is for:

"Ideas are no more words  
Than phoenixes are birds. The meta-  
physician  
Deals with ideas as well as words, the  
poet with things,

For in the poet's mind the phoenix  
sings."

His language is strong, clear, and functional. It says what he wants it to say, and every word has a purpose. His belief is in poetry as a "plain statement of feeling", in a form which is disciplined and defined by the general nature of poetry, by the tone and tempo of the writer's generation, and by the personality of the writer himself.

Each period in life and literature has its own distinctive rhythm. It is expressed in the way people think and move and talk. Out of the natural speech of the people come the forms that poets use, and the poetry of each period is the purest expression of the underlying cadence of the time. The first section of the *Essay on Rime* deals with the development of English and American prosody and with the present confusion and its causes.

The Greek and Latin poets wrote melodious verse in strict metre with a minimum of effort; their musical tongue needed no rhyme to emphasize its beauty. But our rough-edged and square-cornered language has presented many difficulties which cannot be solved by rules of scansion which apply to Homer. The iambic line, the metre of Shakespeare and Milton, was the great classic solution to the problem of English prosody. For a long period of time rising rhythm, as it is called, was the natural rhythm for poetic expression. Its dignity and grace, "the exquisite tracery of another hour," moved through nearly every poem that was written, not because there were any rules that preoccupied the poets, but because it was the natural cadence that sounded in their ears. Of Milton Shapiro says:

"He is the scholar's poet.  
No metric more exactly planned exists

Than his . . . .

I think the discipline of Milton's art

The purest guide to rhyme."

And yet the unique quality of *Paradise Lost* should teach us what all great poets have known; that the poem and its form are inseparable parts of a single inspiration, that as the poet creates a poem, the poem creates a form. One of the principal causes for the present confusion in prosody is that the poets who broke away from traditional rhythms and forms in the middle of the last century gradually lost sight of this truth. Led by the early Imagists, they tore apart the structures of formal metric and then became fascinated by the fragments that remained and by the brittle, inadequate structures of their own invention. Shapiro says:

"Some time in our grandfathers' generation

Rime took to looking at itself as form,

X-rayed its own anatomy, discussed

The trend of art toward science, until by dint

Of hypnotism a means became an end."

In times past, artists have been chiefly concerned, not with the workings of their creations, but with "the end-product, its effect and use." Modern poets have spent so much time oiling the joints of their machine that they have forgotten to put an engine in it. They cover it with intricate decorations and then wonder why it doesn't run. This is one of the chief symptoms of the modern dilemma.

Nevertheless, there are a few masters who point the way to a new form and a new rhythmical idiom. The new prosody had its beginnings in Donne's "thunderclaps and bullets," in Browning, in the Sprung Rhythm of Hopkins and in the long irregular flux and flow of Whitman's lines. The accents of rising rhythm slide together into collections of strong tom-tom beats or emphatic staccato, and unlimited variations are culled from the complex interrelations of prose-music. Shapiro considers Joyce and Eliot the two great prosodists of our age. Of *Ash Wednesday* he says:

"in a hudred years no poem

Has sung itself so exquisitely well,"

and of *Ulysses*:

"No single work in English  
Debates and illustrates so many forms  
Of prose and rime, or so concerns itself  
With craft and method, running the  
lexicon  
Of metric."

But these writers have few direct literary descendants; their triumphs are too unique to be emulated, and other modern poets must meet the challenge on their own. So far they have failed. Narrow cults serve to alienate and confuse many a reader and critic. Objectivists explore the possibilities of Cubism in visual prosody, indulging in their fascination with letters and punctuation marks. Self-imitation abounds, the final evidence of confusion and self-consciousness. Form has become an end instead of a means.

But the chaos in modern prosody cannot be blamed solely upon the poets. There have been violent changes in our speech, and the underlying cadences that move throughout our generation are themselves confused. It is a good thing that the major triumphs of prosody in our age have been too unique to be successfully imitated, for real progress will only come when poets strive and search and invent, each according to his own inspiration. Out of man's intuitive comprehension of things and his desire for expression and communication of what he comprehends comes true poetry, free and simple.

"The fountain of rime wells from a single  
source,

The language of understanding."

## II

Poetry is a craft and a gift. Of its craftsmanship alone can a critical analysis be made, as we may define the conditions under which a seed will put forth life beneath the earth's crust, but not the primal impulse to life itself. The stuff of any literature is language; there are no stage-settings, no costumes, no musical effects with which to vary it. Language is at once flexible and firm; abstract and definite; it passes from prose to rhyme, governed by the respective needs of intellect



and desire, and it becomes in skillfull hands an instrument of music which penetrates the listener's mind on many levels. Yet language, as well as prosody, has been seriously distorted by modern writers, and it is to this confusion that Shapiro devotes the second section of his essay.

Contemporary poets have tried to transfer a technical idiom to verse; to lift terms wholesale from psychology or economics and quilt them into the counterpane of poetry.

"The broad use of the raw untreated data  
Of science and of whole experience  
Expresses a more serious confusion  
In rime than the chaos of prosody."

This use produces meaningless abstraction, varied only by an equally cloudy reference to the personal idiom. Never before has indiscriminate exploitation of experience been considered a good method of writing poetry; rather, the overflow of emotion too great for a human soul to contain has demanded channels of relief. But now writers approach every day with an appraising eye: how much of this will I be able to turn into a sonnet late tonight? Another flaw in the modern treatment of language is the disturbing absence of a constant style, that vital stamp of a writer's character upon his product. Style exists, but is so complex in the individual that we are forced to ask, Is the personality of the modern artist equally fragmentary? We are confused by what appears to be deliberate contradiction and wavering loyalty. The existence of so many manners denies the possibility of a unique style; this excess diversity is a mistake, Shapiro says, since it is "false to nature to play false with style."

Like prosody, grammar has been transformed from a means to an end, where both should be

"... a methodical afterthought,  
A winter flower of language."

The great English poets were never swayed by the formal conventions of grammar; they wrote in the natural and vigorous form which their thought demanded, and grammatical

rules were a secondary consideration. Grammar should be flexible and progressive; its self-conscious application produces dullness. Great verse makes its laws as it needs them:

"It is the poem that sets the grammar right."

But rhetoric, which springs from grammar and far exceeds it in importance, has also been a cause of conflict. Rhetoric, by nature and usage, belongs to poetry rather than to prose. Yet some writers, particularly Joyce, seem to have confused the two forms; actually, says Shapiro, investigation of a work like *Ulysses* reveals that it is poetry of the most controlled kind and therefore entitled to the coloring of rhetoric. But less skillful poets have imitated Joyce's style, prostituted his technique, and given it a bad name. According to Shapiro, the poet who has most influenced our rhetoric is Auden, and he has popularized abstract imagery and symbolism. A thing exists for its own sake no longer, but for the meaning behind it, and familiar nouns are qualified by adjectives which never govern them save in the poets' minds. Auden's reliance on the "tyrannical" epithet, says Shapiro, represents a lack of rhetoric; it hides uncertainty beneath the showy garments of the unusual. The current trend toward inserting verbatim translations into English verse has further weakened our language. Resisting the natural vigor of their own constructions, American poets in particular have tried to cast their thought in the moulds of French symbolists and German mystics, and have invented what Shapiro calls "false dialects." But these, like all external stimuli, will not make verse live. It will die unless the pulse-beat begins within; unless the rhythm and the form function as part of the whole structure; unless laws and ornaments are subordinate to the inner vitality of the organism.

"We must not now embroider the confusion;  
Toward language we must show the piety  
Of simple craftsmen for their wood."

### III

Perhaps the greatest weakness of contemporary poetry, Shapiro suggests, lies in the universal failure in belief. We no longer believe in God and the miraculous, and the emotion raised by any great faith makes us uneasy. We distrust the supernatural and tend to attribute everything to material causes; what we cannot understand disturbs us, and yet we insist that all phenomena are mechanistic. This causes bitter conflict between poets and critics, and has resulted in at least one critic's saying that poetry ought not to be written at all. Out of this dissolution of the old belief, poets have tried to discover substitute creeds, and the first they salvaged was founded on Darwin's teachings. Man, freed from the authority of a creator, could achieve perfection and the mastery of the world. Then came Freud, and art was re-discovered as the most reliable manifestation of the subconscious, until this theory was also carried too far: the philosophy of determinism reduced the fire and disaster of Hamlet's mind to the by-products of an Oedipus complex, and, conversely, poets came to substitute Freud's ready-made symbols for genuine understanding. By 1920 the poetry of complete disbelief was in such consuming flood that when T. S. Eliot went back to religion, no one accepted his behavior at its face value. For every poet had his own set of images and values, and often did not even believe in them, so that the reader had come to doubt everything. Like the personal idiom the personal belief makes for increased confusion, for the greatest strength of poetry has always lain in its universality.

Directly from the failure of belief comes the modern preoccupation with fact, which has emasculated the imagination. We seek an absolute criterion for everything; everything can be explained in terms of true and false,

not of right or wrong. Poetry is reduced to an art of sensations and symbols, and must be ferried across the gulf between poets and readers by psychoanalysis. Why else does Shapiro ask,

" . . . Where is the literature  
Of nature, where the love poem and  
the plain  
Statement of feeling? How and when  
and why  
Our fear of beauty?"  
We have reduced art to a quantitative  
basis,  
and

"Rime at the ragged edge  
Of civilization weeps among the facts."

The last section of Shapiro's essay is entitled "The dead hand and exhaustion of our rime." Modern poetry, he says, ends in confusion and grief where it should be fulfilled in love. With this abrupt and apparently unsatisfactory conclusion he breaks off. But turning the page, we find a short note, in which he says that this work was not intended to be definite, but only to

" . . . express the argument against  
The common style and help solidify  
The layman's confidence in a plainer art."

Since every composition must be judged in the light of its purpose, this essay is a success. The faults of modern verse have been brilliantly characterized and intelligently presented. It is to be hoped that this book will signal the beginning of a revolt against false prophets and a return to poetic truth. Let us go back to simplicity, to the characteristic form and rhythm inherent in every thought, and make new song that shall set vibrating the understanding of every man on earth.

SANDOL STODDARD

SYLVIA STALLINGS

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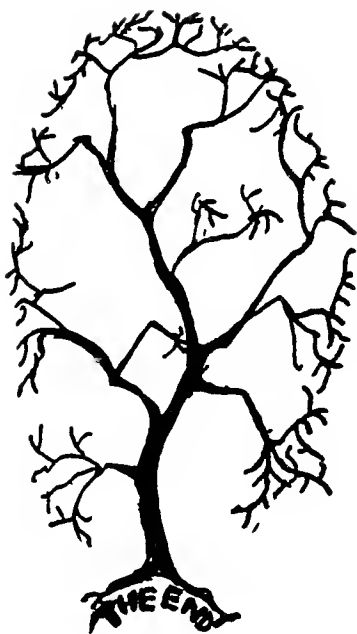
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# The Spell

A FLY DRONED OVER the choir stalls, hovered above the sopranos, and landed at last on the back of Mrs. Creeves' neck. The Vicar droned through Morning Prayer, landing on all the wrong words as he intoned the collects in a deep, sing-song voice. Maggie Hill, eyes half closed while the familiar phrases rolled like syrup through her drowsy mind, saw the fly perch on the back of Mrs. Creeves' neck. Mrs. Creeves did not move. She knelt, still and passive, her work-hardened hands covering her face. She looked too tired to move. Perhaps she was asleep. "We're all like her," Maggie thought vaguely, watching the fly. Perhaps they were all asleep, the whole congregation, the whole village; asleep and stupid. A stringy wisp of hair escaping from one of Mrs. Creeves' hair-pins brushed off the fly, and it jerked out over the congregation, slicing its way through the almost tangible heat.

Prayers were finally all repeated, and the sermon hymn wound itself out:

"Oh hear us when we cry to thee

For those in peril on the sea."

As the amen sounded, Mrs. Creeves gasped slightly. Maggie, following her gaze, saw that she was trying to catch the attention of Mr. Creeves, who was in the next-to-the-last pew, where he always sat, a short, stout, little farmer, bald as a peeled onion and bent with rheumatism. He was looking vacantly out of the window. While the choir settled back onto the hard wooden pews and arranged themselves for the sermon, Mrs. Creeves slipped out of her place and down the aisle to where Mr. Creeves was sitting. She whispered a few words to him, and then sat down beside him with an expression so relieved that she looked almost happy.

Beth, the second alto, shrugged and closed her eyes; Mrs. Cranston turned a bit so that

she could watch the congregation on the sly, as she always did; the crucifer was surreptitiously catching flies.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," pronounced the Vicar in somber tones; it was to be a "be-ye-comforted" sermon instead of the more usual "fire and brimstone." Maggie leaned back, folded her hands, and retired into the secret places of her mind. It was smotheringly hot and still, except for the slight breeze that stirred the dry leaves of the oaks outside. Their murmur, the far-off insect sounds of the fields, and the voice of the Vicar blended into a quiet rising, falling rhythm. The spell began to work.

"For those in peril on the sea."

The words floated through her mind. The dry sound of the leaves dissolved into the sounds of breakers pounding a distant shore, and the muffled farm sounds became the creak of rigging. The pieces of the story started to fall into place as the Vicar's voice wandered on. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

Yes. So. . . . Suppose there were a fishing schooner long overdue off that shore, captain and crew given up for lost. Memorial services would have been held; Maggie visualized the sadness of them. But the Captain's wife, quiet, hard-working, and devout—rather like one of the characters in "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," (was "Creeves" Scotch, perhaps? Maggie wondered)—she alone never gave up hope that the Captain would return. She continued her preparation for his home-coming, and hadn't missed one Sunday singing in the choir. She remained before others always cheerful and courageous, but her tired eyes began to tell of the agony she was suffering, and people would shake their heads sadly when she passed them by in the street. It was infinitely pathetic to see her grow thinner and quieter as the

days passed. Maggie ached to comfort her.

And imagine with what a heavy heart she must have sung that last hymn, the Mariner's hymn. A lump rose in Maggie's throat as she thought of it. Then, looking up with moist eyes as the hymn ended, the brave woman had seen the door of the little church open slowly, and the Captain, battered but sound, (Mr. Creeves always looked battered but sound) had taken his accustomed place in the congregation, seeking her with his eyes as he went.

It was a tense, a glorious moment, when, quietly, simply, for they were reserved, deep-feeling people, the Captain's wife slipped from her place in the choir and joined him. Oh faith, oh love, oh triumph! It was wonderful!

"Yea, for he that keepeth thee shall not slumber," chanted the Vicar. Did anyone realize that this miracle had happened? Maggie dared not look around her at the reunited couple, or at the rest of the congregation. Her eyes glued to a spot above the Vicar's head, she bathed in the beauty of the tale, nursing the lump in her throat and the tingle in her spine.

"Hosannah, praise ye the Lord," said the Vicar, drawing his sermon to a dramatic close.

The choir rattled sheets of music, and stood up for the anthem. As the organ filled the church with its tremulous harmony, Maggie's clear young voice soared with the magical joy of the spell. How rich and powerful the anthem, how gracious the benediction, how stirring the recessionall!

"On our way rejoicing . . ."—Oh rejoice, rejoice ye blessed people!

Back in the crowded dressing room, they struggled out of their damp vestments.

"You really sailed into that anthem, Maggie gal," said Mrs. Cranston.

Maggie nodded and blushed. She caught sight of Mrs. Creeves pushing her way into the crowd of half-dressed women.

"Well, what happened to you?" Beth asked Mrs. Creeves. Maggie tugged her dress over her head feverishly, a kind of panic seizing her.

"Thought maybe I'd forgotten the fire under the potatoes," said Mrs. Creeves in her flat, mid-western voice, as she unbuttoned her robe.

"Had you?"

"No."

Maggie pushed through and stepped blinking into the glare of the sun.

ELIZABETH MCCLURE, '48

## *Metaphysical Love Song*

I cannot feel that the essential I,  
When leveled to the basic mood of dust,  
Will judge its anonymity unjust:  
For does not each clear atom surging by,  
Hold globed a life of dreams that need not die  
When the loose whole disperses as it must?  
Such weightless worlds, each in its fragile crust,  
Will bear me to earth—others toward the sky.

Since in those particles would live the thought  
Of you, in concepts-quintessential wrought,  
I cannot say that I'd be discontent  
Thus to tread Time, dreaming the life we spent.  
And oh, to see—sparkling against the blue—  
A wine-bright atom that was part of you!

MARGARET E. RUDD, '47

# The Phoenix

THE ROSE NOT KNOWING why and moved her puzzled eyes from one object to another discerning the room-pieces carefully. But they did not answer. She reflected upon the twisted cigarette butts crowding the shallow plate: little cigarette corpses with charred heads and gaperent skins. They twitched to her. *How could they pile their bullettriddled flesh into the deep graves layer upon layer, suffer the new dead to bathe the old with the warm-oozing blood.* And a child was smiling and a father pointed at the sky to his boy: an ancient soul, his yellowed beard swaying, murmured in the ancient tongue, Comfort ye, comfort ye my people.

*Now does the dew descend, the night-vapor is seeping into the walls; all to itself, unwatched, in the rhythmic, rippling silence, downsinking—downinto the depth of stone. Studyroom gleams and fades under the naked bulb; now I can hear you sighing, can count your pulse: crackveining ceiling, bookbulged shelves and deadcreaky desk nailed together indifferently, is it your soul vibrating?*

She remembered reading it in the paper: her limp-squeezed heart. She stared into the tray: deadstumps writhing in ashes. *All deadstumps: the deadmurdered and the deadroboting murderers and I deadindifferent, blankstaring, graveward yearning lifepumping wearily presspumping weariway wearyward. All deadweight drifting undestined in whirlcurrent. Godless: not responsible. No care; nothing.*

*Once there was a joy to grasp and fashion lovingly each passing instant. But I am no longer god-posessed or spirit-compelled; who shall raise this hand to turn the page?*

*Once I was soaring high and my wings*

*climbed toward my desire. And I asked, What makes my wings move? They quivered and then were stilled.*

*What was it like to be able to fly, to hoist myself upward with unquestioning delight? and she tried to remember her child-self. Child leapt cunningly upon scraggystones of rockpier mounting along the rumbling sea-foam bed. Her naked suninhaling shoulders stretchreached and brown hardened toes touched lightly upon the prickly pebbles. She climbed upward flushfaced and hopfooted: Now I'm a mountain goat skipping from crag to crag; a little white mountain goat running away from its mother because it wants to climb to the very top of the cliff because a white mountain goat standing very still on the highest peak its soft white coat blowing in the wind is very beautiful.*

Then she stepped on wobblystone and looked down upon her frozenfoot on the seesawing stones on the downsloped rock. She stood very still, thinking. *If I shift my weight backwards I might push myself off; and cannot shift forward and step on the next stone with my hind-leg because the stone will roll under my foot and I will roll off.*

She looked down, deep deep down at the shallow waves foaming in whitespit around the wetglittering sharp scrag. A sour twang began to rise from her stomach.

*If I should fall, I would surely die.*

Poised tensely like a little statue, she thought of herself reeling over, downfalling, turning over and over as she tumbled downward dashing against the terrible spearlike rocks; dying.

But she knew that such a thing could not happen to her. *I know that I won't fall be-*

*cause I just can't fall because I'm me I was not meant to fall; because I know God is holding my hand—He just won't let it go.*

And her body turned forward, lightly she stepped over the unsteady rock and climbed on making her way among the huge flat stones up to the very peak. She stood shy and charmed on the cliff-top and drew a deep breath out of the vast blue. Dizzy sungazer. Then she looked highabove and heartpounding, her eyes filled with tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

*A dry pitter-patter crackles in the stillness; somewhere in the wall; perhaps a rat nosing its way through the dark secret corridors. It's nothing; it doesn't matter. She wrung her hands then let them drop limp, hanging loosely by her side.*

*I want that joy back again I want to press forward again. I want the surefeeling that I'm destined by God; His precious ward.—But I cannot recapture it nor understand it ever again in that particular way. Childfaith: I cannot fall back upon it for it will not sustain me; I would totter into the void: into nothing.*

She lit a cigarette reminding herself about the pile of corpses lying heavy and stiff upon one another even though she had lost the feeling of the metaphor and wondered why her heart still shriveled into a tightcord when she no longer really cared. For there's nothing that matters; nothing to care about. *Nothing holds me up nothing urges me on, nothing, nothing. I'm allabandoned falling like a deadshot gull into the bottomless deep.*

*Me.* Her eyes hurt from want of tears. But I shall fly again. They welled; she shivered at the wethot teartouch. Yes, I shall rise again; I shall rise.

*But from where—?*

She sucked the cigarette impulsively and perched herself on top of the desk and began dangling her legs, slowly rocking her body back to life.

*That came from myself, she reflected, from secret bone-marrow, the resurgitation of my somnundulating flesh.*

She contemplated herself from a comfortable distance. *Since I am nameless I shall name myself; since no lovinggod had appointed me I shall appoint myself. Now I am free to make my destiny.*

She sat watching over herself like a shyly loving mother guarding the play of her little-one from the corner of her eye. *I must, she thought, because the heavens spin to themselves indifferent to me: because the stars glimmer for themselves; because beyond the vigilant self there is no guidinglight; there is nothing.*

Moved by a wonderous sense of freedom she flung herself lightly away from the desk, unfolded her arms and detached herself from every object. She viewed herself as in a mirror, naked and newly hatched. *Now I have given birth to myself: now I have given wings to my will.*

*How safeaith of motherswomb lingers on even after birth and child feelings cry out: How could it be otherwise, great earth, than that I am your dearest child and you my loving womb. A child-thought, you will stay me in safety while I climb my mountaingoat's peak; even as the rock under my foot wobbles and underneath the shallow waters froth and roar around the jutting rocks you will safe-guard me; steady the rock and carry me through—always. No. Now I am free.*

She raised the fogcoated window and flung the burning stub into the somnolent night air. Somewhere down, perhaps in a dewcupping leaf it hissed out. Her cheeks soaked—in the damp ether as she stood there staring. Straining into the vaporous gray she searched for a dawning glow. But the shadows prevailed: graydamp. *But the sun shall soonly rise; creep up like a blearyred eye to alight the edge of the east horizon as it has and will always on its appointed time. Mist settling on my lips, breathed in dampness mistfilming my throat and lungs: I feel the vapours sinking downward through loosepacked earth and beading with glassy pearls the glazed surfaces.*

*O how unknowable you are, she thought, how strange is your pulsing unconcerned soul, how unfathomable your everrecurring intri-*

cate rhythmic life. Like the pitter-patter crackling through the wall; no meaning, nothing.

She pulled down the window and comforted her icewet cheeks.

No, you are not my mother; you are a stranger's womb that is ignorant of my presence; that contains me indifferently.

Allaloneness. Her body thrilled as if some cleaving mould-growth had been drained out leaving her flesh purepurged.

Yes, I will carry myself through; even through the unknown. Now I am born and my wings have dried; now I rush onward onto the foreignsoil to gather and compress in my soul its strange wisdom.

She stepped out into the pale glowgroping dawn and brushed her legs against the shrubbery, shaking upon herself the dew collected in the curled leaves.

*This sensitive loveliness and the murdered swelling in the graves; all this you contain, strangemother.*

She turned her eyes upward: yet the sun greets the turning earth differently every day.

*Now plunge and dip your wings deep into the mesh of the unknown instant; weave your lovely patterns. And in lovingkindness, with shrewd twinkling eyes, watch over yourself as you soar up to the sun.*

SUSAN FELDMAN, '49

## Michelangelo

To him who from the living rock  
Drew flame,  
Parted the waters with his rod  
That now are one again,  
Like Samson, struck his enemies  
Then from the lion honey came:  
I far beyond his Tuscan tongue  
Call on his name.

Michelangelo! in other storms  
You wrought your word  
In our lost age it shall not go  
By men unheard.  
Where earth and heaven have flown apart  
Bind them again,  
And answer death with life once more;  
Deliver, and sustain!

As in the violet sea the wave  
Foams at its height  
Then trembles through the sky and wind  
An ever deepening light,  
So too the soul from death restored  
Moves from the darkness into sight  
Lead us the slow ascending way  
To day from night.

ISABEL STEARNS,  
*Department of Philosophy*

# The Silver Tree

ONCE THERE WAS A BOY named Christopher who found a silver tree. In the beginning it was no larger than a crocus, and its petals were as delicate as butterflies. He could see it out of his window glittering in the moonlight like a silver coin that someone had dropped there in the grass. But in the daytime it was most beautiful of all, and the sun on each petal was like a thin film of oil on a drop of water, so quickly did the colors move and change. It grew almost before his eyes, unfolding petal after petal, twigs and tendrils, and long pointed leaves. It reached his knees, his shoulders, and then it was exactly as tall as Christopher. He was delighted. He wished for it to stay the same, but it grew larger and larger, always more brilliant, always more beautiful.

"Christopher" his father said, "why do you stare so? What are you looking at?" But Christopher could not answer. He did not know what to say. He was silent, and waited.

The silver tree still grew. It filled the entire garden with great arching branches and flashing foliage. All the bright sunlight was transformed into a rich glowing shade beneath, and there Christopher would lie hour after hour, dreaming. On a windy day plumes of silver flared and tossed in the wind, and Christopher laughed to see them.

"Why are you looking, Christopher?" his mother asked, wringing her hands. But he could not answer her.

As time went by, Christopher grew taller and stronger, and sometimes he stood beneath the tree and touched the broad trunk or the low branches, and he wondered when he would begin to climb. By now the topmost branches reached farther than he could see.

Clouds were tangled and floating among the shining leaves. Miraculous things awaited him in the pure air out of sight. But he knew that the time would come, and he preferred to stay, and watch, and dream of the day when he would start.

"I have an idle, worthless son" said his father. Christopher leaned on his elbows in the grass and read many marvelous books. The heavy leaves of the silver tree dangled in the summer heat, brushing each other with a soft strange music as Christopher turned his pages one by one. "Hush," said his mother, "he is unhappy."

"He is lonely" said his father. "It is time that he should take a bride." A lovely young girl came to be his wife, and lived with them. Christopher loved her, and for many months the days went by too swiftly to be counted. Sunlight and moonlight were the same, and he rarely glanced toward the sky to see whether the silver tree was growing and changing. Sometimes at night he would lean out at the window sill to see the moon like a cloudy gem set in the entwining silver far above. But the curtains moved against his face, and his wife called to him "Christopher, why are you standing there? You'll be cold, you'll catch your death of cold." And so he turned away and thought no more.

They had a son, and then a daughter, beautiful children whom Christopher dearly loved. His wife was happy tending them and taking care of them, and often he would sit and watch them together and smile to himself. But his wife would say to him "Christopher, why are you not happy? There is something strange about you, something that I cannot understand." He did not know what



she meant, and he could think of nothing to say, but in the night he was restless, listening to the dark and hearing nothing, turning his eyes to the window and seeing only blackness there. One night he left her sleeping and went to the window to lean his hot forehead against the icy glass of the pane. The garden was black and bare except for gleams of frost on the frozen ground. For a long time he stood there silently. He heard his sharp uneven breath, and saw it cloud the window pane. Slowly, fire flooded into him. He crept down the narrow stairs and out into the garden, without feeling the cold wood of the floor and the roughness of the winter grass on his bare feet. The garden was empty.

He sank down against the steps and rested his head in his hands. He tried to remember

what was real. He tried to think of his mother and father, his wife and children. He tried to remember them as they were, without wondering, without dreaming, and he could not have dreamed, so conscious was he of every sound and motion in the air. It was as if he had never been in a garden before, or as if this were the only night of his life. Who he was, whether he was young or old, he did not know. Finally, remembering nothing, knowing only that the tree was there, he raised his head and found the heavy branches bowed low about him, weighted with their silver leaves. The rising trunk with its infinity of limbs filled the world, and far, far above him in the dark, stars danced on every leaf.

He began his climb.

SANDOL STODDARD, '48

## *Pastoral Platonic*

Is this the being, the reason  
For your existing, treason to winter,  
Pallid sky, high wind?

Is this the essence of your hot sap,  
Tree, pinned in perfect disarray  
Against the plotted land, the sculptured cloud?

Is this the will to live, the tremble  
Of a cold branch with something surer  
Than snow, with some cognition of a time

Lost, in an orb of time, lost month.  
Is this your shining in the rain,  
Sleet, without restraint, defeat,

Some helpless satellite of greener year?  
Are you but waiting for, but hanging from—  
Bound with a shiver to the crocus spear,

Pledged vassal, slave, dependant thing?  
Or have you other reason than  
A calendar, conditioned so by man?

Are you the spring?

PATRICIA HOCHSCHILD, '48

## The Obsession of Henry Middel

HENRY MIDDEL WAS AN average man. And, until he had trouble being an average man, he had been a normal man. Moreover, he had thought himself a happy family man. Perhaps he had thought too much.

Henry sat stiffly on the hard bench of the subway car, his eyes fixed on the transit-ads, while he tried to put his thoughts in order so that the psychiatrist wouldn't muss them up in pulling out the essential facts.

"Ar-umph, tell me, *Mistaire Middel*" (psychiatrists were always slightly foreign) "when did this, ah, how-do-you-say, obsession start?"

Henry's eyes slid to the car window. He bent forward slightly, as though speaking in confidence.

"Dr. Breckmann, it was like this!"

And he began to review to himself the horrible twist which had been developing in his mind since the day, six weeks ago, when he had picked up a magazine and seen his own face staring from the curly lines of the ear of a caricatured Mr. America. The portrait thus seen, and always appearing in the ears of Mr. Americas, Mr. John Does, or Mr. Common Men, had engendered in Henry's soul a sudden and violent reaction against being average. He had not said anything about it to Peggy, his wife, for even at the beginning he had sensed the strange aloneness of it all.

Henry twitched. Another symptom, he told himself anxiously. The woman next to him slid away a bit. Was she afraid of the man in the ear of Mr. America?

The train stopped at fifty-second street. He hopped up nervously and pushed his way out. Clearly, the obsession was becoming too

much for him—he needed someone with whom to share it. He walked along the tunnel. Ahead of him, a gray hat like his. Average. Beside him, a woman who looked like Peggy. Average. On the wall, a poster—a cartoon, an ear. There it was, there it was! Henry R. Middel in the ear, in the ear of Mr. America!

He scuttled up the stairs as though pursued. Scuttle along the pavement, up steps; ring the bell; and all the way leaving behind the staring eyes of those who watched Henry Middel being unaverage.

Henry sighed, straightened his tie and gray hat. In. Up in the elevator. Knock. In again. Dear me—if the doctor didn't have to go and have the same kind of tie as he! Sit down. Consult, speak: past medical history? family? hobbies? friends? ("Romans and countrymen"—Henry wondered vaguely, annoyed because he could not think why *that* should come to his mind at such an important time.)

"Relax, *Mistaire Middel*." (He had been right about the accent.)

Henry stretched a bit, feeling oddly foolish as he explained to the doctor about the ear, with a part of his mind taking in all the suave modern fixtures of the gray and green room. He talked on, but suddenly his attention shifted from the importance of what he was saying, to Dr. Breckmann's ear, rather large and red and curly-lined, and yes! with Henry Middel in its contours. So it had come to this—not only in drawings, but in living things. And was Dr. Breckmann Mr. America? Henry broke off in the middle of his sentence and stared blankly as the doctor, feeling himself turning slightly green.

"Dr. Breckmann, right now—in your ear"

(he stuttered a bit; it was embarrassing to mention a part of the doctor's anatomy in such a way.) "There I am!"

"Ah, soo-o? Well, for that, monsieur" (the doctor prided himself on a French touch or two) "for that we have a remedy. You will take these pillz, Mistaire Middel, twice each day, and next week you will be back to see me, yes? and we will talk some more. And in the meantime, I will be wanting you to do thusly: you forget about the ear, you do not think of it. Effry day you do something that is not average, that is different, that you haf never done before. And you enjoy yourself. You don't work too hard, you don't think too hard, you haf fun, and if you should happen to see the ear, you stare hard, hard at it, and you say: 'That, my friend, is an ear, only an ear. Has nothing to do with me.' You see: is nothing serious, Mistaire Middel, and with treatment, will pass away. Good afternoon!"

Henry walked out slowly, thinking carefully about what the doctor had said, and clutching the pills in his right hand. Something different, what could he do between now and the end of the day that was something different? It was too late to go back to the office. Ah, he would go . . .

In the florist shop Henry stood uncertainly in a dark corner, enjoying the warm, sweet scent of the place, and trying to remember what kind of posies he used to bring to Peggy so many years ago. After someone had at last got around to noticing his slight, gray figure, and to helping him over the confused embarrassment of finding something he wanted, he left with an orchid in cellophane for Peg and some big, bright flower for the home. And he felt rather happy.

It was now the time he usually arrived home, so Peg was not surprised at that; but when she saw his gifts, she stood so long with an odd, helpless smile on her face that Henry felt the glow of pleasure quietly draining away.

"They're lovely, Henry! It's just that it's so unexpected, and really, an orchid—you have to look like something to wear an orchid! And the money, Henry!"

But she kissed him in thanks, and finally, after many stuttery words, he persuaded her to follow the other half of his plan: pin on the orchid and go out to dinner and dancing. At first it was nice; Peg relaxed, and the food was good, and Henry enjoyed the feeling of doing something different. But then they tried dancing, and they had both forgotten, and Peggy was not as light and slender as he remembered her, dancing, and the worried confusion came back over her face as all they could find to talk about was the kitchen stove and its sputtering burner, and how both children needed new winter coats.

This could not have been what the doctor meant, and when, leaving the hotel, Henry saw himself in the ear of the man in a poster, he knew it was not what he meant. And that was the way it went all week: trying new things in a fumbling way, and making other people as confused and surprised as he, and feeling clumsily conspicuous. Indeed, he worried so much about his attempts—gifts for Peg, a day off for his secretary, a new suit and a day of golf for himself—that he forgot to worry about being average, until he saw a cartoon of Mr. America, when it never failed to come back to him. The children were the only ones who took the change in their strides, and even they looked at him with some scepticism when he first brought home some toys, as though they felt he meant to bribe them.

He tried to explain all this to the doctor at his next visit, but Dr. Breckmann seemed to have his own ideas on the subject of Henry's obsession, and went on at great length, trying to discover if during his childhood he had hated his grandmother, loved his mother, or tortured young kittens. It was frustrating, and the only thing he would say when through probing curiously into Henry's poor little past was:

"Keep at it, Mistaire Middel. I detect improvement. In a few weeks, ah, then shall we see. Now then, this week you will take these pillz again, and you will love your family and find a hobby. Yes? And next Friday, come back again."

So it went on, for two weeks more. Henry's family were somewhat more accustomed to his outbursts, but they were still amazed at the rapidity with which he changed from bringing home presents to acting in a sugary-sweet manner to setting up a carpenter's bench in the cellar and trotting down there conscientiously every evening. And, since they knew nothing of the ear or of Dr. Breckmann or of Henry's effort to work himself out of the obsession of rebellion against being an average man, they merely went on reacting in an average way. All this was decidedly wearing on Henry. Besides the fact that his obsession grew no better and his bills grew bigger, he was getting very tired with all this effort. Moreover, Dr. Breckmann's pillz were too large for comfortable swallowing.

One evening, puttering laboriously over a bird house in the cellar (he knew they would never use the bird house, and it was very-boring to make, but it was the first thing in "Elemental Principles of Carpentering" and Henry liked to start at the beginning of things), he was musing with a vague feeling of loneliness on the smoothness of his life before the obsession had come upon him. He leaned against the carpenter's bench. The unshaded electric light bulb suspended above him cast a hard white light, and in its brightness his pencil caught his eye. He picked it up, doodling idly on his plan paper. He did not know much about it, but as he doodled, an ear began to grow. He had fastened the ear to a head before he realized that in the ear was a self-portrait.

A sudden feeling of exaltation flooded his tired soul—all this time, he told himself delightedly, all this time, the cartoon had been trying to give him a message, trying to tell him that he must draw. It was Destiny reaching down her hand to pluck Henry Middel

from mediocrity, to save him from the dry, dull, humdrum life which he had been trying so wearisomely to lighten with his clumsy flowers and dancing and gifts! He tried again—a different picture, but he hid in the corner of it a suspended ear, with himself once more in the middle. Lovely! Two pictures more, and he had discovered how to hide an ear in a cloud and himself in the ear. Now what should he do? What did artists do? An exhibition: one of his friends ran a framing shop—he would get its use for a one-man exhibition, and moreover, he would tell off Dr. Breckmann, that insensitive searcher who feigned to find the secret of one's existence in the fact that one had been pricked with a pin twice during one's sixth month of life!

It all happened so fast, Henry could hardly remember it all later. He had his exhibition, and he had some pictures published in the city *Daily*. He was a natural, they said, a self-trained man, a delicious satirist, a cartoonist in the Dalian manner. No one was quite able to fathom the meaning of the ear, but they commented profoundly on its significance to the artist and to the world.

And Henry—Henry left the office and sat in the studio in the attic, enjoying his family's bewilderment and his own success. Now, a supremely unaverage man, he sits in the subway car, happily conscious of the artistic sweep of his hat and tie and bright handkerchief. His stop—he hurries out, and as he passes a poster with a cartoon of Mr. America, he pauses, ceremoniously removes the dashing hat, and makes a chivalric bow. The people snicker and nudge one another at the eccentricity of an artist, of the man who had an obsession.

JOAN BREST, '48

# Sophomore Dirge

(With apologies to T. S. Eliot)

October is the cruelest month, breeding  
Hygiene out of the dead leaves, mixing  
German and French orals, stirring  
Dull minds with false hopes.  
Summer kept us warm, covering  
Nerves in forgetful sleep, feeding  
A little life with fresh eggs.  
Autumn surprised us coming over the Gymnasium  
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the cloisters  
And went on in shadow into the stacks,  
And drank tea and talked for an hour.  
"Karl und Anna gehen in die Schule."  
And when we were children, staying at our great aunt's,  
My cousin told me about the orals,  
And I was frightened. She said, Marie,  
Marie, hold on tight, or out you'll go.  
In the Greek's, there you feel free.  
I read much of the night, and sleep in my classes.

What are the dates that count? What headaches grow  
Out of this mass of papers? Miss Petts,  
You cannot say or guess, for you know only  
This crowd of fallen arches. When the sun beats,  
And the yellow flag gives no respite, the weather no relief,  
And the dry courts resound with curses. Only  
There is shadow under this gray Rock,  
(Come in under the shadow of this gray rock),  
And I will show you something different from either  
Your classes at morning fading behind you  
Or your afternoon labs rising to meet you;  
I will show you fear in a litter of mice.

*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten*

*Das ich so traurig bin.*

"I passed my orals first a year ago.  
They called me the superwoman."  
Yet when I came back late from the Hygiene Exam,  
My hand cramped, my eyes wet, I could not speak,  
My eyes failed, I was neither  
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,

Looking into the arch of Pem, the darkness.  
*Oed' und leer Bryn Mawr.*

Madame Robbins, famous historian,  
Has a bad cold, nevertheless  
Is known to be the wisest woman on campus,  
With a wicked pack of notes. Here, said she,  
Is your quiz; discuss the feudal system.  
(Those are pearls that were my eyes. Look!)

Here is Miss Lang, Lady of Greek,  
The lady of weekly quizzes.  
Here is the man with the eye-shade, and here the Weiss,  
And here the long-legged Green, and this bluebook,  
Which is blank, is something he carries in his hand,  
Now I am forbidden to pass. I did not find  
The gravitational constant. Fear death by physics.  
I see crowds of people, walking around in a ring.  
Thank you. If you see dear Miss Grant,  
Tell her I won't be at tennis today:  
One must be so careful these days.

Unreal college,  
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,  
A crowd flowed under Pembroke arch, so many,  
I had not thought life had undone so many.  
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,  
And each girl fixed her eyes before her feet.  
Flowed past the lib and down the Senior Row,  
To where the broken sundial kept the hours  
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.  
There I saw one I knew, and stopped her, crying: "Lillian!  
"You who were with me in first year Bi!  
"That dogfish you planted last year back of Dalton,  
"Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?  
"Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?  
"Oh keep that Fly far hence, the Gardner's dog,  
"Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!  
"You! hypocrite reader!—that Bi. exam,—my ruin!"

ANNE WOOD, '48

KATHERINE CHADWICK, '48

## *Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh*

SARAI HURRIED ACROSS the room and boxed the servant-maid's ears heartily.

"What are you doing in that chest?" she demanded furiously. The girl let the lid fall with a bang and turned around to explain.

"I was looking for more linen. We need some for the new lodgers' rooms."

"You could have asked me. That's the wrong chest. Here, under the window. What do you need? I'll get it myself." As soon as the servant-girl had left the room with her arms full of Sarai's choicest linens the mistress turned again to the first chest, her eyes dimmed and her cheeks flushed. Softly she pulled back the lid and knelt on the ground beside the chest. Everything was just as she had left it fifteen years ago, when she had already been married ten years to Moses. She unrolled and then rewound one of the long strips of linen with tremulous fingers. These were the swaddling clothes which she had so carefully prepared and laid in readiness in the chest unknown to anyone, a secret between Sarai and her God. More than anything else in life, Sarai had always wanted a child; and life had given her twenty-five years of barrenness. Year after year she had hoped and prayed, but her heart's desire had never been granted. After ten years, she began weaving stealthily with the finest Egyptian linen, remembering the faith of Abraham and Sarai. The mother of her nation, after whom Sarai was named, had borne a child after many years of barrenness; and why could not her namesake do likewise? She too would act by faith and not by sight; and so a heap of linen swaddling bands was prepared against the wonderful day. Sarai could scarcely hope any longer; but she still clung to her chest and its

swaddling clothes as her one treasure, carefully hidden from the eyes of her husband and friends.

But today of all days there was no time to think of sacred things. The khan was fairly bursting with lodgers who had come to their native town because of the decree of Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. Sarai scuttled from the kitchen to the dining room and then upstairs to see that the servant-girl had done everything as she should; then to the cellar for more of the best wine. Her head whirled with all the pressing matters which must be attended to immediately. If only there were not so many distractions from people coming to the door seeking lodging! After all, Moses could not be expected to put up the hundreds of travellers who were suddenly descending upon Bethlehem. The khan was full, and they had more to do than they could manage already.

The servant-girl was clearing off the supper things, and Sarai was locking up the wine when a donkey's small hooves clattered over the cobble stones. A knock came at the door. Moses left a group of guests and flung open the old wooden door. He was gone a long time, and Sarai could hear the voice outside growing more and more persistent. At last, Moses, in a despairing tone, called for Sarai.

"I must find a place to stay," the man outside insisted. "I tell you, I must; my wife is about to give birth to a child."

"So three other groups of travellers have already told us today," replied Sarai wearily as a momentary chill seized her body. "Our suggestion has been that they stay with the beasts in the stable; but after an inspection of the place, they have chosen to move on."

She caught a glimpse of a woman's white, frightened face as Moses hastily swung the door shut before the traveller could protest further. People would say anything to get lodging. One could not tell . . .

Sarai was up late that night baking bread and preparing the food for the next day. There was a strange restless feeling in her heart. That stupid servant-girl and her blunder had upset her. How strange after all these twenty-five years! One was much happier in life if one tried to feel nothing at all. She put the bread which had been rising since early afternoon into the oven and sank down wearily. She was very tired.

It must have been nearly midnight when the door was almost beaten in by someone's frantic knocking. Moses had been in bed for an hour. Sarai would have to answer the door herself or all the guests would be wakened. Startled from her drowsiness, she sprang up, seized a lamp, and started for the door. There stood the same stubborn man, and Sarai began to protest. They had already given him their answer.

"You must come down to the stable," he cried. "My wife needs someone desperately, and you are the nearest help. Please, for the love of God, come!" Suddenly Sarai was wide awake and knew that her bread was burning. She sped to the oven and pulled out the brown, fragrant loaves just in time. That was what came of falling asleep. In her relief, she pulled on her shawl, scarcely knowing what she was doing; and the man hurried her out into the night.

Sarai had never in her life spent twenty such minutes, but at last it was over. A man-child had come into the world. Sarai looked down at the tiny face and caught her breath in wonder.

"It's God himself, that's what He is. I never saw such a baby—He's more than anyone could ask," she murmured. "All like his mother; not a bit of his father in him," she said aloud, turning abruptly. She must not let these people know their son could bring tears to her eyes and a stifled sob to her throat.

In her haste, she tripped several times over the cobble stones in the courtyard; and she had forgotten her lamp and left it in the stable. Her fingers found the familiar latch after a few minute's fumbling, and she rushed in. The fire from the oven still afforded enough light to find the old chest. Swiftly, she gathered up the heap of swaddling bands, clasped them to her breast, and ran out into the night again.

The man and women turned as they heard her step in the stable.

"I came for my lamp," she announced. The wonder baby gave a little crow and held out his hand as she bent over him for a moment. Sarai tightened her lips and thrust the swaddling clothes at the mother.

"Here, he'll need these. It's not very much," she said, "But it is all I have."

CATHIE CLARK, '47



# Paolo and Francesca

*In this poem, the author has used as a basis the skeleton story told by Dante in the "Inferno." She has elaborated upon the Dantean legend, adding to it freely with her imagination in an endeavor to animate the characters and to give them more depth. Continued from December issue of "The Title."*

I lay and saw the dawn, brushed by the wings of night-birds on the sky.  
And still my soul was torn by the searing question, why.  
Footsteps echoed in the still dark hall,  
A whisper, clinging to the dampened stones  
Seeped into my room, Paolo's voice,  
Urgent, tender, murmuring Francesca's name.  
An answering cry, so quickly hushed,  
Then footsteps, whispers,  
Soon, the doorway to the garden shut  
But not so softly that I could not hear.  
I watched them, my brother and my wife  
From the leaded stained glass window.  
Francesca stood as if the wind had caught her in its arms:  
Paolo was like one who listened in a dream to what she said.  
I could not hear, and yet I knew what words had left her lips.  
The horror that she felt to think herself my wife  
Was plain; her gestures of reproach, her shudder, even,  
Of disgust; each took away a little of my life,  
Her scorn, her anger at the trick—  
Paolo's face was grey and drawn and sick.  
She turned away from him and hid her face;  
Paolo swayed, hesitant, then dropped onto his knees.  
He seemed to plead; Francesca stood as cold as stone.  
His head bent low, and then a smile quivered on Francesca's face;  
I wondered then, with dull surprise, what golden speech  
Fell glittering from his lips that caused her eyes to gleam  
As if before her lay the treasure of the realm.  
"Paolo;" her voice was soft and low, and yet I heard it plain.  
The wind swept it from her lips, and it seemed to throb within my brain.  
I hated the wind that spreads sweetness on the morning air;  
Faint perfume of Italian roses brings this scene back to my mind,  
A scene of death, for me; of birth for them—  
Birth of a love and passion which was theirs to share.  
I could not leave my window, so I stayed, I know not how many hours  
And thought not what I saw; I was a man insane with grief, and powerless.  
How empty, how hollow is the man  
Whose soul has rotted by the constant mildewing of disappointment

And no ray of hope penetrates, so closed within the self is he.  
 The days crept by, crippled, halting, til the moon became  
 A silver circle in the sky. One night I watched it floating  
 In the marble fountain, knowing a pebble would destroy the image,  
 Yet it seemed as real as that one above me, and so close  
 I could scoop it up between my hands and let it splash  
 Into a dreary puddle-disc no longer metal.  
 It was there Francesca saw me as she passed  
 The sheltered grotto, Her steps faltered, then she paused,  
 The moon slanting silver on her face.  
 "Gianciotto—" her voice shattered the stillness  
 As the wind shakes the popular leaves.  
 I turned and looked at her. Francesca da Rimini.  
 Here was the beauty that is given to few;  
 The breathless second of dark, portentous beauty before a storm,  
 Caught in the twilight's after-glow, when the throbbing stars  
 Cling to the luminescent sky  
 As glistening rain drops to a spider's web.  
 She said my name again, and sought to tell me of her love  
 For Paolo; Her words could not reveal that love,  
 But every gesture, every look cried out his name.  
 Dimly her voice reached my ears;  
 "It is as if some great, mysterious power were pulling us together,  
 A wind, forcing us into each others arms  
 And blowing far away the other world around us."  
 A wind, she said. "Nay, Francesca,  
 Wind is cruel, its thrust tears apart the mirrored sea;  
 Wind is conflict; the love I bear for you  
 Is not the gale of passion, but a sheltered adoration;  
 I pluck this rose, guarded by the wall from sudden storm;  
 Thus does the wind, ruthless and relentless, pluck its victims, even  
 Of a sheltered soul," Francesca turned.  
 As if the stars had sighed and stirred the sicken air,  
 A petal from the flower in my fingers  
 Quivered, dropped; then soared, a moon-illuminated moth,  
 And beat its wings against her hair.  
 So silent was the flight, so soft the petal's touch,  
 She could not know the wind had joined them thus.  
 I had lost, I had lost. Only for me, the crippled one,  
 At the mercy of the wind, could know  
 The destruction in its power.  
 Francesca slipped away. I stayed by the fountain  
 And felt no life stirring in my veins.  
 I was a man dead, a shell,  
 And yet within me burned one spark—blind hatred,  
 A loathing, tinged with envy, towards these two.  
 When the sun tinged the eastern sky.  
 I left Rimini; there were affairs of my father  
 To be settled in a distant city. The futility  
 Of escaping from my grief was clear:

Every moment of my absence was haunted by a fear  
 Of Paolo and Francesca; what they said  
 In the tender moments of aloneness and togetherness combined;  
 Where they were, and whether they had found the love  
 That I had spent a lifetime dreaming of.  
 One night a message from my father came;  
 Behind the casual words he had conveyed  
 The simple fact that I had been betrayed.  
 So it was common knowledge, then,  
 That my passion had been tossed aside  
 And that my wife, by name, was in truth Paolo's bride.  
 I started back to Rimini within the hour. It was  
 A lonely ride.  
 In the days and nights that followed I never left my room,  
 But sat huddled by the books which no longer had the power  
 To console men. What is the loneliness that nothing can allay?  
 Death in Life, a void; a gloom unthresholded by hope.  
 There came a morning when something inside me cracked,  
 And I felt the flame of hatred scorch my soul,  
 Urging it into a last mad frenzy—an eagerness  
 To know the joy of living once again.  
 Slowly I rose and grasped the bolt that kept me from the outer world,  
 Then thrust it back, scraping my knuckles on the metal edge.  
 Before me lay Rimini, stretching wide and far;  
 Above me were the unborn stars, closed within a gossamer sheath of sunlit sky.  
 (I shall go back to Rimini; Rimini, the very name brings pain  
 And anguish, yet the longing to return again.  
 For in that moment when my hatred brought me back to life;  
 I killed my brother and my wife.)  
 As I gazed with awe towards Rimini I saw  
 Paolo and Francesca, close together,  
 In the grotto where I had seen the shattered image of the moon.  
 Within me stormy winds of passion gathered force,  
 And I entered the garden where they were. Soft  
 Was my footstep, and they did not stir.  
 Paolo held a book, from which Francesca read,  
 Her voice stirring the words to new life and meaning,  
 Enveloping them in sheer beauty. Words on a page  
 Are black and white, but when Francesca shaped them  
 With her silver tongue, they became a rainbow,  
 Shimmering in the air.  
 She read the tale of Lancelot and Guinevere, King Arthur's wife.  
 Of stolen love, overwhelming in its power.  
 Love that reached the deepest recess of the soul,  
 Love that made them one, as two strings of a violin  
 Form one note when stroked by an artists' bow.  
 She paused, as the arrowed words struck her heart.  
 Paolo looked at her; and in his eyes I saw the love of Lancelot;  
 In hers, the love of Guinevere.

The embers of my hatred, fanned by passion, burst  
 Into a hell-born fire. I was aflame, and yet my mind was ice.  
 Slowly I drew my jeweled dagger from its sheath  
 And watched its glitter skim across the leaves of full-blown roses  
 Forming crescents of molten sunlight.  
 Then I cried aloud, and blindly darted towards them.  
 Paolo first—my raised arm, a quick thrust; up, one; two—  
 His face was not afraid as he crumpled to the ground.  
 He seemed to smile, but he was dead . . .  
 Francesca sat motionless, her face white, ethereal.  
 I turned and stared into her eyes.  
 She reached forth her hand and touched the book of Lancelot  
 Then smiled, as if she knew the earthly love were not enough,  
 And that this moment had been foreordained.  
 I grasped the dagger until the stones cut my hand,  
 Then I stabbed her, and the world grew black.  
 I see it still so clear, the petal whiteness of her throat  
 Marred by the single crimson jewel of her blood,  
 While the book of Lancelot lay open on the ground.  
 I placed my dagger in its sheath, and groped my way  
 Until I reached the path, leading from the grotto  
 Where they used to walk—  
 Then I fell, and lay my head upon the earth;  
 So cool, so fresh; and crumbled it in my assassin hands,  
 Knowing that it was no longer mine to hold.  
 That night I left; the Rimini I loved was dead to me.  
 Sometimes, in the years of exile I have passed  
 Wandering, I know not where, the cloud  
 Enveloping my mind has lifted  
 And I know before death takes me I must go back  
 To Rimini again, and find my question answered at the last.  
 When my turn comes to die, to rid my body of my soul,  
 Let it be no gradual sinking, as the leaf  
 Severed from its branch flutters to the ground,  
 Lifted, floated by the wind;  
 Rather, may I stand once more,  
 In brazen solitude upon a curving hill  
 And feel the wind tearing me from limb to limb  
 Until my crippled body can resist no more,  
 So dead and rotted is to the core.  
 When I go back to Rimini  
 It is to die; and in the moment before death  
 I shall know the answer, and shall say it with my final breath:  
 "Know this: that we must live eternally alone,  
 There is no merging of two souls except by death."  
 And I shall stand  
 Waiting for the wind of Rimini,  
 The wind that blows on Rimini . . .

ROSINA BATESON, '47

## Mr. Barzun and the American Girl

MR. JACQUES BARZUN, whose remarkable book, *Teacher in America*, shows him to be an apostle of straight thinking in almost every field of educational theory, goes lamentably astray when he comes to discuss collegiate education for women. Mr. Barzun's position is not precisely anti-feministic; on the contrary, he would be the first to acknowledge the equality of men and women as potential technicians and specialists. It cannot be called anti-feminism, but only sensible realism, to refuse to concede that any woman except the celibate woman (celibate in the intellectual if not in the literal sense) can compete with men in the professional sphere. If domesticity is not actually exclusive of the life of the mind, the two are certainly hostile, while the process of child-bearing is well-known for its ability to reduce a normally keen feminine intellect to a vegetative state in which the *Saturday Evening Post* constitutes the top level of literary intake.

Granted that Mr. Barzun is justified in his position on this point, since none but the most rampant Susan B. Anthony would attempt to maintain that the mental equality between men and women is uninfluenced by their physical inequality, it is all the more astonishing to have him come forth with the statement that, previous to college training, women had better be separated into one group destined for the professional world and another whose sole object, or possibly fate, is matrimony. In Mr. Barzun's own words, "it would not be unreasonable to make some kind of differentiation between those women who are going to be specialists and those who are going to be housewives."

This is, first and foremost an affront to the dignity of the American woman. The literal adherence to such a distinction would require that any student, before being admitted to college, must make a public declaration to the effect that she is either marriageable or unmarriageable. If she declined to do this herself, some omniscient authority would have to be empowered to make the decision for her. (Not many would be so candid as the recently-graduated student who, in being asked whether she had any plans for post-graduate study, replied that the only degree in which she had any further interest was the M.R.S.) It is hard to believe that Mr. Barzun can have taken serious thought as to the practical details of such a scheme. Had he done so, he must surely have realized that an open division of students into domestic and non-domestic would differ little in principle from the sorority system of labelling one girl as socially acceptable and another as unacceptable. It is, in fact, debatable whether there is such a thing as an unmarriageable girl; at a given moment there are those who have married and those who have not. While the offer of marriage remains a masculine prerogative, the spinster's only defense is a facial expression intended to convey that, while her single state may be a necessity, there yet remains the possibility that it is a matter of choice. What Mr. Barzun suggests would strip her of even this weapon.

The boiling-away of righteous indignation on the part of the unmarried, though not necessarily unmarriageable, critic reveals a more serious lack of insight in Mr. Barzun's view-point. Suppose that the would-be-special-

ist goes her appointed way and successfully contends with masculine competition in her chosen field; all well and good. On the other hand, suppose that her more optimistic sister, who, confident of her marketability, has taken the unspecialized college course recommended by Mr. Barzun as an aid to intelligent companionship in married life, wakes up to find herself with a diploma and no husband? If she attended any exclusively feminine institution, many of the young men she knew before entering college will have married in her absence and the pressure of academic work may well have kept her from meeting others. Worse still, with lack of any well-defined interest, she is cut off from finding, in the professional world, the man whom a specialized training might have enabled her to meet. In the meantime, whatever employment she accepts she regards as the most temporary kind of stop-gap. It is obvious that any job undertaken in this half-hearted frame of mind will be carried out in a half-hearted fashion. Marriage, if it does come, will be greeted with a sigh of relief, hardly any more pleasurable emotion. The world is already too full of women drifting through purposeless lives: women who might have given creative direction to their interests if they could only have brought themselves to surrender the notion that matrimony is just around the corner. Thus, unless a girl enters college with the firmly-fixed idea that marriage is a pleasant accident, and that she had better busy herself with some definite substitute in case this par-

ticular form of lightning perversely declines to strike where she is, she may find herself in the position of doing uncongenial work and doing it badly.

The same horror of waste motion in education that led Mr. Barzun to recommend general courses for men, (that is, courses emphasizing principles rather than facts), may well have been responsible for his curious attitude in regard to college training for women. It is true that if it were possible to determine in advance which women would marry and which would pursue careers, much educational energy would be conserved; unfortunately the necessary prophetic gifts are lacking. It is even doubtful whether the problem is really so different for the two sexes. Does every college-trained man go into the professional field which would most naturally follow on his choice of major subject? During the war years, at least, there was probably more squandering of masculine intellect than of its feminine counterpart.

Then what should the women's colleges do? As Mr. Barzun himself makes clear, the task of education should be to foster intelligence and adaptability. These qualities are surely not detrimental to married happiness. Intellect, like gold, is where you find it and should not be despised even when it appears, as it may more frequently than Mr. Barzun may suspect, in a context of dishpans and diapers.

ROSAMOND KENT, '45

# The New Man of Pecos

“**A**H, MI AMIGOS, you see before you a man who is glad he is a bachelor!”

Pepe Martinez, who had just emerged from the doorway of the small abode courthouse of Pecos, dropped his corpulent weight carelessly on the ground beside Pedro Rodriguez and Luis Manuelo. Leaning back against the dirt wall of the building, he took off the huge sombrero that covered his face and fanned himself. This revealed a massive forehead and lively eyes that failed to coincide with the lazy reticence of the figure below them. Pepe was a man who loved life. He was a man who had displayed a great talent for keeping his surprisingly agile body and soul together—for Pepe was not only a man with a past, but a man without a conscience.

Luis, lying on his back, lifted his dark curly head and squinted at the sheriff of Pecos, then fell back in a fit of laughter. “Santa Domingos! And what woman in Pecos has ever wished you to be anything but a bachelor, Pepito? In Pecos, ‘Luis hoisted himself again and grinned at his companions, “it is love Pepe Martinez or love the church of Jesus!”

This accusation of impiety served no more than to lift one of Pepe’s black eyebrows. “So! And do I not hold one of the three highest positions in Pecos? There is the Padre Arce, Del Valle the silversmith, and Martinez the sheriff! All bachelors!” He spurted out the last with obvious relish.

“The one is wedded to Christ, the other cannot abide women, and the third, ah, the third, our sheriff, he stays a bachelor because he cannot break tradition. Que lastima! Pedro!” Luis lifted himself to his elbows and poked the prostrate figure of Rodriguez with his fist. “Have you heard the story of a fat

man who killed a thin man—his own loving cousin, verdad—some ten years back in a small town that had no jail? Well,” the wirey man shrugged carelessly, “Who cares to build a jail for one small murderer? The town was too poor! So, the people decided that the town should be his jail. But Caramba, after five years the townspeople tired of seeing a man who was both lazy and fat with nothing to do. So what do they do? They have no sheriff and but one criminal; therefore, they decided to have one sheriff and no criminal. Que le parece? They make him the sheriff!”

“And he builds the town a jail!” Pepe’s good humor was scratched and he glowered menacingly at his skinny companion. “And,” he triumphantly, “in the last three years we have had two criminals in our jail—no? That is, besides the drunk ones.”

Suddenly a lithe figure came flying down the cobbled road. When it stopped before the trio two black eyes were bulging out of a dark sixteen-year-old face, and the boy was shouting breathlessly, “Pepe, I come to tell you that soon you shall have another prisoner for your jail! Jose Pardo is beating the woman Lucia. He has a big club! All the neighbors are running out to see the battle!”

“Another prisoner!” Pepe jumped up in excitement, his great weight shaking under the impact of the news.

“Jose Pardo!” shouted Luis, sitting up incredulously.

“Si, senores, I expect he will kill her!” The boy hopped from one foot to the other in impatience.

“Well,” Pepe took a deep breath and settled down complacently in his place by the wall once again, “Then we will wait.”

“But senores,” the boy was almost in tears,

"We must get a posse together. Someone will be hurt. Santa Maria, hurry!"

Pepe glanced up in irritation. "Voyase, muchacho. Be on your way. Do we run to stop the bullfighter in the ring because the bull is bigger than he?"

"Or more ignorant than he? murmured Luis slyly.

"No!" thundered Pepe, "We shall wait and see. Be off!"

The lad turned and wandered dejectedly away from them. Then the heretofore silent member of the group, Pedro Rodriguez, yawned sleepily, lifted his sombrero from his face, and sat up. "Jose Pardo? Did I hear the name Jose Pardo mentioned? Is not he the man with one arm?"

"Si, my friend," asserted Luis, "And I was with him when he lost the arm. You do not live in Pecos. Maybe you do not know the story. It is sad indeed." He drew his brows together in recollection of the incident.

"It was in July, perhaps two years back. Jose is a small man, a timid man, but also a lazy man. He is not handsome, but he has the love of a woman—and Caramba, what a woman! She is an Amazon, with powerful muscles and a very mean way about her. Jose has a good mind, indeed, but he is so lazy that it quite passes notice. Lucia, she is very ignorant, but," he sighed, "she is twice as large as Jose. Because of that and because he is too lazy to leave, he has been most faithful and obedient for the five years they have been together. But you see, she beats him; nearly twice a week she gives him a beating to keep him in his place. And Jose—well—he sighs and complains at least once a day, but never has he run away.

"Ah, but several times have I seen the good Padre Arce visit their hut to plead, in the name of Jesus Christ, that Jose marry Lucia. But no, the woman is willing and Jose not. Beat him and bully him as she may, the only thing he will not do is marry her. Si, underneath it all Jose is a strong man, a man with a will of his own!

"Well, as I say, it was two years back when Padre Arce came to Jose to ask him to do a

job. The pay was to be five pesos—more money than Jose had ever seen at one time before. The job was simply to light the fuse of a stick of dynamite and toss it into a large bank to clear away the dirt for a road to be built. When Jose passed me on his way to the task he did not seem at all timid about it. He asked me to come along to keep him company. I was anxious to see the explosion, so I went. When we arrived at our destination I stood up on the hill and Jose went down below. He seemed to be calm. He went down to make a careful inspection of the bank and decide his position.

"After some ten minutes I was becoming very impatient, but finally Jose scrambled up to his place and then took out a cigarette and lit it. He smoked it for a moment, took out the dynamite from his pocket, held it high, and lit the fuse with his cigarette. And then I saw a terrible thing. In his right hand he held the cigarette, in his left the dynamite. I shuddered in horror as I saw him raise both arms, his left hand clenched tightly around the dynamite, his eyes staring at the strange thing he held in his hand. I waited for his fingers to open and toss the dynamite out on the bank. But Volgame Dios, in that moment he did not know his right hand from his left. His arm shot out, si, and I heard an explosion that all but burst my poor head open! But when I next looked I realized what happened. Que barbaridad! He had thrown away the cigarette!"

"Ay ay!" Pedro shook his head mournfully over the tale and the three men sat musing for a moment. Then suddenly the peace of the warm afternoon was again interrupted—this time by a violent commotion. The air was filled with shouting and bickering, and the three looked up to see a crowd rapidly approaching from the direction in which the boy had gone. Each one seemed to be arguing with his neighbor, but two central figures in the group were immediately perceptible. The one was unique because of her immensity, the other for a peculiar type of trance which seemed to possess him. The woman was not exactly fat in the usual manner, but



her physical appearance, her great height and heavy muscular structure gave an impression of tremendous power.

There was something appealing and almost inspiring in the attitude of her smaller companion. A good foot shorter than she and thin to the point of emaciation, he would have made a sorry appearance had not the transcendent expression of his face and unaccustomed dignity of bearing set him apart from the group. He seemed to be of another world and was obviously unconscious of those around him. One arm hung loosely at his side—the other sleeve swung limply as he walked. His bearing distinguished him particularly from his companions, for he seemed to be walking with a new-born sense of his own masterfulness. It was the same black curly hair and blue eyes of Jose Pardo that were presented to his friends before the courthouse, but the spirit that looked out from the eyes was new indeed.

Luis, astonished, jumped to his feet. "Caramba, that is not Jose! That cannot be Jose Pardo!"

"Si, that is Jose," Pepe remarked lazily and rose with an effort to meet the oncoming party.

"Pepe Martinez, sheriff of Pecos, you must arrest these two!" called out a shrill female voice. A thin woman in a faded brown skirt and red blouse stepped out of the crowd and faced Pepe. "They are disturbing the peace of the community and will very likely kill one another!"

Pepe took a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket, drew out a match with which he lit a cigarette, took a long draught of smoke into his lungs, and exhaled. Then he settled his bulky weight slowly on the ground again at the feet of the angry throng. "Come, come, let us remain calm." He looked searchingly through the group until his eyes lighted on one of the men. "Now, Alberto Rivas, you are a reliable man. Who began the commotion?"

A short, heavy-set man with a curling black moustache crossed his hands behind his back and cocked his head to one side. Looking at Jose out of the corner of his eye, he replied in a soft, shy voice, "Well, senor, I think it

was Jose. But one can be sure of nothing. For, senor," he smiled engagingly and lowered his voice to a whisper, "a man can hardly trust his eyes and ears today." He felt an elbow jabbed in his side, and a small woman beside him whispered hoarsely, "Answer the question only, you donkey of a husband!"

For a moment Pepe inspected the man in question. Jose stood carelessly, his feet wide apart, his body relaxed. His right hand was stuck in the pocket of his black overalls; the vision of the sublime still glowed in his eyes. Pepe scratched his head. "Alberto," he began—

Suddenly Alberto jumped forward a step, eager to speak. "Senor, I will tell you how it happened. I was standing out on the road a short time ago when I saw," his soft voice assumed a tone of mystery, "a sight that my eyes could not believe. It was Jose coming toward me on the street with a club in his hand. He was coming upon me with a fierce look in his eye, and I thought the club was meant for me. So I turned and ran. I ran until my breath was gone, but my fear was very great, so I continued to run until I came to my house. Jose's is the next one. When I came to my door there was a stone in the road that I did not see, and I stumbled and fell—right on my poor face, senor. I waited to feel the blow of the club on my head, but no! Jose came running past me and on to his house. So I quickly jumped to my feet and ran after him. I soon saw whom the club was meant for. Jose went past his house down to the brook where the woman, Lucia, was washing clothes. She did not see Jose and he went up behind her and knocked her poof!" Alberto raised his hands high. "Flat upon her stomach, and her face went in the water. I could do nothing but look. Then, most amazing! She climbed to her feet and she looked at Jose. For two full minutes she stood there and looked only, and then, senor, I could see her anger rising. She quickly reached down and picked up her washing, skirts and trousers and dresses, all quite sopping with water, and dashed them at his head. Ah—and there was Jose—tearing at sleeves and collars and skirts wound about his head and beating with

his club in the air. And *senor*, since I came near to having my head crushed by the club, I turned and ran. As I went I heard them shouting at each other, and I knew a mighty battle was to take place. So I called Maria, Angelena, Manuel and the rest, for everyone should witness that today Jose Pardo is a great man!" Alberto raised his arm in the air in a triumphant gesture, while the woman beside him again jarred him savagely in the ribs.

Pepe sat quietly puffing at his cigarette, his legs spread out comfortably on the ground. Then he squinted up at the mute, indifferent Jose and spoke. "Jose Pardo, now I would like to hear what you have to say."

The crowd drew away slightly from the defendant under questioning, and he stood in a small space. The woman in the case, however, hovered near him, a heavy, platitudinous expression on her face. Jose said nothing for a moment—indeed, he seemed to be deciding whether to speak at all. But finally he began. His attitude was no longer one of indifference, but the bright eyes opened wide, the hand came out of his pocket. In an intent manner he addressed the sheriff, disregarding the others around him.

"*Senor Martinez*," he began slowly, "since you wish to hear my story I will tell it. I am not a man of words, *senor*—I cannot say what I feel in here," he pointed to his heart, "but I will try. I am not really a very smart man, *senor*," a grim, quiet smile came over his face, "for I have but one arm to show for my stupidity. I am not much good. I do not work. All my life I have not cared about anything. Others may do as they like to me and I do not care. No *me importa*. But *senor*," the hand went into his pocket again, he leaned back on his heels carelessly, and a sleepy expression spread over his face, "though all may do as they like to me, beat me or do as they please, there is only one thing. Ahey cannot *push* me, *senor*! I cannot make my legs move when I am pushed. I stand or I fall, but I do not go. So that is the answer I give Padre Arce when he tells me I must marry Lucia. I have no wish to break the law of Jesus, but my legs will not go when I am pushed!

"And so, *senor*, as I tell you, all my life I have not cared if people are good to me or if they beat me. It makes no difference," he shrugged casually, "and in five years with Lucia I have had many beatings. Two years ago, *senor*, I lost my arm—and that, too, somehow, did not make a difference. I could still eat, sleep, work a little. I was as happy as before—except one thing." Jose's eyes grew darker and more intense. "I got a small wish to be stronger, stronger than I have ever been in my life. My arm, *senor*, was gone—and yet I felt that I was stronger than when I was with both. This wish was small. Until today it was so small that I hardly took notice. But today," the soft voice became still softer with the tenderness of memory, "I took a walk. I walked out from town to where there is a wood. You know the place, do you not? Lucia had sent me for wild berries, but when I went in I forgot the berries. I sat on a log, and all was quiet—so very quiet. I sat still for I felt I should hear something." The crowd drew nearer in the suspense of the moment, and all were intently awaiting Jose's next words.

The little man leaned back on his heels again, his eyes closed in sublime recollection. "And then, I heard the voice. It said 'Jose! Jose Pardo! Are you there?' I answered, 'Yes, I am here. It said, 'Jose, you think you have but one arm?' I said, 'Yes, I know I have but one arm for two years!' It said, 'No, Jose, you are wrong. You have two arms, and you are a strong man—stronger than any man in Pecos. Never have you beat a man, but at your feet is a heavy stick. With it your one arm is two, you are stronger than you have even been in your life, and your legs *want* to go!' And so, I hardly knew what was happening to me, but I found myself running down the road to the town. I went to my house, I knocked Lucia into the water, and now," his tone became apologetic, "I find myself standing before you."

The sheriff rose from the ground as Jose finished his story and drew his thick figure to its full height. "Jose, you say you have never married Lucia."

Jose looked soberly at the ground. "No, senor, I have not."

Pepe looked sternly at the defendant. "Jose, I am sorry to have to tell you that in Pecos for striking a woman who is not your wife you must pay two hundred pesos!"

Jose stared incredulously at him. "Ah, but senor," he protested weakly, "I do not even have five pesos. How can I pay the fine?"

It was a struggle for Pepe to answer the small man's question. For the first time in his life the conscience of the larger man was stabbing him unmercifully, unperceived as it may have been by those about him.

"Jose," replied Pepe, "there is but one way out. You must pay the fine *or*," he hesitated, "you must marry Lucia. For there is no law which prevents a man from striking his wife."

All turned to look at Jose who stood with hanging head. No longer were the dark eyes bright with an unfamiliar glow, nor was the brown head raised high on the slim shoulders. The strong man of Pecos was no more. He was but a shadow of a glorious bygone moment, and the atmosphere was heavy with his passing. The crowd turned aside, each man to make his way home, but with a melancholy lethargy. There was not a man or woman who did not feel the tragedy of Jose Pardo.

Lucia still stood beside the condemned man, unchanged in manner or expression. It made little difference to her. She had the man either way. Dumbly, disinterestedly, she stood staring at the trio in front of the brown abode wall—the important fat man, the thin one who was displaying an avid interest in the proceedings, and the figure on the ground who lay with his hat over his face.

Lucia and Jose now stood alone before the sheriff and his friends. Jose lifted his eyes, and the pathetic sadness of his face caused Pepe to wince slightly. "Well, senor," he sighed, "what I would not do for Padre Arce I will do for you. But will you tell him maybe that it is because I do not have two hundred pesos?"

\* \* \* \*

As Jose and Lucia turned and started home, Pepe's eyes followed the figure in black overalls with the limp sleeve swinging at his

side until he was out of sight. Then the sheriff lowered himself heavily to the ground again and took out a cigarette. He was obviously quite deadened in spirit, and Luis looked at him expectantly, excited by the revolutionary transformation in his ordinarily jolly and unscrupulous friend.

"Luis," he said, looking his companion squarely in the face, "I have killed two men in my life. The first—he deserved to be killed; the second—he had lived but an hour." Pepe's eyes rolled dejectedly in his fat cheeks, and he dropped his head on his chest.

"So?" Luis sat up brightly to hear better the amazing words coming from Pepe's lips.

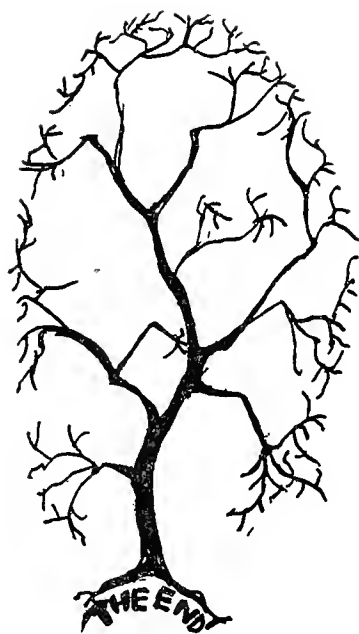
"Si," Pepe went on. "Luis, I will tell you that never in my life until now have I been an honest man." Luis' reaction to this was an affected expression of amazement. "But now I am being honest. Never before have I had a conscience, and now—now I am dying from conscience. Oh," he groaned, "Luis, from a criminal I have become sheriff, and *now*," he slapped his knee emphatically, "the law has made me become a criminal again!"

Luis reciprocated Pepe's feeling, sinking back on his elbow and staring abjectly into space. "Si, mi amigo," he sighed with a wry smile, "today I saw a new Jose and one I will never see again. Ah," he mused, "it was some spirit he heard in the wood. But," he shrugged, "you, Pepe, you and your law have stamped on the new Jose, and he will never hear the spirit again. Que verguenza!"

The mournful tone in his voice made Pepe sink still lower in painful throes of conscience. Suddenly, shaking out of his apathy, Luis jumped to his feet, and a slow grin spread over his face. "Pedro," he addressed their silent companion who had raised himself and was gazing at them absently, "you see before you," he jerked his thumb in the direction of the miserable Pepe, "a man who is glad, oh, so very glad he is a bachelor!"

With this he laughed good-humoredly and, pulling his sombrero over his forehead, started off with a loping trot toward Charada's bar.

NANCY ANN KNETTLE, '48



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**Spring 1946**

**The**

**T I T L E**

Hooker  
Hochschild  
Coffey  
Knettle  
Parker

# THE TITLE

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Bryn Mawr College

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## THREE INCIDENTS

A taxi drew up at the curb in front of Pennsylvania Station. The driver got out, opened the door for a woman whose ankle was bandaged, and helped her to the sidewalk, saying, "Watch your step, Madam." Entering the taxi, I inquired, "Are you French?" I liked his courtesy. "No, Madam," he replied, "I'm German."

"Oh," I smiled. "So am I." (There is nothing so gratifying as the discovery of a bond with a stranger). The driver's profile smiled in return. "Is that so? Ah, the Germans are a fine people," he said, "I have worked all over Europe and never have I found a cleaner and more honest people."

"Really?"

"Yes, the Germans are the best strain in the world."

"I wouldn't say that exactly."

"Have you ever been to Germany?" The driver warmed to his subject. I did not answer because just then we barely missed another car, but the driver, interpreting my silence as negative, continued. "You must go sometime," he said emphatically. "Everyone should get to know such a fine people."

"They have good qualities, I suppose, but their conduct during the war has been far from praiseworthy," I answered, trying not to provoke an argument, yet unwilling to concede.

"The war!" he shouted. "Listen, Madam, don't let anyone kid you into thinking the Germans warlike. They never wanted war."

"You don't get that impression from Hitler," I said, slightly annoyed.

"Now, lady," he remonstrated, "you don't understand. The U.S.A. declared war on Germany by selling battleships to England. Hitler didn't want war, he only wanted his people to be proud of their nation. He started to make improvements and the other countries became jealous."

"Jealous of what?" I asked, losing interest, for just then my attention was focused on the brightly decorated shop windows. The driver, however, explained. "In Germany," he said, "if a man wanted to start a business all he had to do was borrow from the government who said, 'here is a fine German', and gave him the money. If the man's business failed, the government loaned him more to begin again. The other countries envy Germany because the Germans are content. What happens? They make war."

"What about the Nazis?"

"The Nazis!" he laughed. "You say funny things. That Nazi stuff was all American propaganda, clever, too. Germans could learn from American propaganda. Take them atrocity stories. Best faked photography I ever saw and good writing, even if it was all lies!"

The taxi stopped before the Continental and I got out, relieved to part with the driver and his strange notions. As he drove off, I glanced at his license plate. But having no head for numbers, I as quickly forgot it and walked into the restaurant.

Tanya was sitting at a table by the wall. We greeted one another affectionately. After ordering lunch and exchanging the usual "How are you?", I asked her about school. "Are your pupils as angelic as ever?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "but my weekends out there increase and I don't know how I shall keep up the expense of commuting."

"Your job doesn't pay very well, does it?"

"No, and things have been piling up. Parties, you know, and then sending packages abroad every week to my parents."

(Tanya would not be in such economic straits if she skimped and saved. But Tanya enjoys life and her greatest delight is being with people. She will starve herself and then give a lavish party in her one-room apartment. She has no ambition other than that of being immediately happy and making others happy. I know of no one who does not love her. She is what some people unwittingly call a sucker).

"What about the job at Justlin School?" I asked. "Did you know that Father spoke to Mrs. Adams about you?" (Justlin was my school. It is right in the city, pays well and has a good reputation).

"Yes," Tanya replied. "It was kind of him." (Tanya has wise and humorous eyes. In a manner typically European, she uses her hands extravagantly to express and emphasize what she is thinking and saying. I noticed that today her eyes were undercircled and her hands lay listlessly in her lap).

"He said Mrs. Adams remembered lunching with you last spring and liked you," I continued hopefully.

"Is that so?" Tanya said with indifference.

"She explained to him that, according to some policy, Justlin tries to employ its own graduates as much as possible. Not quite justly, I should say, but don't give up hope. You have so much to recommend you, having lived in Paris all your life. You'd be a credit to any French Department."

Tanya laughed, unamused. "I got a letter from Mrs. Adams the other day," she said.

"Why didn't you tell me? What did she say?"

Tanya hesitated, then reached into her purse and brought out the letter. "See for yourself," she remarked casually. "My dear Miss

L—," the letter began, "I regret to inform you that Justlin School has no place for you as head of the French Department . . ." I looked up, puzzled. "You only requested a part-time job at first, didn't you?" Tanya nodded. "Well, then, she has certainly confused the issue. Wonder how it happened."

"So do I," Tanya said, "but finish reading."

"Furthermore," the letter continued, "although we have seriously considered the question, we feel it unwise to employ a teacher of your nationality. We regret that your Russian name and birthplace should be a handicap to you, but we think it would be detrimental to act otherwise at this time. Sincerely yours . . ."

"But Tanya," I cried, "what is she saying? You are an American citizen. You speak French beautifully, and politically, if that bothers her, you are an aristocratic conservative from 'way back."

Tanya shrugged her shoulders. "Il faut changer son nom," she said and took the letter from me.

"The whole affair is absurd. It makes no sense to me."

"No, it wouldn't," she replied, "but the serpent and I are old acquaintances."

"But Tanya, prejudice because of a foreign name, it's inconceivable. There is no such thing as an American name!"

"My dear," she said, "there is no rime or reason to not a few things in this world. I have found a semblance of security in myself and no longer seek it in the external world.. People like Mrs. Adams and the motives which caused her to write that letter have ceased to affect me. Eh bien, she doesn't want me in her school. Bon, so I go elsewhere and I do not mind because I am proud of my name."

"But Tanya," I protested. She laid a restraining hand on my arm. (Good American propaganda, said the driver, and I had brushed him off).

"Forget it," Tanya said. "Isn't it a shame that you can only be in the city for a day?" We finished our meal in comparative tranquility. After we paid the check and stood outside the restaurant, I suggested that we go up to see Stephanie. (Stephanie is as reserved as Tanya is exuberant. Quietly and tolerantly, she watches the people about her, saying little, absorbing much. I looked forward to seeing her). We stumbled off the bus at ninety-second street and walked over to Stephanie's apartment house. I abandoned myself for the moment to a feeling of joy which sprang up at the warm, soft touch of the sun. A breeze came from the East River, tangy and faintly romantic. It makes one gay, this suggestion of spring. "Funny. Smells almost like the sea, doesn't it?" Tanya asked. I nodded, smiling. (The world is beautiful when friends can read your thoughts and spring holds a preview of the city).

Stephanie met us at the door and for a few minutes we had a happy reunion. Then she went to mix drinks and Tanya and I settled ourselves comfortably on the couch. (She did not look herself, our Stephanie. Her face was drawn and pale. Why, today in particular, should my friends seem so tired?) When Stephanie returned with tall, iced glasses, I inquired, "Is your position at the embassy working out?"

"Yes," Tanya laughed, "do tell us, Stephanette, are you still tax exempt?" (Dear Tanya, money matters loom large, don't they?)

"Yes to both of you," Stephenie smiled.

"You look weary," Tanya said. (So she also had noticed). "You should not work so hard. Il faut gagner sa vie, but tout de meme, it's bad to get all tied up or down or whatever it is." We laughed, but Stephenie replied quite seriously, "It's not the job actually, but little things which upset me."

"Why, Steph, I always considered you a rock of Gibraltar. Something is troubling you. Tell us," I suggested.

"People mostly," she said. Tanya nodded, but I remarked, "It's not like you to say that. Thought you loved your fellowmen."

"Only too well," Stephenie replied, "but see if you could toss off this situation. You know Mrs. Greenberg, my boss. I've told you what an intelligent and delightful person she is. Well, yesterday she came bouncing into the office to announce that she and her husband were about to take a vacation. Someone had suggested the Poconos, but being unfamiliar with the hotels, she was uncertain what to do."

"Didn't you go to camp there?" I asked.

"Yes, so I said that I would see to everything."

"That was sweet of you," Tanya said, "but what has this to do with your state of exhaustion?" (And Stephanie did look drained of strength, sitting there, sunk deep in her chair, arms hanging limply over the sides).

"I'm coming to that. I phoned the agency of the Skylark Inn. The secretary was most obliging. Asked what amount I wanted to spend and even what room exposure I liked. Everything was settled and then she asked for my name." (Name? Who spoke so recently of names?) I leaned forward. Stephanie paused to take a sip of her drink, then went on: "Naturally, I told her. 'Pardon me', she said, 'what was that again?' I repeated the name. She asked me to spell it. I did. G-r-e-e-n-b-e-r-g, g as in God, r as in religion, e as in everyone, and so on. When I had finished, she said politely, 'I am very sorry, but I will have to call you back about that reservation'." ( We regret that your Russian name and birthplace . . . ).

Stephanie sighed. "She didn't call back, so I called her. She explained that she was unable to get in touch with the Inn. The strike

naturally corroborates her story. I tried other agencies. Everywhere the same.

"What did you tell Mrs. Greenberg?" Tanya asked.

"What could I? All the hotels are crowded at this time of year, Easter coming, you know. She believed me." Stephanie stared hard at her glass. "Tired?" she murmured. "Well, you see how it is."

(I see and Tanya knows. Why? Tanya would say, *la vie est telle*. Not that, never that, or let the U.N.O. pass into nothing. Or must every flower which struggles towards the light always crumple and wither into dust?)

I rose. "Hate to leave your charming company," I said abruptly and tritely. "It's been swell seeing you, but I must fly back to college. The old place misses me, you know." They remonstrated with me, but I was anxious to depart.

The train was dirty and smelled of many people. I tried to mould my body into the unrelenting contours of my seat. My bones ached. The train jerked into motion and then began to roll along smoothly and swiftly. It submerged into a dark tunnel and as it gained momentum the wheels, turning, turning, pounded harder and harder. (Keep in step, keep in step, keep in step). I stirred restlessly. (What if I can't? What if I am too small and everything is too big and goes too fast? Nobody helps the ignorant! I tried to catch my breath. I seemed to stumble and the pitchy night closed in on me. What was it Tanya said? Search for the phrase. What did she say, what did she say, try to find it, try to find it droned the wheels. What hope, what hope. Tanya, the driver, the driver, Mrs. Greenberg. I gasped, but suddenly, as the train emerged in a blinding flash of light, I heard her words, or were they hers? From what distance they came and how softly! The Kingdom of Heaven is within you).

PATSY VON KIENBUSCH, '47

## AGAPE

The sounding silence of the snow,  
This blanket of eternity;  
Unhurried time; the quiet flow  
Of limitless tranquility. . .  
This place is yet unmarred by man,  
For hate has stayed its rending hand,  
And God has granted to it peace;  
The beauty of a quiet thing;  
The anguished mind's controlled release;  
The mortal heart's infrequent Spring.

BARBARA COFFEY, '48

## TIMOTHY

"Timothy, Timothy lives alone,  
Timothy, Timothy has no home—  
Timothy found a wave-washed stone  
And the sea gave it up with a *crashy* moan!"

Timothy skipped by the water's edge, holding her skirt up to keep it safe from the splashes, chanting her newest poem, and every now and again skittering her bare feet in the foam. Today was the first of May, Popsy had said, but Timothy was still young enough so that the names of months had few associations to differentiate them. But it was a lovely, windy, salt-smell day—the sand was warm and fine, and when she ran up from the water, it coated her dripping feet in grainy warmth. The tide was coming in upon the rocks with loud smashes and the wind whipped the spray against her face, stinging cold and fine, so that she could tell when she was near the break-water. As she skipped, the sun warmed her back, and the mixture of warmth and the cold clean smart of the warm was delicious. Oh, it was a day, Timothy sang to herself, a lovely, blowy, blustery, bli . . .

"Timm-othy!"

It was Popsy, left behind to sketch in the sun. She turned, and her dress slapped against her thin legs as she whipped towards him with the wind at her back.

"Stand by the water-edge, sweetheart, so I can put you in the picture. There, like that, with your legs apart, and face the break-water, so's the wind'll blow your hair back."

"Why'm I called Timothy, Popsy?"

She had heard the story many times, but it was still delightful, because, of course, it concerned two such delightful people as Popsy and herself.

"Well, the first day I saw you was when you were two days old—couldn't do it earlier, because *you* were early, y'know. You were asleep in one of those crib things with your fist in your mouth, and all over your head was that delicious yellow hair. Your aunt Emmy was with me, and she said, 'Really Harold, you must think of a name for the child *at once!* I think you should call her Rosamond or . . .' Rosamond was your Mum's name, and I couldn't call you that, you see, because she had gone away so very quickly, and I knew the 'or' meant 'or Emma'. But the first thing I had thought was that you looked exactly like a little yellow-haired farmer-boy whose name was Timothy, so I decided to call you Emma for the grownups, but change it to Timothy for you and me. And that's how!"

"And what do I look like, Popsy?"

"At this moment, you mean?"

"At this moment."

"Your hair is still as yellow and all blown back in the wind," here he added a final stroke to the hair in the picture, "and you have on your red-checked dress, and you look like a sprite from the sea, blown in upon a wave and a gust of wind, and I bet you've grown two inches since last May! Your nose turns up ever so slightly and has a few freckles, and your mouth's grinning at me, you demon!"

And your eyes, your eyes are like those in a Greek bust, quite empty and unseeing, and sealed tight with the wax of Fate. He used to lie awake sometimes, in the blackness, trying to imagine how it must be for her, stretching his ingenuity always to train the rest of her so that she could find compensation. It had not been too difficult, thus far. He had chosen to live by the sea because it had always seemed to him to offer so many sensations not requiring the use of sight. His mother-in-law and Emma had thought him completely mad and irresponsible, though now they had to admit that they themselves did not know how they would have effected readjustment more perfectly, have made Timothy more completely fearless and happy. But the worst was still ahead, they always warned him gloomily. What if Mrs. Hanscom suddenly took a notion to leave (as well she might, living so far from town and so near the eternal noise of the sea) and he had no one to care for Timothy five days a week when he was teaching in the township high school? And, though Timothy was only five now, they were continually harping on the subject of her education, and refused to listen when he tried to explain that the small county school for blind and handicapped children was sufficient for the first years at least, and not too far away for daily commuting.

"Popsy, I'm tired."

"I'm sorry, darling, I was dreaming. Go back and play while I put in the finishing touches."

Since he had lost Rosamond, he could not think of life without Timothy, sharpening his senses to new wonders every day, to the smell of tall grass under the summer sun, to the smooth coolness of apples, to the ethereal beads of the mist, to the squeak of hard-packed snow and the whispery sound when it fell. He kept her chant-poems in a neat notebook for her to hear again some day, and was delighted with her feeling for words and rhythms, with the spontaneous well of gayety and imagination that bubbled in her all day long.

Two weeks later May had turned into one of those infernos that belie the name of spring and are no less uncomfortable because they are not supposed to occur until July. He left that morning as usual, with Timothy waving good-bye and swinging on the garden gate, and

Mrs. Hanscom running after him with his lunch, because she did not approve of the food served in the school cafeteria.

English was his field, but this year the board had pressed him into substituting in the chemistry course until they found a new teacher, since he was the only faculty member with two years of college chemistry. The lab was stifling hot at 2:00 in the afternoon. He thought enviously of Timothy and Mrs. Hanscom, going down the rock stairs after lunch to their favorite cool spot under the cliff where Timothy had her rest and Mrs. Hanscom darned his socks. He was leaning out the window for a breath of air when there was a fizzling sound and a sharp cry behind him, and he turned to see Dick backing away from the sink. He rushed across the room and bent over the sink where the boy had thrown the test-tube of chemicals, and then there was a loud pounding noise, and the black world in which he found himself was punctuated with flaming knives crossing and re-crossing before his eyelids, stabbing him with blades of yellow and red and brightest purple, and then it was quite quiet and completely dark.

Mrs. Hanscom had difficulty persuading Timothy that Popsy had been called away by something urgent, and would not be back for a few days. She could not understand why he had not told her, since he always told her everything, but by supper time she had given up hope, and sat eating her egg, quiet and withdrawn, her face quite pale in spite of her being in the hot sun most of the day. Mrs. Hanscom was all very well; she cooked most beautifully, read to her when Popsy was away, and made her dresses. The three of them had really delightful times together, especially on party occasions, but after all there are for some things no substitutes, and Popsy was irreplaceable.

Three days, four days . . . She lost count. She found some wild strawberries on the hill and called for him before she remembered; she fell and cut her knee, and there was no one to explain to her what, exactly and medically speaking, had happened to her; and all her chant-poems were lonely as the screechy gull who wheeled alone above the house. For the first time in her life, Timothy *knew* she could not see.

In the hospital, behind the bandages, he wondered if whoever had charge of the destiny of man had given him this to help him in the awesome task Rosamond had left for him to do alone. The doctors would say nothing, but he himself could not imagine how an explosion of high school chemistry dimensions could do anything permanent. When he discovered that he had been mistaken, he was engulfed in utter and hopeless rebellion and despair. His task so far had been hard, and he was just beginning to feel that he had estab-



lished the foundations of something successful—how, with the responsibility which Timothy brought him, could he ever cope with this new and awful thing? He did not know, and Emma and his mother-in-law, wringing their hands and pleading again against his stubborn silence to be allowed to take Timothy home with them, did not help. Of course, in the end, it was Timothy herself who helped.

He did not want her to visit him in the hospital and, when the bandages had come off and there was no difference in the void, he sent for Mrs. Hanscom and asked her to explain that Popsy had been sick, but that he would soon be coming back.

"Nothing about, about . . . this?" asked Mrs. Hanscom in the hesitating tone one uses when discussing a fresh misfortune with the unfortunate himself.

"No. I've got to see what happens when I get back and settled—if I ever do get settled. Does she miss me, d'you think, Mrs. Hanscom?"

"Does she miss you! Ah, she's hardly the same child, for all I can do to try to take your place. Do you miss your own eyes, you might better ask yourself, sir."

It was a Sunday the day they let him come home. A bright Sunday, for he could feel the sun's warmth as he stepped hesitatingly from the car, with Emma cooing anxiously at his side.

"Popsy!"

The force of her body as she leapt into his arms knocked him back against the car.

"Easy, Timothy, I've not been away forever!"

All that morning and during lunch, as Timothy rushed to him with new-found treasures and small happenings and her newest poem, he wondered if she felt no difference. In the afternoon, she insisted on taking him down to the beach, and so he went. He had taught her to be completely fearless, and they used to race wildly on the hard-packed damp sand when the tide was out, and then throw themselves, hot and tired, into the waves. Today he made an excuse, and sat in the sand while she ran to look for shells by means of an exploratory toe. He had always unconsciously had one eye on her, and now he was panic-stricken, though he knew Emma could see them from the lawn above, where she was sitting.

Suddenly he felt the scuff of dry sand being tossed at his face, and Timothy threw herself down beside him.

"Popsy, you know something?"

"What, darling?"

"Just now, I had the feeling that you're like me now, not like Mrs. Hanscom anymore. When you were away, it was all very lonesome most of the time—inside me, I mean—with no one to tell me how things look, and I thought how lucky I was to have you to tell

me. But if now you're like me I think that'll be more fun, and we can tell each other. Are you like me, Pops?"

"Yes, Timothy, just like you."

"But you still remember how things were, how I was?"

"Yes, still remember."

And he gathered her in his arms, and the brush of her hair on his cheek was as pale yellow as if he saw it, and the smell of the sea was the color of the sea, the feeling of the world was the look of the world, for him and for Timothy, always.

JOAN BREST, '48

## THE WIND

I wonder what is the color  
Of the wind that blows  
Against my window-pane;  
Whenever I hang  
My clothes to dry  
It tosses them to and fro.

I wonder why  
The wind sometimes  
Comes from North, East, South  
And West.  
Sometimes in quietness,  
Again in anger  
It brings my boat ashore.

I wonder what  
Are the words of music  
The wind sings through  
The trees.  
So often I love  
To walk in the air  
When from roses  
Sweet fragrance blows.

CLARA MACKAY

# TOO MUCH REALITY, OR A CHEMISTRY MAJOR'S LETTER HOME

Bleak House  
March 17, 1946

Dearest Mother, Father, Brothers, Sister,

About one quarter of an hour yet remains before the dark, dark, dark interstellar spaces close in upon me, and time again takes up its reaccelerated rate. The problem concerns a certain reaction, but its order is unknown and may only be found by the correct substitution of the known constants and variables in one of several equations, and only trial and error, predominately the latter, and repeated substitutions will show the unique and final order. We have searched the literature, and it yields nothing. We have tried the solutions of those who went before us, and only now do we realize the truth: that past solutions never work, and each one in her time must make her own. But if it doesn't check with the answer in the book, you still fail, so what's the use of trying?

And so we tried the Epicurean life. We sat enthralled through *The Birth of a Nation*. We toiled up the hill to the House of Books, pulled open the heavy doors, and read Schroedinger on *What is Life?* Still no answer, and the time was passing, swifter, swifter, until one could hear the final moment, "Hand in quizzes" hurtling at us through velocity space, and even that space was accelerated! The Epicures had failed us.

Perhaps a nap. Hap the nap. We lapped it up. It was a fitful sleep, turning and twisting, with the blanket never covering the feet which grew colder and colder. You wake and find yourself all cold, and still no answer, and time inevitably has measured out its life in forty winks.

There is a group, believes not in the existence of time. O happy men, O fools. For them the equations have no meaning. Nothing has meaning, but dust and a soul. I applied my soul to the problem, but even my soul said "No!" And that is because the soul is timeless, and that is the way it should be. At least my soul has not been caught. O happy thought. It's just the mind. Grind. GRIND. Rimes. But if the mind is in time it ought to be able to riddle the problem. Maybe the units are wrong. Maybe the problem should read something like this:

In a certain reaction, seat is applied to chair. Motion caused by grinding of wheels above, and by pushing of pencil, causes decay in seat and chair. Q. Find the order of the reaction and by means of the equation, discover which will decay the fastest; noting just how much seat, s, and chair, c, is left at each time, t. What is left when t reaches infinity? Bonus Q. Find out how much the reaction will be changed if pillow, p, is inserted between seat and chair per unit time.

That was just another way of putting it. The poetry does not matter. The last few grains of sand are hurrying through the small constriction. O, that it were only smaller! But no. The true triumph will come only when all the variables are set in their appointed places, including time. If you have seen the vision, that is what counts, even if you are never able to get it back again, even if you fail, to the others.

But yet,

MARY CAMILLA WILLIAMS

## MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SHOE A HORSE

She sat in the dictation booth, slowly smoking a dried-out cigarette. What time? Twelve-twenty. Forty minutes before Miss Marshall could come and claim the throne.

She thought idly of Miss Marshall, "Eddie" to the youngest group in the Child Placement Department. Of all of them, she rather preferred Miss Marshall. And because of the negatives, rather than the positives. There were so many things which Miss Marshall mercifully escaped. Nice girl, well-to-do upper middle-class parents; bound by security; complete with a college degree and a doting beau, large, florid, and compact. The two were alike, and Miss Marshall was proud of the fact that they had been mistaken several times for brother and sister.

On the other chair in the booth lay the cases, in two piles. Only two left in the unfinished pile. Both of these were about Bobby. This challenge of transfer of child to new worker she had purposely left until last. Who, there, could see Bobby through to his goal? Did it really matter to whom he was transferred? Choice was now hers, and could she pick Miss Marshall? Relentlessly, she knew she couldn't. How can the protected know the storm?

Who then? She flicked them over in mind's eye. No one; there it was: no one. The watch hands told twelve-thirty. Now, she told herself. You leave tomorrow. Finish this, as best you can. Your life goes elsewhere, and Bobby must go on to his own. She reached for the heavier case of the two in the unfinished pile.

So Bobby came into being then, out of the typewritten pages. In this case, he was one of four children. He stood second in the line: one older sister, one younger sister, and one younger brother. This aborted life-history of a family, of six human hopes and failures, distorted by factual data; the years of frustration, and hard effort on the part of the parents to come from behind themselves: this—all of Bobby's being—lay open to the eye.

She skimmed through the entries, knowing them almost word for word. The father came of good, solid stock. He met the mother when she was fifteen. They married. His family rejected them both. He drank, drifted.

Here, in 1939, a small entry stood out: "Family no longer know father's address." Then, in 1940, the dissolution of a family: "Case closed. Children given to this agency, custody through Municipal Juvenile Court. Family separated. Parents divorced. Both uncooperative. Not reconstructable. Children normal, slightly hostile."

Thinking of the last two words, she remembered the first time she and Bobby had met. He had taken her measure deliberately, and it had not been until the end of the morning that he had admitted her inside the rim of himself. How to reach the kernel of that day in court, when Bobby was severed from father, from mother, from home, and started on his way to a succession of Foster Homes? How to find the beginning of that resentment which had made so many placements end in failure? There had even been one German family who had toyed with the thought of adoption, but Bobby himself had pushed them away, refused to give in; and despite the need of this child for security and warmth, there had always been that bigger thing within him, which made his foster parents one by one decide that Bobby's candle wasn't worth the burning. How to find that which was hidden, half-forgotten, in the mind of one of the older workers? It took months, but oh! one unexpected day—

One of the older workers and she had lunch. Afterwards there were a few minutes left, and they talked of their cases, once the older worker's, now hers. "That Bobby—always had a chip on his shoulder." He had "walked out of court with me, mad as a hatter." On the way to the agency shelter, he had "cried, streams of tears; wouldn't look at me, though." The visitor had tried to comfort him. He had burst out, "I'm only mad!" More tears; then, "When kin I see my mother?"

Mother-bound. The rejected child. Sandwiched in between the father-favorite, the older girl, and the mother-pets, the two younger children. He was the ugly red-head, honest and slow, alone in the family group. Where to identify? How to reach out? Whom to grope for, cling to? Mother.

Now, on a day last week, with masses of minutia for her to straighten, she had found herself face to face with Bobby. He had come in unannounced, and stood by her desk, stolid, freckled, at ease. No words. He twirled his beanie on his third left-hand finger. She looked up. He grinned.

They had never talked much. With some there is that inexplicable entity, and these two had it. She had sat back in her chair, smiled at him. His grin completed itself, spreading comfortably over his face.

"Busy?" It is a query—high politeness, handled by one instinctively aware of the subtleties, the skills, in the blending of human relationships.

"No, not busy—what's on your mind?"

No answer. She bit her tongue, too late. She knew he would shy from this direct treatment.

He said, "Never thought I'd really live there."

She said, "Your aunt sounds nice over the phone."

He relaxed against the side of the desk, imperceptibly, settled into it.

"I got a goat."

"No!"

"Yup. Brown 'n' White. Call 'im Freckles. Unk ses 'ee's like me."

"Had him long?"

"Boy! Two weeks. Now I know they'll keep me. (Uncertainty in the eyes—just that thread.)

"They want you to stay there, always."

Breath exhaled softly, "Gee."

"They tell me you look like their son."

"Uhm?"

"Uhm."

He took a stick of chewing gum out of his half-torn pocket, broke it in half.

"Wanna piece?"

"Just finished lunch—but thank you."

"Yea." Both pieces in mouth.

"M' Aunt ses I don' look like my Dad."

Easily now—softly with this golden fleece, softly.

"Uhm?"

"Nope—look like her—we got the same eyes—my grandfather, he had 'em, too."

"That so?"

"He was on railroads—worked an' worked, and kep on gettin' up, an' atter bit he was real important. Real important. Had his own office."

"Well!"

"An' he could do ANYTHING, m' aunt ses, never give up, he didn't. Allus said there was mor'n one way t' shoe a horse."

"I thought your eyes were like your mother's."

"Hers is brown." Softer, "Allus bin brown."

"That so?"

"Ain't seed her much lately."

"Well—"

"Don' think she's ever goin' t' change. She got another guy. You think she'll ever change?"

"No. I think she won't. You know that."

"Umm—allus ses she'll take me-uh-us-uhome, I mean home. But she don' never do it. Guess she won't, never."

"You're right."

She handed him a pair of paper clips.

"Gee, thanks."

"But I think your mother is all right."

"Huh."

"Yes, she's all right—and she's pretty happy."

"Y' think so, really?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Yea." Another relaxing.

"Don' see my dad."

"None?"

"Nope. Not none. He drinks all t' time."

"I know."

Bitterly, "Never did like us."

"Joan?"

"Well—Joan—well, maybe."

The talk grew desultory, wandered, then, "Say, what I come in for—what I really wanna know is, do I gotta be here with you all?"

"Why not?"

"Well—see—m' aunt and unk—they could really keep me, you know. 'Dopt me. I'll allus be theirs. They'll sign papers an' all an' I'll be like the other kids in the block."

Her heart lept. "Have you talked to them?"

"Yea—they say I got 'em to take me. I talked the sossiety into openin' 'em up agin. Now if you wuz t' say 'Yes', they'd say 'Yes', too. They say so."

He looked straight at her, earnest and defenseless; he was erect now, and very serious.

She thought of the year behind. His school failures, his defense, his refusal to face what his parents were, his pleading that she "go and try my own family for me;" thought of the time, effort, juggling, practically bribing the supervisor.

He stood there looking at her and waiting. How could he have come so far in this past six months? His aunt had even told of finding the stove clean last Saturday morning.

"Bobby, there isn't much you can't do, do you know that?"

"Huh."

"If you want this, and you do, all right. Can you wait six months? It takes about that long for it to go through."

"CAN I?"

"All right."

"Boy." He slumped, and she saw tears blinked back furiously. Handing him four more paper clips, she got up, held out her hand. They shook solemnly.

"You're a fixer like your grandfather. But now I've got to go—"

"Yea—thanks—Gee, thanks—I'll sure missya."

"Thanks. You don't need anyone. Good-bye."

"So long."

He turned and went out. No backward look. Gone. Now all that was left was for someone to cut him free—that last stroke. Someone who would take the time from a heavy case load to spend on the minutia of Adoption. She dictated. Her voice was not loud enough for Miss Marshall to catch all the words, but she did hear, "Adoption recommended."

They talked for a few minutes, Miss Marshall heavily inquisitive, asked about the adoption. "I thought I heard you dictate something."

"Yes."

"Do you think there's a chance?"

"You've never handled an adoption?"

"No, but I'd love to."

"This one is really a natural—suppose I have it transferred to you?"

Great, cocker-spaniel smile, "Would you?"

"Delighted—you'll enjoy it. You may have to push a little, but it shouldn't take over six months."

"Good, I'll work on it. Thank you so much."

She went to the stenographic room to give the cylinder over to her stenographer. Miss Marshall sat down beside the dictaphone efficiently, the light smile of the unbrooked still on her face. The dictaphone buzzed.

On the train going home that night, in the car, over the dinner dishes, it came again to her, "There's morn' one way to shoe a horse."

MARGARET HOOKER



## MANIFESTO, 1946

Deliberately now  
I turn to the delicate,  
To gentler songs, at any rate,  
That wear a fine elusive charm;

Denouncing alarm—  
Its gross obscure emotion,  
Destructive sprawling commotion,  
Its groping too-animal needs—

I sing awake the seeds  
Of dreams like time-old flowers,  
And train them during sunny hours  
Subtly to climb the moonlit towers.

MARGARET E. RUDD, '47

## DEFINITION: BEAUTY

No image this,  
But shape of air  
To haunt the dreamer  
Everywhere;

(Distilled beyond  
Earth's hectic flow,  
Antinomy of  
All we know,

Prime paradox  
Of humankind.)  
Man seeks with talons  
Of the mind

To trace and seal  
In transient dust  
This deathless goader  
Of his lust,  
Only to grasp  
At shapeless air,  
And know that Beauty  
Has been there.

MARGARET E. RUDD, '47

## THE LETTER

There it lay, in its familiar blue envelope, on the mail-shelf. Bob Ingram looked from it to the corner where the mail-sergeant was busy sorting. With forced indifference, he lifted the letter off the shelf, and started towards the door.

"Got a letter from her again, Bob?"

The young soldier jumped at the suddenness of the question, and, fighting a wave of shyness, mumbled something that sounded like a "Yes". As he walked out of the tiny office, he heard a dry chuckle coming from the mail-stacks.

"Some people have all the luck—" and the chuckle was followed by a deep sigh—.

On the threshold, Bob paused, preparatory to going out into the light, sunny air. It was spring again. He was happy—he had got his letter. As he gazed down at the small, blue envelope in his hand, he thought of all the different places where he had received it,—Algiers and Palermo, Naples, Rome, and now, Cassino. Indeed if they could, those letters would have many a story to tell of the various dangers to which they were exposed, on each mail-flight. Many times he thought they would never come, that they were lost forever. And then there was that time the post-office was blown up—when his brain could not function. But this was Cassino, and the war was by no means over. There would still be many more letters.

The letter, for him, was a kind of symbol, a symbol of all the ideals for which he had ever lived. It was like a link with the world he had left behind him, a link which drew him nearer to its sender. Could it be the missing chapter of a book he was always reading, a fragment of a dream he was always dreaming? He delayed opening it, and savored further its familiar writing, simple, direct, and forceful. But so wrapped was he in his reverie that he did not hear a step coming towards him, and did not feel at first a friendly hand on his shoulder.

Looking up at last, he saw it was Steve Ericsson, a big Swedish-American, who had been his pal ever since he joined the army. On one occasion, he had owed his life to Steve.

"Got a letter, kid?" and Bob beamed.

"Sure, Steve, she never fails—comes regular as clockwork now," and instinctively he looked down at his watch.

"It's getting like you could almost set your watch by it," smiled Steve, and he tilted his cap off his brow, and lit a cigarette.

Steve was a kind of Father Confessor. Because Bob had no family, the big Swede was mother, father, guardian, adviser, all in one. The boy's home was with Steve, his life was with Steve. Together they discussed all the things soldiers on active duty would discuss. Foremost on their minds was the problem of a home and a job after the war. Steve would return to his old employer, and Bob might go back to school. Might, for this to him was not as simple as it sounded, or rather, to his heart it wasn't. The truth was that Love had stepped in and upset all their plans, and it had cost Steve much thought to work them out again. He, Bob, did not forget that it was with Steve that he had met her, an angel whom he believed he had known all his life, although it was but a minute ago that they had met. Yet deep down, Bob felt that she was the one . . . .

"Say, kid, aren't you going to open it? Never did I know such a one for dreaming. What does she—" and he suddenly stopped as he saw the C.O. running towards them.

"Men, to your posts at once. The raiders are coming over again. You have still twenty minutes to get ready. The post must be defended at all costs; most important, our flanking sector must be guarded by a steady barrage, which *we* shall keep up . . ." The C.O. dashed on ahead in the direction of Headquarters.

Steve and Bob were left tense and excited. Why any more so at this time, they could not understand, for raids were an every day occurrence. Perhaps that spring day was a little too beautiful, or the silence in the air a little too penetrating. Together they donned their equipment, each taking stock of the fast-advancing minutes. Together, in split seconds, they dashed to the gun-site and slid into their familiar seats. They turned the velvet nose of the big gun toward the heavens, and settled down to what was worst of all: the agonizing minutes of waiting. Soon every gun on the position was manned.

The beautiful monastery of Cassino was a sad sight. As a position, it was almost useless. Through and through an empty shell, the original outlines of the monastery proper were scarcely discernible. Why the Germans should want to attack here, when the Rangers were advancing so rapidly, they could hardly understand. All they knew was that they should defend the ground, while it was still beneath them.

Minutes dragged by. A strange, unearthly silence hung over the land. Each member was at his post, tense, alert—his deep breathing almost audible. Down in the valley, far below, the pine-trees and smoke-bursts made a curious combination of color, and over the barren vineyards lay a thick cloud of black dust. War had come to the hill-slopes, War had come to the valleys, and, over this peaceful Italian countryside, had traced, with Her Finger of Destruction, a ghastly silence.

To the two defenders at their gun, the attack seemed never to come. But the stillness was only temporary, a precursor of oncoming danger. Only after what seemed a matter of hours, and with the suddenness of the passage of a fraction of a second, it happened. Somewhere above them, the droning of twin engines stopped, a load was released, and then, away into nothingness, the plane disappeared, out of earshot of the deafening explosion that followed. Then another appeared, and yet another, until the noise and the blast shook the site, like so many matches in a box. With round after round of ammunition, the half-dozen guns were fed, until the falling shrapnel and the bombs and the planes were all fused together in one roaring mass.

The attack continued, and the gunners held out. The valley was no longer there, the earth was gone. They were alone, all alone, just fighting by themselves for their lives. Then came the smoke; it pallid the whole scene, and silence settled once more.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sometime during the night an owl called to the rocky gun-site on the top of Monte Cassino. As she received no response, she circled round and round, finally alighting on the smoking barrel of a gun. It was the gun which pointed out towards the valley; it was manned by two.

Some where beneath the wreckage of the gun, life stirred, and a hand groped around. In its search, it encountered a body lying nearby, and, as if urged by some inward force, suddenly pushed firmly against the ground, trying to raise up a shoulder.

Half-sitting, half-lying, Steve gazed dazedly at the figure before him. Not yet did its true identity become apparent to him. His eyes searched the semi-darkness for a sign of life, as though afraid of being the only one alive. But only when glancing at the ground, did his eyes alight on something that looked strangely familiar to him. There it lay, its blue envelope half-buried in the morass of trampled mud, a symbol, a link with the past and with the empty world of the future. As he reached to pick it up, he felt suddenly overcome with a violent desire to cry, as he remembered the last few hours.

"My God," he whispered brokenly, "My God,—and he hadn't even read it!"

SHEILA PARKER, '47

# INTROSPECTION

The mind alone may sometime be intent,  
But mind intent can rarely be alone.  
Before the focus sharpens and the clear  
Imaginative reality is seen;  
Before the dream is able to condone  
The inability and awkwardness of waking men;  
Before the thought has solitude enough  
To once shellack its infant artifact,  
The smoke curls in, the colors run,  
The scent-sprung memory retires  
Where the solid smell of stew bludgeons the air.

So easily are we bereft of isolation.  
Mind, from single concentration jarred,  
Is poked, propelled and atomized  
Into imperfect darknesses and spotted light.  
Then humour, bluffing, comes to mock  
The loss in its solemnity,  
Comes blind, comes shaking laughter's cup,  
Comes tapping for the curb  
Of sanity.

PATRICIA HOCHSCHILD, '48

## THE BOOTS

The old man leaned back in his chair and picked up one of the boots from the desk. He ran his hand gently over the scuffed, dilapidated leather, feeling their contours again, crusted soles, slits in the leather, heels worn down on the outer edges. His hands saw them as they were—cracked and colorless with age—useless. His mind saw them as they had been, a glossy black, thick and sturdy, with high tops and rounded toes. How they had asked to be worn that first time he had looked at them! They were the newest and most beautiful things he had ever possessed. He smiled to himself and wondered how at one time they could have meant more to him than life.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ha, Clint, the Rebs'll have them boots today," called out a man whose bed roll was across from Clint Kreigar's.

The tow-headed youngster bending over putting on his boots lifted his face and retorted quickly with some irritation, "They will not! I'll tote back every piece of footwear in the whole damn reb army before they'll get hold of these beauties! That I can promise you, Mort Brady!"

No one but Clint Kreigar would ever wear those boots. He had made that promise to himself yesterday as he stood in line before the supply station. He stood there for an hour while the men in front of him haranged with the storekeeper over needed shirts or trousers. The line was too long, the supplies too few. Most of the applicants were finally shoved on dissatisfied. The storekeepers were out of temper and the soldiers were angry. Each glared sullenly at the other as they came face to face. Finally one of the men glanced up and saw the weary, hopeful-eyed seventeen-year-old in the regular blue uniform that hung ridiculously around his thin shoulders.

"Well, son, what is it for you?" he asked gruffly.

Clint cleared his throat and replied, "I . . . I'd like a pair of boots, please."

The swarthy attendant looked amazed and then burst out, "Boots! Why, what's the matter with them ya got on yer feet? I s'pose ya want a pair fer 'dressy occasions'—Sunday fightin' maybe." His sarcastic tone made the other men laugh. "You guys seem t' think we got shelves o' stuff here so's ya can jus' come 'n pick out what ya want. This is the army, son. Move on!" he ordered.

Clint stood where he was. When he spoke his voice was calm, but the tone of it was hard and stubborn. "These are not my boots."

"Huh? Well, whose are they?"

"They belong to a friend of mine—company ten of B regiment. I have to give them back to him today, because he has to wear them. I have to have a pair of boots because I can't fight without them."

"What ya been wearin'—moccasins?" blurted the storekeeper, and the men laughed again.

Clint reddened with anger. "I had a pair of boots, and someone stole them yesterday." The despair he had felt on discovering the loss of his treasured boots was renewed in Clint's mind. He thought of his poverty-stricken parents on their one-acre farm in Connecticut. His luckless father, though not lazy, had failed in every farming venture. He had had to make shoes for the entire family ever since Clint was born because he couldn't afford to buy them. His thin, sickly wife had taught school in the vicinity, but the money she earned was scarcely enough to keep seven children alive. When Clint left home to join the army his father had given him the only pair of heavy boots he possessed—and then these had been stolen from him!

An officer, seated at the desk behind the storekeeper, had been listening to the argument, and now he lifted his face from his work and spoke to Clint.

"What size shoe do you wear, son?"

"A seven, sir," Clint replied eagerly.

"There's a size seven on the lower shelf in the back room. This man needs it, so get it for him," the officer addressed the storekeeper.

"Yes, sir."

Clint's eyes glowed when he looked at his first pair of boots. The leather was a rich black, the soles thick and sturdy, and the fine curves well cut. No sir, no one but Clint Kreigar would ever put on these boots, he had decided as he picked them up firmly and stepped to a bench against the wall to put them on.

And now Mort and the rest of them could joke as they pleased, but no dirty Rebel would get his hands on these boots—that day or any other day. That is, not while he could still shoot a gun!

\* \* \* \* \*

Clint was stumbling along blindly through the bushes and high weeds, unable to see through the mist of smoke in front of him. He experienced disconnected moments of sensation on the battlefield—the burst of a gun near his ear or a distant cannon, the flickering of images before his eyes—bobbing figures, a flash of bright color, the sight of a man newly fallen. Images like the last passed by swiftly, rarely registering on his mind, or at least not until some while later. For his mind was closed, his body capable only of instinctive reaction as he made his way along.

Suddenly the blue-coated shape nearest him went down, and Clint all but fell over him. He continued to push his way through the dense smoke, and after a moment he found himself in a clearing. The smoke had thinned out considerably. He stood alone on a rough patch of grass and ahead of him was a small hillock. Then, through what was left of the smoke, he saw a figure rise up on the other side of the mound. In the same moment that Clint realized the man had on a grey uniform the other dropped to one knee and raised his gun. At once Clint was in the same position. He raised his gun to his shoulder and took careful aim. The last thing he remembered seeing was the grey figure in a kneeling position, a bearded face and narrowed eyes faintly visible beyond the round barrel of a shotgun.

He heard the twin bursts of gunfire. They had both fired at once. He was waiting for the smoke to clear so that he might make his way back to his company. He couldn't understand why it was so dense again when the air had been so free of smoke only a minute before. He started to raise his leg when he felt something under his head. He lifted his arm and found that his head was lying on a stone. He wasn't on his knees at all, but flat on the ground. Then he became conscious of a piercing pain in his left arm and a dull, thick sensation in the front part of his head. He could see nothing. After a minute he began to think. "This is it. This is death." Then he realized that he wasn't dying. But he had been blinded by the bullet. He lay still, remembering that he would be picked up, today or tomorrow. He didn't give it much thought. He could think of nothing but the dull, heavy pain, which put everything else out of his mind.

Suddenly he remembered. It flashed into his mind again, and his body tensed at once with the recollection. His boots! They would try to get them! He stealthily reached out his right arm and groped in front of him for the rifle he had dropped. His hand failed to hit it. Then he moved slightly and, reaching above his head, his fingers touched the muzzle of a gun. Clamping his hand over it, he pulled it down in front of him and pulled the length of it next to his body where he held it close, his fingers in the trigger position. They would try, he knew, and when they did he was ready for them. They would think he was dead, and he would raise the rifle suddenly and shoot, blind though he was. And he wouldn't miss. He lay as if dead, but his boot touched the muzzle of the gun, which was ready to act. And he waited.

\* \* \* \* \*

An intense expression was visible on the officer's face as he bent over to light his pipe from the small fire at his feet. The spasmodic flame cast lights and shadows alternately on his grey uniform and those of his companions.



"MacReid," he spoke to one of them, silhouetted in darkness across the fire from him, "As I've already said, you're to go first. Carry the powder over your shoulder. Then if you should fall nothing's so likely to happen. I think we've covered everything now. It's about time you were starting." He took out his watch and looked at it.

The angular face of the man opposite him was impenetrable and set. It nodded with a mechanical jerk, and he answered, "Yes, sir."

The attitude of the man next to him was not so acquiescent. His brows drew together, and he shifted uneasily on one foot. The officer noticed this and spoke sharply. "Well, Deloup, do you have any questions about the instructions?"

The soldier cleared his throat and answered slowly, "Uh, yes sir, I have. You say MacReid is to go first, and I'm to follow him at ten paces or so back. Then when he gets to point x I'm to drop back a few yards and signal his position. Then he's to proceed on to the objective and light the fuse."

"Yes, that's right," replied the officer.

"Sir, I know MacReid and Tarpin went through last night to set the course and determine the positions of their men. Tarpin was wounded today, but sir, I think we need a man ahead of MacReid and need him bad. He'll be carrying the powder, and he won't be able to look around so well or signal if anything goes wrong. Tarpin's given me the course we're to follow, and I reckon I understand it pretty well. I think I should go ahead and MacReid follow. Then if anything goes wrong I can give him the signal to retreat. Or if anything happens to me at point x he can turn aside and take the other course. If everything goes through all right I can fall back behind him and give the signal."

The officer took his pipe out of his mouth. He looked thoughtful for a moment and then turned to the man across from him. "No, Deloup, I don't think that's good strategy. MacReid knows the positions accurately from having gone over the ground last night. It's better for him to go ahead and for you to follow. We must get your signal as soon as possible. We attack the moment the explosion occurs."

A few last minute instructions were given, and then MacReid stooped down and lifted a heavy brown satchel and placed it on his back, supported by a band around his shoulders. Deloup looked at the expressionless face of his companion and cursed under his breath. "Hell!" he thought, lifting his rifle to his shoulder, "And if this thing fails it'll be because of him. Tarpin was right in saying he shouldn't be doing the job. He may be nerveless, but Slade should know his men better when he picks 'em for an operation like this."

"Deloup, I'm fixin' t' leave. Comin'?"

"Right with you."

The first man started off into the darkness with his burden, and the second waited for a moment and then started after him. The officer stood stiffly beside the fire, watching them move out into the night. "Good luck, men," he said shortly.

It was a clear moonlight night, so Deloup had no trouble keeping the figure of MacReid in sight. Cautiously, sensitive to the least sound or movement in the vicinity, he stepped aside to avoid small bushes, rocks, or broken pieces of fighting equipment. He traveled along in this manner for five minutes or so, his eyes fastened steadily on the figure plodding along ahead of him. Once he saw MacReid stumble clumsily to his knees and then rise heavily again and continue his journey. Deloup wanted to call and warn him to have greater caution, but he realized that to utter a sound at this point would be dangerous. Occasionally he would stop and drop to the ground, listening for sounds and searching through the night for movements and lights. He would see MacReid doing the same. He cursed the moonlight for placing them in greater danger of being seen by the enemy. They had to be twice as careful not to allow themselves to be silhouetted by shafts of moonlight, and to avoid this they crept along close to the ground.

Suddenly Deloup perceived an object ahead of him on the ground, and as he came nearer he recognized it as the figure of a man. It was the body of a Union soldier. He stopped. If there was one body, there would be others. This meant that the Union medical corps hadn't yet had the time or the man power to collect its dead and wounded, but it would be doing it before long—either now or within a very short time. He glanced to the right and saw another figure flung out over the ground nearby, the torn jacket thrust up over the head and musket lying across the chest. Surely, he thought, MacReid must have noticed the bodies. He darted ahead quickly, trying to catch up with him.

He was not far from his companion, who was stalking along slowly, bent under the weight of the satchel, when he saw him stumble again. Immediately Deloup saw that MacReid had tripped over the leg of a man. But what he saw next froze the blood in his veins. As MacReid climbed to his feet again the figure lying on the ground behind him rose slowly to a sitting position. Deloup saw only a white shock of hair and a musket held crazily against the shoulder, swaying from one side to the other. Instinctively Deloup reached into his breast pocket, drew out a knife, and started running forward. They were too close to the Union lines for the sound of gun-fire to be missed. Without taking aim, as if he were staking all he had left on being able to fire the rifle he held, the man on the ground lunged forward toward MacReid. Deloup stopped dead only a few feet from the two, numbly watching MacReid slip to the ground, shot through the back. The

satchel fell to one side, untouched by the missile. Simultaneously, the man who had fired it dropped the rifle and sank back on the ground as if he himself had been knocked unconscious by the shock of his rifle's discharge.

Deloup sprang forward to see how badly MacReid had been hurt. He turned him over to find that he was dead. His first impulse was to shoulder the powder himself and carry out the plan alone. He reached for the satchel and placed the strap around his shoulder. He ignored the prostrate Union soldier a foot or two away, except to give him a passing glance. A stream of moonlight fell on the face, showing the blond head and badly wounded features of a boy of eighteen or so. He appeared to be dead.

Deloup, after having obtained from MacReid's pocket the map of the path they were to take, picked up his musket and started forward with the powder on his back. Instantly he was stopped by something a few rods ahead of him. Dimly, he made out several figures moving against the background of darkness. He realized at once that to go ahead would now mean certain death, and the plan was bound to fail. The only thing to do was to retreat and signal the Confederate side that they had been unable to get through. He turned around and had gone no more than two yards when he felt a sharp thrust in his back and fell forward onto his face. He had been seen. He lay there a moment to recover himself and realized that he had only been hit in the right shoulder. He could still get back to the lines. He struggled to his feet again, but the pain of the bag of powder dragging against his shoulder was too much for him. He would have to leave it. With his left arm he threw the strap up over his head and freed himself of the weight. He started running through the brush. As he went two more shots rang out, but they passed over him. Holding his musket tightly in his left hand, he ran swiftly toward the Confederate lines, a moonlit outline of small huts and cannon-shapes in the distance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Clint heard someone moving beside his bed. "Who's that?"

"It's me, Clint. Mort." Clint could imagine him as he stood there, tall, awkward, out of place. "I . . . I been here a good while now just waitin' fer you to wake up." The voice of the older man was tender.

Clint put his hand up to his face, feeling the rough cloth stretched over his eyes. "Mort, I'm blind, aren't I?"

"Well, now . . ." The other choked.

"But Mort!" Clint struggled up to his elbow and leaned toward the man beside him. "I did get him, didn't I? I did, didn't I? I couldn't see. . . . I didn't even know where I was shooting."

"Yes, boy, you got him. They found him there same time as they found you. Th' other one got away, though. But Clint, boy, what you don't know is, they found somethin' else too. You . . . you're a hero, lad. And they let me come and tell you."

Clint smiled slowly, disregarding what his friend was saying. "He thought he could get them," he chuckled. "He thought I was dead and he'd have a nice new pair. And Union ones too! But I fooled him. I felt him trying to get them." He chuckled again and sank back on the cot.

"Get them? Get what, boy?" Mort asked, puzzled.

"My boots, Mort. He was trying to get my brand new boots. But I was waiting for him," he continued fiercely, "I was waiting for him all day, ever since I was hit. I *knew* they'd try to get them. Mort!" he exclaimed eagerly in a softer tone, "Mort, will you give them to me? They must be here someplace. Down by the side of the bed?"

He heard the other man sigh deeply and then reply, "Yes, lad, here they are." In a minute Clint had them in his hands and was running his fingers over them joyfully, feeling the shape again and seeing, in his mind, the new shining blackness of them yesterday in the supply station. They didn't have a scar or blemish on them. He could tell that. And they were his for good.

Mort Brady looked uncomprehendingly at the boy lying there on his back, his head half concealed in bandages, smiling with happiness over the clumsy black boots in his hands. He rose to his feet, patting Clint on the arm, and walked slowly down the row of hospital cots, shaking his head in disbelief. He passed several groups of wounded men playing cards beside their beds and conversing loudly. "Huh? An' he did that without eyes?" came a voice from one of the groups as he stepped out of the building into the mid-morning sunlight.

NANCY ANN KNETTLE, '47

# MURDER SHOULD BE ELEGANT

## FLEXNER MURDER NO. 1

Delicately removing a corner of the American flag from his mouth, he stepped out into the sunshine. In a sense, this was not quite true, for actually the sun was not shining. Nor was he stepping out of anything into anything, and he wasn't removing anything delicately from his mouth, either, really. The nearest American flag was ten miles away, maybe even twenty. In fact, we are not quite sure who he is, so maybe we had better make a fresh start. Perhaps the best thing to do would be to state quite frankly that it was raining.

Plash, plash, plash went the raindrops into the cloister pool, overflowing the peremptory embrace of the tiled brim, and bringing to the surface two old dean's slippers, a rubber nose plug, a pair of waterwings marked A.C.S.<sup>3</sup>, a copy of *The Diary of a Plain Dirt Gardener*, and three pieces of melba toast. The delicate touch of the rain had polished each little blade of grass, and each little grain of sand where there was no grass growing. The fresh emerald of the trees stood starkly etched against the stone walls of the library. Actually, none of this description has any bearing on the story, but at least it was raining, and the plash, plash of the rain was broken by the plop, plop of shrill, not to say reverberating cries which emanated—let's face it—from Miss Terrier, who was standing inside the library in front of a sign reading, "Silence in the corridors! Professors and students are at work in offices and seminaries."

"Did she come by this way?" she screamed, clutching the arm of a passer-by, who answered curtly, "Why yes, if you mean Clare Boothe Luce, I think she did. At least if that wasn't her bottle of 'Suivez-moi' I found in the periodical room, whose was it, I'd like to know?" and hastened from this story, never to return. Miss Terrier, with a frenzied yelp, hurried off in the direction of muffled scuffling sounds which issued from the philosophy seminary. Bursting in, she commanded sharply, "Come out from under that table, Miss Airdale; I see you under there." Her composure vanished as a stocky figure emerged, puffing placidly at his pipe. "Oh, no, Dr. Gnohm, I didn't mean you," she said in some confusion. "I thought you were Miss Airdale." "Haven't seen her," he replied, crawling back underneath. "Nope, there's no one under here but me and Dr. Vice," he called up to Miss Terrier, who was peering keenly into the wastebasket.

"I'll bet you anything she's barricaded herself into the stacks with the Variorum Shakespeare; she tried that once before," said Miss Terrier, as she stomped out of the seminary, banging the door behind her. . . . "So!" she said pointing a quivering finger at Miss Airdale, who was sitting calmly behind the loan desk, crunching peanut brittle. "There you are! And now that I've found you, perhaps you will explain to me," she continued acidly, "what Dr. Berben was doing on the Medieval Architecture shelf. I found him there taking up all the space between 980 and 990." "But Miss Terrier," moaned Miss Airdale, "I must have scooped him up with those over-size illustrated volumes of medieval cathedrals. What was he doing?"

"Never mind," Miss Terrier answered primly. "I sent him back upstairs where he belonged. The point I would like to stress is this; I cannot have Dr. Berben cluttering up those shelves. He has a nice office of his own upstairs anyway, so it isn't as if he hadn't any place to go."

"Oh, I *am* sorry, Miss Terrier," quavered Miss Airdale. That's all right, that's all right," said Miss Terrier, "but you must think of these things, you know. I can't do everything." The ultimatum delivered, she turned smartly on her heel, and continued noisily through the corridors. "There is too much going on in this corridor," said a well-modulated voice proceeding from the Quita Woodward room. Miss Terrier tossed her head and continued on her way, but we will leave her for the moment, and pass on to greener fields, for we have observed the contents of the Quita Woodward room. Standing in front of a table marked "The Books on this Table are reserved for the lectures of Alfred H. Parr, Jr.," we find Alfred H. Parr, Jr. Beside him was a tall, elegant figure, whom we can best describe by a long, reverent pause. His grey flannel pants were creased with a perfection never seen before or since; the leather patches on the elbows of his brown tweed jacket were the finest leather patches seen this side of Princeton; his white shirt defied description. His brown tie blended beautifully with his jacket; his socks blended beautifully with his tie, and his shoes blended beautifully with the muted colors of his socks. Should further identification be necessary, it was Mr. Slaine of the History of Art Department. Mr. Parr was clothed slightly less elegantly, but more daringly in a brown and white striped shirt, a bow tie, and a purple tweed jacket, belted in the back, and crossed thoughtfully at intervals with a red woven stripe. It was a relief to hear the cultured sniggering of these two men as they fluttered the leaves of a book on the reserve. "Rather elementary," said Mr. Parr. "Scarcely even educational," replied Mr. Slaine, gaz-

ing fiercely at an intersection between two red woven stripes on Mr. Parr's jacket. "Yes, you might say that," said Mr. Parr slowly, "but on the other hand, in a limited way, perhaps . . ." "Yes, Alfred; perhaps . . .," prompted Mr. Slaine, gazing at the lapels of Mr. Parr's jacket. "No, Joe, the relation between the elementary and the educational is tenuous, to say the least. I can hardly be expected to hazard an opinion on the subject. My personal opinion also depends on a number of things, but to put forth a conditional statement, I might say tentatively that I find Peter Arno educational, in an elementary way, of course." Mr. Parr gazed thoughtfully at the cartoon book in his hand; Mr. Slaine gazed thoughtfully at Mr. Parr's jacket, and so we shall leave them.

The events of this rainy afternoon may or may not seem unrelated to the events which may or may not follow. In any case, we shall transfer our attention to Goodhart auditorium that evening at 8:45 P.M. The crowd was covered with even more than its usual confusion, and Mr. Slaine, in faultless evening dress, stood elegantly glancing at his watch, and revealing, all too briefly, a pair of superb gold cuff-links. He turned suddenly, and loped elegantly down the aisle, followed by Dr. T. R. G. S. Q. Z. Brighton. The two men paced nervously up and down the front row of seats.

"Perhaps we can keep them quiet by flashing a few Mondrians on the screen," suggested Mr. Brighton, "or, they might like to hear about a couple of Roman magistrates. I just happen to have a short list right here in my pocket."

"Don't be a fool, men," answered Mr. Slaine, "Those people want action. They aren't going to be pacified by any lists of any magistrates. We might as well face it, Mr. Parr is not here."

Several women in the audience lept up and said simultaneously, "Let's you and me go and look for him."

"No, I don't think that's a good plan. I just happen to have these notes in my pocket for the lecture I once gave on the address-book of Leonardo,—of course just as a fill-in . . ."

"No, no, Joe," said Miss Mapleton from the back row. "May I put a motion before the floor?"

"If you please, let's organize a searching party," interrupted Dr. Sprugg, leaping onto his chair, and brandishing his umbrella. "As old George Saintsbury always says, 'Seek, and ye shall find.'"

"That's a swell idea," said Miss Mapleton, "I'll be the captain of one team, and Mr. Thomp, you be the captain of the other."

"A corking suggestion, Mapel!" cried Dr. Sprugg, and a murmur of approval swept through the entire audience except for Mr. Slaine, who, leaning in an elegant attitude against the slide machine, and toying with a slide of Matisse, seemed disinterested in the plans for the search.

After the teams had been chosen, Miss Mapleton's team marched out singing "Thou gracious inspiration." Mr. Thomp halted his team at the door.

"Now listen, men, there's one thing I want to stress, and that is cooperation. We've all got to pull together, or this thing will never go off. I, as the captain, bear the final responsibility on my shoulders. Of course there are some people who have no sense of the theatre," he said to Dr. Tsetse, who was moodily chalking a small landscape on the back of Dr. Gnohm's dinner jacket, "and they cannot hope to become an integral part of the team, but if the rest of you work together, we can really accomplish something. Now all together, men," and they strode out of Goodhart, seized their hoops, and bowled down senior row toward Mr. Thomp's apartment. There they became absorbed in a round of rum cokes, and were soon more or less out of the running.

Miss Mapleton's team, meanwhile, was merrily skipping bare-foot about the grass in the cloisters; Mrs. Panning was consoling Miss Mapleton, who had been struck in the eye by a fly ball hit by Dr. Raspberry; Dr. Sprugg poked into the bushes with his umbrella, but found only an old bottle of sun-tan oil. For several minutes Dr. Munch had been trying to persuade Dr. Sprugg to join in a dip in the cloister pool. At last, he turned aside petulantly, calling back over his shoulder, "Well, I'm going to anyway." Casting off his lavender socks, and removing the lavender bordered handkerchief from his pocket, he poised himself delicately on the brink. "Last one in is a plagiarist!" he cried wistfully. Then he recoiled with horror, at the horrifying sight which met his eye. Mr. Parr lay face downward in the pool, his chin resting on the pair of water-wings. It seemed to Dr. Munch that he was going to be sick. He stepped back on the grass. "Hey, fellows, look," he said. "There's Mr. Parr, poor chap. He won't be giving his lecture tonight."

"He'll never give another lecture," murmured the team grimly.

Dr. Sprugg hurried up behind all the others. "What's going on?" he said sharply.

"Just take a look for yourself, son," said the team quietly. The crowd moved aside as he stepped forward. "Good heavens, how shocking," he said, retrieving his water wings. "They even have my initials on them, and yet somebody dared to borrow them."

"Just a minute," said Alexander Cobern Sloaper, "those are my water-wings."

"Now look here, those water-wings have my initials on them. See it's right here, ACS<sup>3</sup>."

"Looks like ACS<sup>13</sup> to me, which happen to be *my* initials, get me?" The two men retired, arguing vociferously, impervious to



Miss Mapleton, who said with a crusading light in the eye which had not been hit by a baseball, "Somebody do something."

"Let's pull the poor fellow out, and cover him with a sheet," said Miss Martini.

"There are no sheets in the library," said Miss Terrier frostily, "this is not a boarding house."

"But Miss Terrier," interrupted Miss Airdale, "we just put in a whole new shelf of sheets in the West Wing. I put them away myself along with the guest towels."

The body was gently removed from the pool, and placed on the grass. He was dressed as he had been that afternoon, except that the purple jacket with the red woven stripe was missing. From the back of his brown and white striped shirt protruded a large oriental pen-knife of antique design.

"Look at that large oriental pen-knife of antique design!" exclaimed Miss Martini fiercely. "Poor devil."

"If anyone wants me," said Dr. Berben, wandering up with a rum coke in his hand, "just wave the branch of a tree, or give some similar indication." The rest of Mr. Thomp's team piled up drunkenly behind him. "Somebody call the police," they suggested as one man. Dr. Munch drew himself up. "No, no," he said, "Certainly not. We'll handle this ourselves."

The Bouncer at the Deanery, "where the elite meet to eat," had just ejected from the premises several of the guests. "I was sure I had twelve," said Dr. Batterson, picking himself up and sorting out his ping-pong balls from Mrs. Wheeler's. Dr. Berben rose cautiously from the ground and attempted to restore to his attaché case certain of its contents, including a large box of Rose-Marie chocolates, and a pair of lemon-colored pajamas. Mrs. Panning, Dr. Sprugg, and Dr. Sloaper led the way toward the library. "Look at that squirrel in that tree," said Dr. Sprugg suddenly. "Why, man, that's no squirrel, that's Miss Mapleton," said Dr. Gnohm, and sure enough, it was. "What are you doing up there, Mape, come on down," cried Miss Woodwork. "I'm trying to get a perspective on this situation," Miss Mapleton answered sternly, and fell out of the tree into a bed of narcissus, bringing along with her two bird's nests and Dr. Vice, who had been taking a short nap. "Which situation was that?" asked Dr. Slaine, coming up behind them suddenly, in a light brown business suit, a white shirt, a wine colored tie, and a Phi Beta Kappa key. "This Parr affair," said Miss Mapleton brushing a sparrow out of her hair. "We're getting no where fast." "Might I make a suggestion?" said Dr. Sprugg. "It seems to me that one of us has been placed in a very suspicious light. I suggest that you all examine the jacket that Dr. Tsetse is now wearing, and draw your own conclusions." "Why,

Dimitri," said Mr. Sloaper, "Purple never was your color." "Why isn't that Parr's jacket?" said Miss Woodwork. "I believe it is," said Dr. Batterson. "No doubt there is some simple explanation," said Dr. Munch coldly, "and perhaps it would be best if you were to give it to us." "Natch," said Dr. Tsetse eagerly, "I-a-a-ah," but he was interrupted by Miss Mapleton, who said, "It's perfectly clear to me that this is the murderer!" "No, a-a-ah," said Dr. Tsetse, "let me explain. You got me wrong, Mac," he said turning to Dr. Munch. "This isn't Alfred's jacket. I found it in the old clothes box outside the stacks." "I suggest that we consult Thomp; he'll know what to do," said Mrs. Panning.

In a body, they tramped across the campus, and found Mr. Thomp in his office playing over an old diction record. "Turn that thing off and listen to me," said Miss Woodwork. "Tsetse here seems to have gotten hold of Parr's jacket, don'tcha know. What do you suggest?" "We can try out his reactions over in the theater workshop. A simple reconstruction of the crime . . ." said Mr. Thomp, but Dr. Munch interrupted suddenly. "Hold everything, just remembered something. This man is innocent. I know who the murderer is! I saw him throw that coat into the old clothes box this very morning. You all know the fellow, tall, elegant . . ." "Now see here," cried Dr. Brighton, "This is ridiculous . . ." "He was very furtive about it too," continued Dr. Munch. "You know the guy I mean," he said looking around at Miss Martini. There was a slight pause. "Well, Munch?" said Miss Woodwork coldly. "Oh, I know him as well as I know my own students. He listened to my Bib lit class last year. What is his name? By George, I seem to have forgotten it." "Oh, mercy, Munch," snapped Miss Woodwork, "pull yourself together. You go out, and don't you come back until you can remember that name." Dr. Munch slunk out, and meanwhile Mr. Thomp blew his whistle for silence.

"I think we would accomplish something concrete if we found out who saw Mr. Parr last on the day of his decease," he said. "I had lunch with him at the Greeks that Monday," said Dr. Sloaper sadly. "And he and I played croquet till about four," said Mlle. Prey. "What about you, Slaine?" said Mr. Thomp. "Why, er, he and I had tea together at the Inn at four," said Mr. Slaine graciously. "I didn't see him again after that till . . ." "What about you, Brighton?" interrupted Mr. Thomp. "W-well, er, . . ." ventured Mr. Brighton. "Just a minute!" broke in the steely voice of Dr. Sprugg. "There is a fallacy in the argument of one of us present. Can anyone guess what it is?" There was no answer from the spellbound throng. "Question all the others," he whispered to Mr. Thomp. "I am certain that only one person saw Mr. Parr after four o'clock on the afternoon of his death." Mr. Thomp questioned them, and Dr. Sprugg's assumption proved to

be correct. "How on earth did you know that?" murmured Mr. Thomp. "Quite simple, my dear Thomp. Mr. Slaine says that he had tea with the victim at four. Now where did he say that that tea took place?" "At the Inn of course," said Mr. Thomp crossly, "but I don't see what that has to do with the price of beans." "It has everything to do with it, but of course I could scarcely expect you to see that," continued Dr. Sprugg. "Now think," he prompted the others, "the tea was at the Inn, and it was Monday. Now what is incongruous about these two facts? Has anyone been able to figure it out?" "Oh, come off it, Arthur," said Miss Woodwork, "Why don't you speak right out and tell them that the Inn doesn't . . ." "I see that no one has been able to guess the weak point in Mr. Slaine's alibi," said Dr. Sprugg hastily. "It is this. The Inn does not serve tea on Monday afternoon. Mr. Slaine is your murderer. Take him away." "Oh, how clever of you, Arthur," cooed Miss Mapleton. "It was nothing. An eye for detail, a knack of putting two and two together, and a certain amount of intuition, that was all." The crowd parted reverently as he picked up his green book bag, and walked toward the door. Just before he went out, he turned back, "I've done my bit," he said, "the case is in your hands now. Cheerio." On the way out, he bumped into Mr. Munch, who dashed into the office crying, "I've got it!" Slaine's the name." Mr. Slaine slithered elegantly toward the door, but Miss Woodwork was too quick for him. With a flying tackle she arrested his progress. "Ha! that'll show you, Slaine. I wasn't all-American for nothing," she yelled.

"Stop talking for God's sake," cried Mr. Slaine, thrashing around gracefully. "I wouldn't use violence if I were you, bub," said Miss Woodwork grimly. "You've got me by a vile damnable trick! Isn't that enough?" he cried. "It was that jacket. Purple. I couldn't stand it. Those red stripes. Those bow ties. I tried to tell him how to dress, but would he listen? No. I had to kill him with that oriental pen knife of antique design. And I'm not sorry, I'm not sorry, I'm not sorry."

\* \* \* \* \*

The beams of the sun flickered gently over the upturned faces of the twelve members of the all-female jury as they gazed up adoringly at the tall, elegant defendant. He was wearing a tweed jacket of a muted green, a soft tan shirt, a dark green tie and socks that blended in gently with his leather brogues.

"Yes, I killed him," he was saying. "I had to kill him for the honor of the college. You see," he continued in modulated tones,

"we were standing there in the cloisters that evening, having a quiet cigarette before the lecture, when I saw something protruding from his pocket. Something seemed to whisper in my ear, 'Pull it out,' so I pulled it out. It was the Sargent portrait of M. Carey Thomas, and I realized at once what was behind the whole scheme. Coming down here and giving lectures. Faugh! He wanted to put *our* M. Carey Thomas in the Museum of Modern Art. Now I appeal to you, ladies, what could I do?" He smiled enchantingly at the jury. "There was only one way out, and I took it." He subsided amidst thunderous applause, and the foreman of the jury rose to her feet. "We find the defendant not guilty," she said. "And by the way, Mr. Slaine, where do you buy your ties?"

NANCY CRAWFORD, '46

ELIZABETH MCKOWN, '47

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